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A NEW GOD FOR AMERICA

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WHAT this country needs—much more than a good five-cent cigar—is a new God.

Let me explain. By *new* I do not mean a God newly created. I mean a God newly apprehended. In the language of philosophy, *new* is here used subjectively, not objectively. In short, I mean a new *conception* of God.

A God, to be worth anything, must be very old. Very old, indeed. He must, in fact, be eternal. In the words of the Catholic Catechism, God always was, is, and ever shall be. There is a nice problem, that mystics love, about the relation of time to God. They conceive that there is no time for Him at all—that He simply is, and that our past, present and future are limitations that do not apply to Him. He is, in that sense, always new, new every morning. But we generally think of God as very old. Before the earth and the world were made, before the morning stars sang together, God was. Men have gone crazy trying to conceive how old He is. The guesses of philosophers and the dreams of poets fail here. Centuries before Christ the Hindus speculated about His age. They conceived of Brahm breathing out universes and breathing them in again. They held that this was His fifth long breath and that He had already begun to draw it in. There will be at least two more.

Be that as it may, the idea of a new God for America is imperative. Anyone can see that the old Gods of this country are entirely inadequate. They neither meet the needs of the time nor comport with the dignity of the nation. They are out of date, like the divinities in a Wagner music drama. The age has passed beyond them. Moreover, there are too many of them. Their number has become confusing. A great nation should have only one God—a God sufficiently great to swallow up all lesser deities. We need a truly national God. He should be of the sort that compels the respect, nay, the reverence, the adoration, the enthusiasm of the people. Learned and ignorant should bow down before Him. To fail to worship Him should spell death. He should be able to scatter the inadequate "gods many and lords many" that now divide the nation and bring it into contempt. He should absorb all inferior deities into His own splendid and universal Personality.

The idea of a new God in this sense entirely comports with the teaching of the schools. The theologues themselves can find no fault with it. The learned doctors of divinity are already committed to it. Catholics and Protestants, heretics and orthodox, rectors and curates, priests and preachers, bishops and archbishops, popes and prelates, ritualists and revivalists, all

the ecclesiastical brotherhood, endorse the idea. They strive for nothing else. It is what they want, what they are endeavoring to put across. Even the Holy Book itself, the Bible, is full of the conception of a new God, a God Who is a development, a growth.

II

Come with me for a little lesson. Take down from the shelf the old family Bible. Dust its venerable shiny covers. Open its pages: your grandfather read them. Learn that in the time of the Judges the God of the Jews was a fierce tribal Being named Yavch. He was little better than a pirate, a yeggman, a peterman, a stick-up man. More ruthless than the modern bandit or robber, He murdered helpless women and children. His mouth was smeared with the blood of His victims. He spoke in the thunder and rode upon the wings of the wind. His nostrils breathed in the smell of burnt sacrifices and the smoke of flaming thuribles. He stirred up His votaries to make war upon their enemies. Whole cities were destroyed by His command. The Jews called Him jealous.

Later on, you will see that as the conquered country of the Jews became settled and civilized and began to put forth abundant harvests, the gentler Baal *motif* came in. A new God began to be worshipped. The old name, indeed, remained, but Yavch was no longer the crude savage, the ogre of the earlier period. He became softened, more reasonable, more convivial. He was the God of commerce, of the harvest, of social life. The smiling fields, the rich foods, trade, prosperity, plenty, revealed a new God. The priests began to moderate the severity of their ritual. Soon there was danger that the new God would become a degenerate God. Pleasure, rioting, revels, drunkenness, sex, began to appear in the religion of the people. Always, in time of prosperity, a danger. It became necessary for the Prophets, stern ascetics from the mountains, lean preach-

ers of righteousness, to insist upon a limitation of the Baal concept.

God must include morality if the nation was to live. So the Law was devised. The Ten Commandments, attributed by the pious to a revelation given to Moses by God Himself on Mount Sinai, but actually worked out by Jewish statesmen from other national codes, fixed the morality of the Jewish God and of the Jewish people. It was a limited morality, to be sure, but it has been recognized ever since as a most effective device for national preservation. It kept the Hebrew people alive amid the softening and deteriorating influences of the Oriental tribes by which they were surrounded. It stamped the race with an enduring quality that remains even to this day.

For the Law was the enunciation of principles without which it is impossible for a national life to be secure. It was a wonderful discovery. The Commandments are in the sphere of sociology what gravitation is in the sphere of physics. And the discovery that God was a God of Law made a new God for the Jewish people. The Commandments were the discovery of a natural law, an invention like the lever of Archimedes. But since the Being who made nature and its laws included them in His works, it became necessary to conceive of Him in a new way. This discovery was as important to history as the humanism of the Greeks or the jurisprudence of the Romans. Perhaps more important.

Some centuries later, in the time of the second Isaiah, the God of the Jews changed still further. He had been up to this time a God confined to a nation, to the land. His interest was only for one little country and one little tribe. Now His sovereignty was extended to the nations of the world—though He was still very partial to people with a certain kind of nose. "The isles shall wait on Him." The Book of Jonah is a little Jewish novelette written as propaganda for this idea. It was good for business. Thereafter, every three or four centuries, from 1000 B.C. to the Christian

era, the Jews got a new God. And why not? The whole world was progressing out of a state of savagery and barbarism into a higher and higher civilization. The God of the savage is one thing; the God of the civilized man quite another. What the one dotes upon the other simply cannot imagine.

This progress among the Jews was recorded in a series of little books which, when bound together and reëdited, we call the Old Testament. It is a superb record of human thought and experience, embroidered with poetry and legends, containing folk-lore and old traditions, worth little as history taken literally, but when studied intelligently, of supreme interest. No other nation of antiquity produced anything so good.

There was really nothing new in the God of Jesus. He took the best of the Jewish ideas about God and added a touch of genius. God became the Eternal Father, the Universal Spirit. "God is love." The savage Yaveh was thus lost in the mists of the past and the Christian God arose to claim the allegiance of mankind.

It remained for the theologians, Greek and Latin, to attempt to clarify the Gospel conception. They defined the Trinity, the three Persons in the Godhead. This dogma they still insist upon.

III

Some years ago two women, immigrants from Europe, were overheard conversing in the steerage as their ship approached New York.

"What church you goin' to when you get to America?" asked one.

"Church!" exclaimed the other. "Why, there been't no God in America!"

The woman was wrong. There are a great many Gods in America. In fact, an actual count shows over two hundred of them. Probably there are a great many more. That is exactly our trouble. Here is a great nation, just entering upon its career as the chief power in the world, stupendously rich, highly inventive, emotional,

religious, imaginative, clever, which has no grand outstanding God, universally recognized and respected, but only a surplus of mediocre, middle-class divinities, many of them as absurd as the idols in a Chinese pagoda.

"In God we trust," says the legend on our coins. But the trouble is to know *which* God. It is true that all the different Gods are called by the same name. They are all "God." But in reality they vary greatly. We have, for instance, the Billy-Sunday-William-Jennings-Bryan God. This God, modelled upon the most ancient and worst aspect of the Jewish Yaveh, is the God of Prohibition. His main characteristic is apparently to make people uncomfortable. He delights in little negative restrictions and petty taboos. His priests are not allowed to smoke or play cards. It is sacrilege for His votaries to drink a glass of beer. Wine stinks in His nostrils. Gin draws the lightnings of His wrath. A vast following of fanatical devotees of the Upshavian type pray daily to this strange antique God. His adherents advocate force as the corrective of character. They consider the laws of our legislative bodies to be of divine authority. Compulsion is as congenial to them as it was to the Moslem hordes who followed Allah. If they have not yet taken up the sword, they have been known to wield an axe. A queer, violent, uncomfortable, nagging, legalistic sort of God Who does not believe in evolution.

We have also certain medieval Gods, Gods Who inhabit great churches where they are approached through elaborate and spectacular forms and ceremonies, Gods Who can only be reached, apparently, through the intercession of saints like St. Louis of Gonzaga and the Little Flower. And then there are sickly, sentimental Gods living in dingy buildings where they are worshipped by elderly vestals arrayed in rusty black gowns which come to their ankles—vestals who sing through their noses and whose chief mark of piety is their lack of style. Also, there are fashion-

able Gods, confined to and approached only in the most exclusive and select of ecclesiastical edifices, small and Gothic, where it is considered a desecration if you speak to a stranger who happens to come in. In the vestibules of the temples of these Gods you often see an inscription which reads, "The Lord is in His Holy Temple." They take care that He never gets out.

The adherents of these various Gods, in the degree that they are devoted, hate each other with unrelenting antipathy. They divide the people. They inhibit any unity of spirit or action in the nation. Their differences are more separative than rank, color or race. What this country needs is one supreme God that shall unite its religious emotion and centralize its loyalty.

An obvious objection must be met here. It may be asked whether, since all these various Gods have the same name, They are not in reality one God, with only superficial differences. But it must be evident that the same question might be raised about the supreme Deities of all the pagan cults. Are not Brahm, Wotan, Jupiter and Zeus the same? They were all called God. Names, in fact, do not matter. What matters is the differences in attributes, in qualities. The various Gods in the American Pantheon are really quite different. It is for this reason that Their adherents express their devotion in such different ways. Their Gods produce quite different effects upon them.

Undoubtedly, there are certain common characteristics in the mass of American Gods. They all claim to be Biblical. And certainly They are all conspicuously anthropomorphic. They are Biblical because Scripture is used to enable Their missionaries to describe Them. And They are anthropomorphic because few people can escape the necessity of making God in their own image. Also, it is clear that most of these Gods rule a geocentric world and inhabit what Dean Inge calls a geographic heaven. Their earth was made in six literal days. Above it, in some remote place which

nobody has ever seen, They sit enthroned in glory. They have long white whiskers and, when people pray, They incline Their ears. They are very old men. Very far off. They never have any actual relation to life on this earth. On Sundays people talk to Them, or rather at Them, in churches, but during the week They are carefully locked up. It might be awkward if one of Them got out and turned up at the store. That would cause a row. And of course, while people pray to Them, they do not really expect that They will do anything about it. It is just one of those customs.

Thus, at the present time a veritable *Götterdämmerung* is taking place in America. The old out-worn, obsolete Gods are dying. Multitudes who formerly worshipped Them no longer believe in Them. Their churches in many instances are almost deserted. They cannot pay Their debts. Their priests and ministers starve. Nobody heeds their howling. Efforts are made from time to time to revive Them, but the revivals fail.

So the time is at hand for the creation of a new God for America. We should indubitably have One. But His creation will be no light task. Even genius of the highest order is scarcely sufficient for it. It will take, no doubt, a generation or two to build up an adequate God for this great people. The new Gods of history did not spring suddenly into being. It took years of labor and strife to devise and promulgate One.

IV

This new God for America must appeal to the imagination. A God, to be a God at all, must be believed in. You cannot believe in something that you cannot imagine. It used to be maintained that belief was a matter of will, but there is really no such thing as a will to believe. A lot of perfectly good people have been executed because they could not adjust their imaginations to the beliefs that the authorities of their age required of them. We are just coming to understand that imagination,

rather than will, is the important factor in life, and, if in life, then in religion.

It is just because people can no longer visualize the Gods of the past in their imaginations that the old Gods are dying. The modern world pictures the universe, not as a thing moving around this earth, but as an infinite spread of stars, with the solar system occupying only a remote and obscure corner—with the earth a midge, a speck, a little ball of mud and fire spinning through the spaces around the sun. Heaven is not above, for there is no above. What is over our heads now will be under our feet at midnight. God cannot sit in heaven, for there is nothing to sit on. The preposterous anthropomorphism of the Bible does not fit the facts of the world. The imagination is unequal to the task of visualizing the eternal Creative Energy, omnipotent, omniscient, that has brought the worlds into being. We can postulate that He must have certain qualities, however. He must have power. He must have beauty. He ought to have goodness. Certainly He is truth. The imagination may be incapable of visualizing such a Being, but it can work in that direction. It is at least not compelled to form a picture that it knows to be false.

The old Biblical conception of God did well enough for people who thought that the earth was a flat disc, that it was made in six days, that the sky was the floor of heaven. But the man who has some knowledge of geology and astronomy cannot accept the ideas of crude Hebrew barbarians of two thousand years ago. The Jews themselves found out what they did find out by their observation of the world about them as they knew it. The modern American will not confine his conception of God to the pictures of Him drawn in an age of defective knowledge. He will derive his Deity, not from any single book but from all books—not only from books written by the hands of men, but from the book of Nature as well. Here the pages are the rocks of the everlasting hills, the punctuation marks are the stars, the illuminations are the sunrise and the sunset, the printed

word is stamped on every field and flower. Thus the new God will be vaster than the old one in relation to time and space. His omnipotent sweep will be wider, His glory more resplendent.

The new American God will not be confined to buildings and to one day in the week. Religion, at bottom, is a philosophy of life. It deals with the how and why of things. A God Whose laws run all through the universe is not to be crowded out of the affairs of daily life. He must be reckoned with. If He is the God of Nature and of Nature's laws, then it is preposterous to think of Him only an hour on Sunday, or of worship as being anything less than the whole of life. The scientist, the man who builds a bridge, is quite as much a worshipper, so long as he follows the laws of his science, as the singer of psalms. The artist who paints in accordance with truth and beauty is a servant of the Living God quite as truly as the preacher in his pulpit. The philosopher and the statesman who proclaim His truth are quite as religious, even technically, as the prophet who of old declared, "Thus spake the Lord."

Thus it is evident that the new American God will not be derived exclusively from the Bible. The old American Gods have always been taken right out of its pages, at least the Protestant Gods. The Catholic God is philosophical, theological, ecclesiastical rather than Biblical. The Catholic God is defined by Authority. But the Protestant God is purely Biblical. It is curious what a strange idea many Protestants have about the Bible. With them it comes first. First the Bible; then God. No God without the Bible. With such Protestants it is the Book that makes God, not God Who made the Book. Or rather, God *did* make the Book. He wrote it in the King James version and let it down out of Heaven by a string, that people should know something about Him and His doings. A wonderful revelation! Nobody could possibly know anything about God if it were not for the Bible. That is the way in which some Protestants regard the Bible and God.

With them God is in the Book. He seldom gets out of it. Hence He is necessarily a Fundamentalist.

But the new American God will not be confined to the pages of a book, not even those of the Bible. He will rather be the God of the Universe, the Maker of all things, the First Cause, the Creative Energy, the Source of power, beauty, life, intelligence, personality. He will be the God of truth, of reality, of facts. He will make Himself known, not through authority, but through experience. For above everything else this new God will be the God of law. Not of human law, but of divine law. That is to say, He will be the God of things as they are. He will not be a person. He will, however, have personality. A person is an individual and therefore separable. But personality must be contained in the Deity, since personality is a feature of the Universe—is found in the Universe, in ourselves.

Whatever is found in the effect must be originally in the cause. And here we come to the difficult problem of Evil. People are always declaring that there cannot be a God since there is Evil—since their houses burn up, since they can't pay the mortgage, since they have the toothache, since the *Lusitania* sank, since there is such a thing as war. But this is to assume that we know all the purposes and ends of the universe from the slight observation we are able to make here and now. I'm not so sure about that. For one thing, we never would get anywhere if it were not for Evil. It has been the whip of civilization. We do what we do because of it.

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids not sit nor stand but go!

But the problem of Evil makes a nice little essay by itself. You can regard it as negation, as a limitation of Good, as a condition of growth, as a disciplinary condition for improvement. But you cannot altogether be content with the Christian Science idea that it is an illusion. Not if you have the hives.

However, let us leave something to be worked out. A God Who lacked mystery would scarcely be worth His salt. And the new American God must have not only the vague shadows of the remote past of His being to shroud Him and the splendors of creation to veil Him, but ultimate purposes and an infinite variety of methods that we cannot expect to measure. If we get a glimpse of His glory, that is enough.

V

We must insist that our new God shall be a unity. To a large number of untheologically trained minds the Christian dogma of the Trinity has brought only confusion. It is not too much to say that a good many Christians are tritheists, or at least worship two Gods. But the most important truth that modern science has brought out is the unity of the universe and its laws. Things are the same here and in Calcutta. The same rules hold for the sun and for Sirius. There is one operative power throughout the great whole. Therefore, the new God must be one. The Trinity confuses people. I do not say that there is not a Trinity; what I say is that a good many people have erroneous ideas about it and that they lose something valuable in failing to realize the unity of God.¹

But above all the new American God will be a God of law, of ascertained scientific law. Just as the ancient Jews, finding out certain truths that were of value in establishing their nation, made them articles of religion, so the modern world, finds

¹ If the Protestant churches would use the Athanasian Creed to correct the misapprehensions that are derived from the constant use of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, they would avoid this difficulty. The Athanasian Creed was the final fruit of the religious controversies on the Trinity and the Incarnation in the Early Church. It makes clear the fact that there is but one God and it also distinguishes between the human and the divine natures in Jesus, as the other creeds do not. But the churches are afraid of offending people with the "damnatory clauses." Modern Protestantism lacks the courage of its convictions. This Creed is used in the Roman Catholic Church and in the Church of England. It has made impossible in those churches the kind of controversies that rage among American Protestants.

ing out certain truths of the Universe and of life, will include them in the list of things ordained by its new Deity. As the prophets of old proclaimed, "Thus saith the Lord," so now the tested experience of our men of science will say with equal or more certain validity, "This is the law; this is God's law." The creative process, therefore, will not be presented to us under the old literally interpreted guise of a creation in six days. It will be a matter of geologic ages, of vast reams of time, of growth, of evolution. Most intelligent people have already accepted this idea. Man will not be conceived of as having been made from the dust of the earth, and woman from Adam's rib. Man will be the ultimate product of that marvelous creative energy which can endow a minute speck of protoplasm with such emotional instinctive wisdom that it can develop into human form and human brain. The Fall of Man will not be considered as an act of disobedience to an arbitrary command not to eat apples in a garden with a woman. It will be thought of as a gradual rise of human life out of lower forms, through savagery and barbarism into civilized society. Sin will not be condemned as the deliberate choice of wicked courses on the part of the bad. It will be studied under the forms of race inheritance. The mercy and forgiveness of the new American God will not be the arbitrary acts of a capricious Deity. They will be the deliberate operations of inevitable laws working in relation to the human will. We shall not be saved from a hot hell, alive with worms and roaring with flames. We shall emerge rather into a consciousness of our heritage in the Great Whole, which is the Kingdom of God.

It is worth consideration whether this idea, after all, was not very much what Jesus taught about God. The work of Jesus has been enormously perverted. He has been presented to mankind as a sort of spectacle, a dramatic protagonist, Who came out of the Beyond to perform on this earth a miracle play by the contemplation of which men would be saved. The churches

have stressed the teaching *about* Him, the teaching of St. Paul and the Creeds and the theologians. They have overlooked almost entirely the teaching *of* Him. The teaching of Jesus is far more important than the teaching *about* Jesus. The teaching *of* Jesus presents, under the term Kingdom of God, certain possibilities for human consciousness that are entirely suitable for an apprehension of the new American God. He had a consciousness of His relation to the Creative Energy of the Universe, which He called the Father, combined with a perception of certain psychological and sociological laws, which He regarded as important for people to grasp. They constitute a veritable rule of divine procedure, the Kingdom which was His Good News. It was too good for the Jews and it is too good for many Christians. This conscious *rapport* with the Divine made Him the Son of God. The Jews regarded His claim, not understanding it, as blasphemy. They crucified Him. But His value to us at the present time is exactly this. His human soul had attained the fifth octave in the scale of existence. It was joined to and illuminated by the Eternal Word.

Something of the same sort of thing takes place in the mind of every man who thinks. And it gives a hint in regard to the possibility of the modern world obtaining a realization of the new God. That God is not to be merely transcendent. He is to be immanent. If you will consider the nature of ideas, you will perceive that every discovery, every invention, every new idea, is in reality a miracle of inspiration. Out of the remote and obscure past, out of the ages of antiquity, out of the race consciousness, our ideas pour in a stream. Then comes a new thought, a new idea, an invention, a discovery. Edisons arise. Lincolns take the lead. Columbus, Newton, the great brotherhood of those who have moved and advanced the world in its history. They are all revealing God to man. The prophets did the same in their way perhaps. But the new American God will have a wider range of prophets.

So far as the worship of Him is concerned, it will be felt and expressed not only in the great symbols of historic liturgies but in daily life, in the walks and ways of men. We do not say that it will be perfect. But it will be an advance. Faith, as it is called in religion, is, in secular terminology, Speculative Desire. Speculative Desire is the essential condition of human activity. The business man and the lover, the politician and the statesman, the scientist and the farmer, the inventor and the discoverer, the gambler and the moonshiner, the man about to be married and the man about to be divorced, the actor and the artist, the bandit and the prize-fighter, the banker and the gold-brick man, the bull and the bear, the saint and the sinner, all alike are actuated by Speculative Desire, by Faith. In the language of the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, a very ancient book, "Faith means we are confident of what we hope for, convinced of what we do not see." In short we take a chance. People who do not take a chance never get anywhere. People who succeed want something. Their imagination works on it. They make a trial. It is the same in religion.

VI

The new God must be believed in. That is to say, there must be Speculative Desire for a knowledge of Him by everybody who expects to establish any relationship with Him. The chemist desires to produce a certain new and valuable compound. He speculates, illuminated by what knowledge he already possesses, about the reactions that will produce what he desires to make. He dreams about it nights. Then he makes a trial. He puts his speculative theories to the test. If they work out, he has proved them. His test-tubes and solutions show the actual result. If he fails, he either tries again or gives up the attempt. In short, his test is pragmatic.

It is the same way with Faith. You conceive that there would be a value in making contact with the Source of all being

and of all power. You would like to find yourself *en rapport* with Him. Very well. You speculate about His character and His laws. You realize that you must conform to them if you are to know Him as a reality. The result is a certain satisfaction, a peace, an assurance, an increased sense of illumination, a knowledge, an added power. You find that you are saved from your hells. You attain freedom from fear. There arises a definite experience of joy. You think in a new way. Brighter. There is contentment. You become permanently gay without the aid of a cocktail. It is really quite wonderful.

To be specific, suppose we consider one aspect of the new God, one of His essential attributes, one of the qualities that define and describe Him—Justice. Now, all jurists are agreed that Justice is an equilibrium of forces. Every shyster knows that this is true. The rich criminal can hold off the dogs of the law; the poor man has only a small chance. Might makes right. The big cannons always win. Perfectly true. Good philosophy. You do not find any balance between right and wrong in this world that even the least cynical can respect. But here comes in the Speculative Desire for a God of Justice, Who will weight the balance and give support to the weak but righteous cause. You have Faith that there is such a God. You speculate about the matter. You take into account the eternities. You scan the horizons of history. You study the sociological effect of intolerance, bigotry, dishonesty, crime, chicanery. You make a diagnosis of the psychology of the just and the unjust. You believe. You will make a trial, take a chance. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum*. You take your stand in the thin red line. You stick your hand into the slipping pulley. You are crushed. *Soit*. At the very moment you hear the chants of the choirs of heaven and the Voice of God:

When sudden—how think ye, the end?
Did I say "without friend" ?
Say rather, from marge to blue marge
The whole sky grew his targe
With the sun's self for visible boss,
While an arm ran across
Which the earth heaved beneath like a breast

Where the wretch was safe pressed!
 Do you see? Just my vengeance complete,
 The man sprang to his feet,
 Stood erect, caught at God's skirts, and prayed!
 —So, I was afraid!

And the new American God will be the God of Truth. Justice merges into Truth. If your Speculative Desire conceives of Truth as something to be realized, something to be expressed, something to be coöperated with, you are already an initiate in the true religion. You have joined the Church Militant. You have entered the real Salvation Army. In spite of the flapdoodle of fools, the lies of lawyers, the phantasies of philosophers, the tangled trickery of theologians, the ugly untruths of uplifters, the falsehoods of Fundamentalists, the preposterous prevarications of Prohibitionists, the silly solecisms of Socialists, the conspiracies of corporations and capitalists, the hypocrisies of holier-than-thou hierophants, the fictions of fanatics, the elusive, eclectic, empirical exaggerations of ecclesiastics, the arrogant and artful arguments of Authority, you still believe. Your desire for Truth and your speculative enthusiasm compel you to feel that you can clean up the nasty mess. You become an Apostle of the new God, the God of Truth. *Magna est veritas et prævalabit.* (A little jaded Latin comports with your theological mind.) You take up the Cross, and if you see a head, you hit it. Good for you! That is the true crusade for the votaries of the new American God. The congregation will now sing three stanzas of the wonderful old hymn, "We march, we march to victory," to the honor and glory of that God. You have disentangled the Truth. You have seen Him face to face. You lift up your heart. *Sursum corda.* You are now a worshipper. *Hosanna!*

And Beauty. Beauty, perhaps more than any other attribute, needs to be stressed. For the old Gods of this country are notoriously ugly. Their hideous temples deface the landscape on every hand. The Puritanical idolators have constructed a God who hates color, grace and taste. They worship

Him in their drab tabernacles with hideous sounds, roaring organs, and psalms sung through their noses. They think of beauty as the creation of the Devil. Vestments, lights, colors, incense, the splendor of ceremonial, the delicacy of storied windows, the mystery of vast naves, such things they abhor. Their chief act of worship consists of listening to a stupid man deliver a dull address. Their priests wear frock coats and look like undertakers. If one has any Speculative Desire in relation to the God of Beauty, one goes out into the great cathedral of Nature and worships Him in the stars, in the splendor of the sunset, in the pale blue of distant mountain ranges, in the restless turmoil of the green sea; one finds Him in the delicate beauty of flowers, in the shimmer and flash of gems, in the exquisite grace of the human form, in the divine perfection of the human face; or it may be that He speaks to one out of the sonorous cadencies of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, or looks out from a canvas by Botticelli. Nature is the Great Artist's own building, His church. Art is His *métier*. The man who has any Speculative Desire about Beauty, either as it is found in nature or reproduced by genius, will believe in the new God. And the person who works in the element of Beauty, whether professionally or not, knows something of the Eternal Creative Spirit in a very close and intimate companionship indeed.

These are a few of the features of the new American God. They have not lacked recognition, at times, in the past. God has not left Himself altogether without witness in any age or in any place. What America needs is simply a more perfect realization of the possibilities of a determined faith in the One True God.

If you ask me about the name for this new American God, my idea is that it is probably better just to keep the old word for Him, and call Him simply God. Honestly, I think it would scarcely be worth while to change the name.

DRUGS

BY LOGAN CLENDENING

THE idea seems to be prevalent today that belief in the action of drugs is a kind of superstition. Dicta to support that view emanate regularly from various sources. Sometimes they come from practitioners of the new healing cults, osteopathy, chiropractic and Christian Science, and from such faddists as the physical culture and the "nature cure" enthusiasts. Other attacks upon drugs come from laymen who are not so obviously biased: Henry Ford, for instance, was recently quoted to the effect that he felt that they were worthless and had urged the physicians at his hospital in Detroit to discontinue their use. Still other such onslaughts issue from the most conventional of medical sources—in popular explanations of medical mysteries by orthodox practitioners, in verbal expositions to patients, or in pronouncements to classes of medical students.

The forms which the dogma takes are equally varied, but the underlying arguments may be reduced to three general propositions: (1) that the use of drugs is not nature's method of healing; (2) that drugs are either actually poisonous or contain by-products which injure the patient, or, as a corollary, that they dope or numb him, disguising his real symptoms; (3) that the physicians' use of drugs is largely guess-work; that he puts a substance, the action of which he does not know, into a patient the cause of whose distress he does not understand. The orthodox members of the medical profession, of course, are guilty of no such nonsense; nevertheless, some of them like to say that there are only a few drugs that are of any value, and that a practitioner could limit

himself to a very small number, some giving that number as five, some as ten, some as twenty.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many intelligent people should believe that drugs have been relegated to an unimportant place in medical practice, that what knowledge of them the physician has is largely old-fashioned and traditional, that scientific medical men neither have any faith in them nor take any pains to investigate them, and that when they are prescribed at all it is somewhat apologetically. But this notion, despite its wide acceptance, is quite untrue; it is, indeed, almost exactly contrary to the facts. The administration of drugs, despite the addition of a score of therapeutic procedures of amazing efficiency to the armamentarium of medicine since the days when herbs and blood-letting were its only weapons, is still the mainstay of sound practice. Their action is being intensively investigated, day in and day out, by some of the most astute technical intelligences of our time. And, these investigations, far from undermining the practitioner's faith in their value, have uncovered a number of highly important new uses for them, and have so tended to support and augment that value.

The steps by which drugs came into disrepute are not difficult to trace if we recall the history of clinical medicine. During the Sixteenth Century, due to the discovery of a new world and concomitantly of quinine, ipecac, etc., and during the two centuries following the number of drugs with which every physician had to be familiar was prodigiously increased. Most of them, unluckily, were inert, but many

were nauseous and disgusting. Even as late as 1796 I find an eminent authority advising the use of goat dung dissolved in mountain wine as a remedy for smallpox. But in spite of the fact that few had any value they were prescribed copiously, and with a slavish adherence to traditional formulæ. Meanwhile, some of them were held secretly, and were thus known only to a few charlatans. This was the case, for instance, with ipecac, with which the notorious quack, Helvetius, cured the Dauphin, son of Louis XIV., of a dysentery, and by the fame of the cure got himself a fortune.

II

Toward the middle of the Nineteenth Century this state of affairs moved certain of the less trammelled minds in the profession to revolt. The reaction against drugs thus really began in highly orthodox centers. Jacob Bigelow, one of the rebels, who was professor of *materia medica* at Harvard about 1850, said that he was selected for the chair because no man living knew more about the worthlessness of drugs. Oliver Wendell Holmes recorded his opinion that, if all the medicines in the world were dumped into the sea it would be worse for the fish but better for mankind. The Viennese school of pathology, going on from contempt for drugs to contempt for all known methods of cure, followed the example of its leader Skoda, whose regular reply when asked about treatment was: "*Ach, das ist ja alles eins!*"

Many new forces operated to decrease the esteem in which drugs had once been held. Until 1850 they still constituted about the only method of treatment, save vaccination and taking the waters, worthy of serious consideration. But during the next fifty years surgery, dietetics, immunology, psychotherapy and the X-ray were all born, and massage, hydrotherapy and climatotherapy were fitted into their present exact places in the medical scheme of things. Since 1900 the deletion of focal infections, the discovery of hypersensitive

reactions to foods, pollens and animals, the manipulation of the cerebro-spinal fluid, the transfusion of blood and scores of other special methods of treatment have suggested countless new ideas to medical men. Naturally, with so rapidly increasing a family, it would be ungracious to continue the favoritism of the eldest.

But it would be an error to suppose that the use of drugs in medicine did not share in the scientific advancement of the Nineteenth Century. On the contrary, no science benefited more abundantly from the fertilization going on everywhere than pharmacology and pharmacotherapy. The young science of physiology furnished them with new methods and instruments of precision. If the normal heart could be scrutinized in a physiological laboratory, the heart under the influence of digitalis, strophanthus, caffeine, tobacco and amyl nitrite could be examined by the same methods. Strong winds swept through the old pharmacological laboratories and carried away the dried specimens of liverwort, monkshood, boneset and eupatorium, and in their places were set up kymographs, sphygmomanometers and faradic batteries. And if physiology was thus the right hand of pharmacology, synthetic organic chemistry became its left. Men began to speculate as to what a hitherto uncombined set of chemical radicles would do in the animal body. Paul Ehrlich, for example, found that a certain dye, hematoxylin, would stain only one part of a cell, and that another dye, eosin, would stain a different part. He therefore wondered if it would not be possible to discover a chemical which would be deadly to an animal parasite, say the *spirochaeta pallida*, but which would not injure the human tissues of the host. He wondered, tried and found it—salvarsan, 606, or arsphenamine. Then he improved it—neolarsphenamine.

Still, because it had once been said, because it was traditional, because it had a sort of facile cynicism, the dogma of Jacob Bigelow and Skoda continue to be reiter-

ated. Those who preached it were even given a title: they were called therapeutic nihilists. Far from this term being one of opprobrium, it became a badge of honor—a sort of patent of superior scientific agnosticism. Yet even the most outspoken therapeutic nihilist refuted himself in practice, and so do his successors today. The well-trained modern physician, even the surgeon, while he admittedly uses fewer drugs than his forerunners, nevertheless uses them quite as frequently. And since, considering the difficulty of his task, he is about the shrewdest and most efficient person on earth today, we may assume confidently that he uses them because they work, because nothing else does quite as quickly and effectively what he wants done.

The arguments of the cultists against drugs are scarcely worth answering. Take for example, the Christian Scientist. In that lovely metaphysical thaumaturgy of his there is surely no place for drugs. Yet he uses them not only all the time, but in great quantities. I am not here basely divulging the secrets of the confessional. I will pin my argument to one point. I refrain from the mention of alcohol, because I understand that it is listed in the *Index Expurgatorius* of the Mother Church. Nor do I instance tobacco, though I have a sneaking suspicion that many of the brethren and sistern take a solacing suck at the weed on occasion. Likewise, I magnanimously maintain silence before tea and coffee, merely pointing out in passing that both have easily-measurable pharmacodynamic actions. I understand that the cure of constipation has a place in some part of the Sermon on Charleston Heights, but, though I doubt if many of the faithful purge themselves by taking thought, courtesy prevents me from suggesting cathartics. I must be allowed, however, to say something about toothpaste. I feel certain that all of the holy ones are addicts to it, and that even the young are piously admonished and instructed in the prophylactic rites. And yet what they use is in-

dubitably a drug. It even has a classification: part of it comes under A—antiseptics and anti-acids; part of it comes under D—deodorants; some comes under E—emulcents. The action of these substances, far from being simple, offers biological chemistry one of its most complicated problems. Read the advertisements. But what have people who believe that the degenerative processes in the human body do not depend upon the action of bacteria or on perverted chemical processes—what have they to do with such stuff?

Some day, it is not impossible, a cult will arise which shall have as its chief tenet the theory that we should discard all forms of treatment save only the exhibition of drugs. The argument will run, I suspect, that God has placed in the herbs of the field, and in the clefts of the hills, and on the surface of the moving sea substances to soothe and heal the sick bodies and spirits of his children, and that it would be sinful to refuse them these evidences of his grace and bounty. The argument may be appropriated without acknowledgement at any time. It will make a very clever theory and one very difficult to combat. Its effectiveness lies in the fact that drugs constitute one of the few methods of treatment which initiate actual physiological and anatomical changes in the body. Most of the others do not. Massage, for instance, acts simply by varying the volume and rate of the blood-flow in the part massaged; in this way it causes more active absorption. But that absorption would go on, though at a slower rate, if massage did not occur. Thus massage initiates no new physiological process.

Every year I attempt to teach a class of senior medical students the principles and practice of medical treatment. In doing so I try to take a broad view of the subject, and we inquire into the use of massage, of baths, of water and of electrical treatments. We write on the blackboard a list of the diseases which these methods may be reasonably expected to help. Every year we are struck with the small number of

such diseases. For massage: when you have listed sprains, and the stiffness following fractures, some cases of paralysis, and the discomforts of muscular rheumatism, certain neuralgias and that vague state called "general debility," you have about exhausted its possibilities. Yet chiropractic and osteopathy are merely forms of massage!

III

Turn now to drugs. Let us suppose that you are a skeptic. Let us make a list of the physiological changes in the body which can be accomplished by drugs. Let us begin with items which you can either test on yourself or will acknowledge to be true. From them you may be willing to admit other actions which you cannot check unless you have the technical equipment.

First, there is the great number of substances which will empty the intestines, largely by causing increased muscular action in the intestinal wall. Everyone, I think, will admit that they exist, for almost everyone, at some time or other, uses them. And you will follow me, I believe, out of your own experience a step further: you will admit that belladonna, a solution of the leaves of the plant called the deadly nightshade, when dropped into the eye will cause a widening of the pupil and a paralysis of the eye's ability to focus, and that this action will persist for several days. We know by many well-checked experiments exactly how this is produced, and it can even be prevented to a certain extent by the simultaneous introduction of other drugs. You will admit, again, that we have possession of many substances, opium, for instance, and its derivatives, morphine, heroin, codeine and dionin, that will stop pain and induce sleep.

If you continue your investigations you can be persuaded, I believe, that there are drugs which raise the blood-pressure, and drugs which lower the blood-pressure. There are drugs which increase the heart-rate. There are drugs which, under pathological conditions, slow the heart-rate.

There is a drug, iodide of potash, which will cause the disappearance of large tumors. There are drugs which will diminish or neutralize excessive secretions in the stomach. There are drugs which will increase the digestive juices. There are substances which will replace the secretion of the stomach when it is absent. There are drugs which will induce sweating. There are drugs which will dry the skin. There are drugs which will increase the secretion of the kidneys. There is one substance, hypophysis extract, which will reduce the secretion of the kidneys. I am perhaps a quarter way through the list.

But how was all this variegated, interesting and useful information assembled? It would probably add a great deal to the layman's faith in the value of drugs if he knew the steps. In the case of many drugs, of course, we do not know their full, and especially their early, history. Just when the connection between the relief of pain and the eating of an unripe poppy established itself in a human consciousness somewhere on the Mesopotamian plain, or in the Khyber hills long before the fall of Troy, will never be known. Just when it occurred to an Aztec or Peruvian Indian that the consumption of the bark of a certain tree would stop his chills and the aching of his muscles is equally shrouded. But it was not merely a fortunate accident: do not forget that! It was a fortunate accident to a first-rate mind. We are prone to think that people in a state of semi-civilization have never produced any first-rate minds, but as a matter of fact they have produced some of the finest of all time. The men who made the two discoveries I have just mentioned did quite as much original thinking as Newton or Darwin—and it was of the same quality. They cut clear through all the web of superstition—priestly superstition, kingly superstition—and of custom—tribal custom, family custom—which bound them, and hewed their way to central realities. And they had persuasiveness also, because they made the facts they discovered stick.

There is one drug the entire history of which we happen to know with considerable completeness—foxglove, or digitalis—which is used for what may be designated, temporarily, heart failure. Its early history is recorded in a fascinating old pamphlet published in 1785. The author of that pamphlet was William Withering, M.D., of Birmingham, England. Withering had one of the hardest and soundest minds ever bestowed upon a human being. Incidentally, not as any part of the narrative, he was a member of the congregation of Joseph Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen, whose real business in the world was that of a sort of Unitarian minister. Other of their associates were James Watt and Erasmus Darwin.

In Withering's "Account of the Foxglove" there is the full story of the introduction of this great drug into medicine. The foxglove grows best in the cold, wet Summer climate and soil of England. Withering tells us that he had heard for some time of an old woman in Shropshire who brewed a tea of herbs which was used for dropsy. He felt at first that the reports of its efficacy were exaggerated, and that those who believed in it were credulous. But something happened to bring his mind up standing. The narrative in his monograph is condensed and I shall take the liberty in recounting it to read somewhat between the lines.

It appears that the Dean of Brazenose College, Oxford, fell sick of a dropsy, and called in the best medical consultants he could find. But they did him no good, and so he was pressed, probably by some solicitous and possibly female member of his household, to use a tea brewed by the old herb woman in Shropshire. The dean probably reflected, tossing upon his canopied bed, that he had given the regular medical profession every chance and that he was under no further obligation to continue their administrations. At any rate, he consented to use the old herb woman's remedy, with the gratifying result that his dropsy disappeared.

This was the circumstance which "accelerated" Withering's interest. His next step was to obtain the recipe of the tea. I imagine that this was not so easy. The old woman unquestionably made a good living from it. She was attended by an enormous reputation. She probably guarded her secret very, very zealously. I like to dwell upon the possibly sinister devices with which those two compact and stubborn intellects conducted their contest—he to get, and she to keep. Bribery is more than likely; theft far from improbable. It is insipid to think that the business was achieved by the easy bamboozling of a simple old woman by a great gentleman alighting from his coach, clinking a pair of gold pieces in his pocket.

IV

By whatever means, he did obtain the formula. He says that it contained many ingredients, but that, from his knowledge of the others, he concluded that the active one was the root of the foxglove. Then he began to try this out, and he tried also to find out whether the stem, the leaves or the flowers were not more regular and livelier in the desired action than the root—tried them out by using them on patients, if you please. I do not mean to hint that he caused the death of any of these patients. I do not think he did, though he tells us quite frankly of one patient who almost died. He finally decided that the leaves contained most of the active principle—and that fact is fortified today by thousands of independent re-examinations. He then attempted to formulate some rules for determining the proper dosage of digitalis leaf tea. He advised that the administration be stopped when certain symptoms appeared: one was when the pulse became more regular and slower; one was when nausea and vomiting set in. He made several other investigations, all of which he set down, with a long list of case histories, in the little book published in 1785.

Now, notice the difference between

Withering's knowledge and that of the old woman of Shropshire. His contribution represents the second stage in the accumulation of knowledge of any drug. The old herb woman knew that a tea made in a certain way was beneficial in cases of dropsy. She followed slavishly the exact formula originally used; she made no variations, she made no experiments. But Withering did. He found out which herb did the work, he found out what part of that herb was the most active, he found out the rules for its proper administration, he found what kind of cases seemed to respond best. In other words, he *rationalized* the usage of the drug. But there were still immense holes in his knowledge. He knew almost nothing of the nature of dropsy. He did not suspect at all that the drug acted on the heart. He knew nothing of the minute anatomy of the heart; no one in his time did. There was not a decent compound microscope then in existence; there was consequently no suspicion that animal tissues were composed of cells, each with definite chemical reactions. It was the next twelve decades that supplied the knowledge needed for a complete understanding of digitalis.

During the Nineteenth Century it enjoyed various changes of fashion. At times it was completely neglected. But toward the end of the century it became pretty definitely established as a heart tonic, though the understanding of its action was small. About 1900 an event of first rate importance in its history occurred—another man of genius turned his attention upon it. This was James Mackenzie, a general practitioner in the Midlands of England. Being a general practitioner, he was able to watch patients with heart disease over a period of many years. Mackenzie lived in the same town, often in the same square, with them. He became very much interested in heart disease, and especially in irregularities of the pulse, and he invented a little instrument for the recording of these irregularities. He marked out one in which digitalis acted particularly effica-

ciously. He did not entirely understand its mechanism—he called it an "absolutely irregular pulse,"—but he was able to recognize it by certain signs, and these signs he recorded.

About 1908 Mackenzie decided to remove to London and set up as a specialist in heart disease. He cut a queer figure there: he did not wear the regulation silk hat and frock coat of the London consultant, but a soft slouch hat and a rumpled tweed suit. The bright young men who had been working on the heart, and had kept popping out of their laboratories with acid stains all over their fingers to announce the ionic content of solutions in which strips of turtle heart had been beating for a hundred and twenty hours, did not know what to make of this combination midwife, cardiologist and surgeon, who had actually studied human disease on sick human beings: they blinked at him once or twice and darted back to their laboratories to continue their observations on the gaseous exchanges in the capillary circulation of newts.

But then a very fortunate meeting occurred. Arthur Cushny, an astute man who had been working on the action of drugs for many years, was at the University of London. He became interested in Mackenzie's work, and soon produced in dogs, by the electrical stimulation of the auricular part of the heart, a condition of fibrillation which resulted in an irregularity of the pulse exactly like the irregularity Mackenzie described in human beings, and in which digitalis was so especially effective. Cushny invited Mackenzie to his laboratory and showed him the tracings. Mackenzie agreed that the conditions were the same—and the last chapter in the history of our knowledge of digitalis opened.

To understand this we must go back a little and remember the insight that had been acquired by His, a German, by two Englishmen, Keith and Flack, and by a Japanese, Tawara, into the finer anatomy of the heart. These men found that the beat

of the heart is a contraction wave beginning in the upper part, the auricles, and coursing downward to the lower part, the ventricles. The track over which this wave passes is a small bundle of muscular and nervous tissue called the bundle of His. It is now known that digitalis, when absorbed, makes a chemical union with this structure. It picks it out from all the other parts of the body and paralyses or blocks it. This fact explains exactly how the drug acts in heart failure. When the heart is diseased there often sets in that quivering of the auricles which was described by Cushny. The impulses then pass over the bundle of His so rapidly that the ventricles, which drive blood out into the body, respond very irregularly and very ineffectively. The amount of blood actually in motion is greatly reduced. Blood accumulates in the vessels and dropsy results. But when digitalis is given there results a block of the conducting bundle, the bundle of His, the ventricle is protected from the incessant bombardment of the auricular impulses, it begins to beat more regularly, it reestablishes the flow of blood in the vessels, and so the dropsy, and the other symptoms of heart failure, disappear.

A perfect epidemic of investigations of digitalis followed the publication of these facts. Hatcher and Brody, two Americans, in 1910 (note the date: the investigation of drugs is still going on in the modern world!) laid down a method of standardizing the strength of a given sample. The leaves of digitalis taken from two different plants in different parts of the world, in different years, may have entirely unequal concentrations of the active substance. It will not do simply to weigh them, as we weigh drugs of uniform chemical composition. Five grains of one leaf may be totally unequal to five grains of another. Hatcher and Brody perfected a method to determine the activity of a sample by observing its action on animal hearts. Cary Eggleston, of New York, in 1915, gave out

a method of dosage, now generally followed, by using a sample of known strength administered according to the weight of the patient. Canby Robinson, now at Vanderbilt University, determined how soon after a dose of digitalis was swallowed it was absorbed and began to work. Pardee, of New York, determined how much of a dose was wasted by elimination and how much actually utilized by the body. This is only a fraction of the work accomplished or now in process. I have in my files 278 articles on digitalis written since 1911!

V

My account of these researches has been set down—though it may seem wearisome to an untechnical reader—because in no other way can I make the point I set out to make: that our knowledge of drugs today is not a slipshod and traditional mass of guess work, but an exact knowledge based upon examination and experiment. It is thus an impertinence to assume that an intelligent group of men, constantly introducing foreign substances into the bodies of other human beings, to say nothing of their own bodies, have given no consideration to whether those substances have poisonous properties, have given no thought to what happens in the body after they are introduced, have given no thought to determining in what sorts of conditions they act best, have given no thought to the proper amount to administer or the proper method of its administration. It is true we do not know all drugs as well as we know digitalis. But our knowledge of none of them, used regularly, is defective for practical purposes.

With digitalis we have traveled a long road from the old herb woman of Shropshire. But there are several things that can be said for her. One is that she believed thoroughly in the value of her remedy. Another is that she was justified in that belief.

NEWSPAPER GIRLS

BY CATHARINE BRODY

IT HAS been some time since my last newspaper job slipped away from me after the intangible fashion of newspaper jobs, leaving me to contemplate the undeniable fact that God had made me, not in His image, but a woman. I do not know where this fact can assume more tragic significance than on the mourners' bench outside a city room. There one has the leisure to ponder the contradictory attitude of the newspaper man, first to women outside and then to those inside the shop.

As a male, he regards himself, and has got himself regarded by others, as of a distinctly more civilized species than, say, the realtor, or the cloak and suit manufacturer, or the despised bond salesman. He has, more than any other man, had the wit to realize how much advantage he can get for himself out of the social concessions which feminists demand, and he has granted them all. I have yet to meet a newspaper man who denies to woman the right to smoke, to swear, to drink, and to lead her own life, especially if it be a shade promiscuous. I have yet to meet one who is averse to the little woman doing her share to keep the pot boiling. I have yet to meet one who argued in theory, or indicated in practice, that it was immoral for a woman to pay for her own dinner. I have never known one to make any distinction between borrowing from a man and from a woman, except that the woman usually had less money to lend.

In a word, outside of office hours, the normal American newspaper man prides himself on dispensing as far as possible (unfortunately, there are still a large number of attractive non-feminists at

large) with cumbersome chivalries. But inside the shop there is a far different tale to tell. In stores, in offices, in hospitals, even in newspaper composing-rooms, girl stenographers are simply stenographers, girl sales-clerks are sales-clerks, girl nurses are nurses, and women compositors are compositors, but a girl reporter is nowhere so much a mere girl as in a city room. The ripple of interest which follows her entry into the shop, the eagerness with which the copy desks discuss her talents and pulchritude, is all part of an attitude that she feels about her as long as she remains.

Inside his shop, indeed, the most hard-boiled newspaper man is still a knight in shining armor, self-appointed to save lovely woman from the perils of the news assignment, and if necessary, from herself. She may smoke anywhere else without any protest from him, but in the city room—mark the Unwritten Law—she may not smoke because it gives the place an indecent look! (Excerpt from the secret code of morals of the *New York World*.) As a liberated woman, she may, in theory, go anywhere she wishes at any hour she wishes, but in the city room hearken to the humane policy of the *New York Times* as outlined by Mr. Carl Van Anda to a woman job-hunter: "It is the policy of this paper not to hire women for work which will keep them out late at night." Every city editor echoes him: "I can send a man anywhere, but there are places where a woman can't be sent, and stories that a woman can't cover."

Every woman reporter in America is familiar with these lofty doctrines, and

most have had to consider the reasons which, when pressed, a newspaper man gives to back them up. Women are physically too weak, he says, for the mad rush of a city room and for the late hours. Is it true? The mad rush of a city room, in this day of the telephone and of correspondents stationed at every source of news, usually consists, as every reporter knows, in a mad rush from the telephone booth to the typewriter. Moreover, the lateness of the hours does not hold for evening papers. In any case the newspapers themselves have spoiled their reasoning by causing to be inserted in the laws against night work for women a clause which specially excepts reporters, among other professionals, as being made of sterner stuff.

But the girls are mentally incapable, it is argued, of grasping certain assignments. Are they, indeed? I have yet to hear of any assignment that a girl has not at some time, on some paper, been ordered to cover. It cannot be politics that they are incapable of understanding, for the Albany papers, for instance, do not hesitate to assign the Assembly and Senate to the girls on their staffs. It cannot be murder trials, for the sensational papers regularly have women cover them. It cannot be the ordinary run of crime and accident, for many small papers use women as district reporters, and they cover every possible sort of news that arises in their assigned territories.

But isn't there danger for women in certain places and at certain hours? What places and what hours? Out of my own wide and catholic experience no answer comes. I have been permitted to make many a scouting expedition in uttermost Staten Island and Brooklyn, late at night, in snowstorms and rainstorms. I have walked miles to car lines before dawn in strange cities, deliberately putting myself in the way of the dangers that might befall a poor working-girl at the behest of my paper. On the same order I have accosted strange men on the streets in the rôle of Inquiring Reporter. After hearing

and believing the line that "I can send a man to places where I would not send a girl," my first assignment at the age of eighteen was to cover the Woman's Night Court!

The experiences of other women bear me out. There seems to be no objection by any American paper to printing stories by a Clare Sheridan or a Bessie Beatty from wild Russia. A free lance writer on the trail of a story for the *Times*, which does not approve of women staying out late of nights, may feel her way about a coal town at midnight and in default of better lodging, sleep in a disreputable house. Or a girl just out of college may travel unchaperoned, again for the *Times*, in Turkey. Or a Marguerite Harrison may hew her way through the Far East and sell her stuff to all the principal papers of the country.

II

If hours and dangers and the frail feminine physique are thus disregarded in practice, what is it that actually lies behind the two familiar doctrines? I am no Freud and so cannot delve into the sinister subconscious of the newspaper man, but my years in city rooms have led me to the suspicion that what moves him, at bottom, is really nothing but a degenerated, sickly and half apprehended chivalry. Inside the shop, his attitude is a compound of two old-fashioned elements. One is the sentimental notion that it is not quite nice for a girl to be a hard-boiled reporter—that women are too good, too pure, too sweet and innocent, to be brought into contact with the more unlovely facts of life. Woman's place is—well, since she absolutely refuses to abide in the home—then it is on the woman's page, or in the fashion, society and magazine departments, where assignments are soft and gentle. The other notion is the purely arbitrary one—since, after all, the knowledge which we have about the relative ability of men and women is still vague and in dispute—that women are not good enough. That is, that they are not

as competent, physically and mentally, as men.

The more high-minded the journal, the more pronounced these superstitions. There are many conservative papers, especially morning papers, which will not employ women as reporters at all, no matter what their experience and capacity. When a woman does manage to slip on to the staff of such a paper—usually because of some caprice or susceptibility on the part of the city or managing editor—care is taken to toss her nothing but the crumbs. She is fed meagrely with unimportant stories with the eternal "woman's angle," and at a commensurate salary. I know of only one woman in New York employed as a straightaway reporter on a conservative paper who draws wages equal to those of men of the same capacity.

There is a speedy limit to the experience which such a woman may gain in her craft, and another to her promotion. The copy desk, for instance, is guarded from her approach, although there is surely nothing that is occult or dangerous or even not nice about editing bad copy and writing worse heads. I myself, in my ingenuous youth, painstakingly learned how to read copy on the desk of the erstwhile *New York Globe*, outside of hours. Worse, having acquired also some experience running the telegraph page on a small town paper, I dared to take my attainment seriously and to ask for a job on the desk. Whether I should have made the grade or not, I don't know, for my request induced nothing but patronizing amusement on the part of the city editor—not because I had no experience, but because I was a girl.

On the other hand, the spectacular papers, the picture papers, the Hearst papers, have recognized for a long time the initiative and nerve of women reporters in certain special exigencies. They employ women more readily, and the women on their staffs are, if anything, treated better than the men. They get good pay and important assignments. Unfortunately, these papers are not interested so much in

making good reporters of them as in exploiting their personalities and so graduating them into syndicate editorialists, if I may coin what seems a necessary word. And obviously, they have room for only a very small number of such stars.

The picture papers are the most encouraging in their attitude to women. They have no prudery and no sentiment. They are quite willing—as the *New York Daily News* did—to send a pretty girl to vamp the Prince of Wales one week, and to assign her to count the dead under a fallen Brooklyn elevated structure the next. They detail women to gather Broadway tid-bits of a Sunday and to investigate the West Virginia coal-mines on week-days. With an eye possibly for pictorial advantages, they employ a larger proportion of women, especially good-looking women, than the other papers.

When I say they hire them more readily, however, I should add that it is merely by comparison. They will bear with equanimity the presence of four girls on the city staff at the same time. It is a great concession, for there seems to be an unwritten law of newspapers that a cry of anguish shall go up from the managing editor when there are two. "We're full up," he says, meaning "Approach, woman, at your peril!" I well remember the reply of the managing editor of the *Chicago Journal*, a daring iconoclast, to my plea for a job: "I have five women on my staff now. You won't find a managing editor in America who has so many."

I am sure he was right. There probably isn't a managing editor in the country who employs that many. There are no more than two dozen women reporters in all on the thirteen New York papers of general circulation. Nearly every one of them has been on her paper for years and years, and will be on it for more years and years. Newspaper women, in truth, hang on to their jobs like grim death, and it must be admitted that this much favoritism is shown them: they are not fired with quite the promptitude that is suffered by men.

Perhaps a lingering sense of pity and justice stays the hand of the hard-boiled city editor, for he must know that while an experienced man can move from paper to paper and from city to city endlessly, a woman who loses her job may just as well, in most cases, bid adieu to the profession.

I am not forgetting all the crazy inconsistencies, all the extravagant injustice, with which newspaper shops seethe, even for men. But there is one injustice a man does not have to face. If he gets a chance at all, he gets a chance because, having named the papers he has worked for, he is presumed to be experienced and able until proved otherwise. A woman, no matter by what feats she may have won the right to be regarded as a good reporter on another paper, faces the fact that she is a mere woman all over again in a new shop. She must serve her apprenticeship once more, gathering the stickfuls with a "woman's angle," or face the shut door: "We're full up. Two women on the staff already." Or she must gather superlative courage and ingenuity and so make a new place for herself.

And what tasks of herculean disagreeableness she has to tackle, in order to prove herself! It is the women who have to do all the crazy newspaper stunts. They have got themselves committed to insane asylums, have gone to prison, have made dismal tours of shops and factories on the trail of the poor working-girl, have disguised themselves as prostitutes in order to test the mercy of the clergy, have gone into the steerage as immigrants. Fremont Older, perhaps the most picturesque newspaper editor in the country, and staunch champion of women as well as convicts, in his day as editor of the *San Francisco Bulletin*, had a changing colony of newspaper girls whom he turned loose on the countryside in a series of stunts that are still remembered. He once sent Rose Wilder Lane walking up hill and down dale all over California by day, and sometimes by night, getting real stuff on the moods and prosperity of the countryside, and, in-

cidentally, welcoming any adventures which might come as grist to her mill. Another time he ordered one of his feminine reporters to disguise herself as a repentant lady of joy and to seek among the clergy one who did not cast a stone—she was, of course, unsuccessful in her quest. At still another time he ordered a girl to pose as a lady of wealth, yearning for the social climb, and visit all the best known society people of the city and seek their advice on how to make the grade. Somewhat later he sent a woman writer on his staff (Bessie Beatty, I think) to gather all the prostitutes of the city—it was one of the perennial periods of reform—and bring them to a mass meeting to face the reformer-in-chief and ask him certain pertinent questions. All this was more than a decade ago, when the vogue of the sob sister was practically over, but when girl reporters all over the country still pulled occasional Nellie Blys just to show they could do it.

There is many an all-round newspaper man with years of service back of him and a respectable pay envelope who never did a job outside of the routine in his life, but you will find few newspaper women of the same length of service who have not risked some dizzy exhibition, often on their own responsibility, of what journalism regards as daring.

III

What does it avail them in the end? They may, as free lances, have served papers creditably in many parts of the world, but the nice, soft jobs as staff correspondents are not for them. As free lances, they may set themselves any kind of assignment they choose and receive encouragement, even praise, but when they return they are met with the same old refrain: "We have too many women on the staff now." Not many women, alas, have the persistence and energy necessary to learn the trade of journalism well. After a short time in the city room, they drop out into other departments or into allied occupations, where life is easier and they are more welcome.

Thus there is a dearth of outstanding personalities among women in newspaper work. Perhaps the only real personality so far developed in America was Nellie Bly, and she is dead. Rheta Childe Dorr, one of the pioneers, is now a magazine writer. Winifred Black and Dorothy Dix, other pioneers, editorialize for Mr. Hearst and give advice to the lovelorn. Such women as Marguerite Moers Marshall (who has a great reputation among the New York city editors as a fine reporter), Sophie Irene Loeb, Zoë Beckley, and Jane Dixon are not, strictly speaking, reporters. They take few or no general assignments. I don't think Miss Loeb and Miss Beckley ever have. They are important to their papers, but they really do magazine work, distributed by syndicates. I can only think of one bona fide woman reporter who is widely known and respected—Genevieve Forbes, of the Chicago *Tribune*. She is the girl who shipped in the steerage from Ireland to report the perils of immigrant maidens, and she lived to reap her reward, for she was permitted to cover the Leopold-Loeb trial.

However, all is not lost. I notice with admiration that the girl reporters are changing their tactics. No more stunts to win the professional respect of the city

editor! They are concentrating on their appearance and attacking his susceptibility as a male. I cannot make up my mind whether there are so many good-looking girls in American newspaper offices today because the homely ones, realizing that they have no chance, have given up, or whether the latter have been deliberately weeded out in favor of the former. When I got a job on a New York paper, seven years ago, there was just one girl (it was not I) among all the New York lady journalists who stood out as young, pretty, and becomingly dressed. The rest wore practical shoes and common sense over-coats and imitated the unkempt air of the old-time newspaper man, now also a dim figure of the long ago. Regard them now! They are modish and lovely. Why, there exists a girl reporter who has danced three times with the Prince of Wales—and no one could impugn *his* taste. One would almost say, looking them over, that there is now a new subconscious reason for the prejudice against them. Perhaps it is only a defense mechanism. The city editors tremble. I lack exact statistics, but in the circle of my acquaintance the number of newspaper women who have married men they worked with or met on assignments is simply terrific.

REALITY

BY ORRICK JOHNS

DOWN the world, with feet of clay,
Came the first man that first day;
The first man in his stature whole,
Out of his eyes there looked a soul.

Out of his head and heart and arms
Came brave motions, potent charms;
He looked up and he looked round,
He looked long upon the ground.

Said the first man to the tree,
"Today you have been given to me."
Said the first man to the sky,
"Strange, you are not very high."

He swam the river, killed the beast,
Struck out fire and made his feast;
His pillow and his roof were rock,
He shaped dirt for a drinking crock.

Arrows from the sapling came
And flew until the world was tame.
The first man mocked the morning sun,
"Look," he cried, "what I have done!"

"I make the grain grow for my bread,
I make the leaves grow for my bed;
I am a king most certainly,
I am king of all I see!"

Then the light upon the hill
Went out; the sullen air was still,
The darkness grew too thick for breath,
And a voice said, "This is death."

The stillness ended at the sound;
The trees lashed wildly and the ground
Shook till the first man could not stand;
He lay and shook upon the land.

He heard the waters pound the shore,
The rivers broke their banks and tore
Rocks like rafts from their solid base;
The first man bowed his coward face.

Terrible and more terrible still
Shrieked the wind from hill to hill.
Endless seemed that devil's strife,
Then a voice said, "This is life."

The wind went down, a star returned,
Green, then red, the East-rim burned;
The sky, the earth, his sight were strange,
All about was wreck and change.

The first man raised his stricken head,
He knew not yet if he was dead;
He felt his heart beat with his hand,
He touched the hard, subsiding land.

Out of the flying mist he saw
Green and red on dew and shaw—
Green and red and he were one,
And the first man thanked the sun.

Suddenly, oh suddenly,
The light came back on range and tree,
Joyous tree and dewy range—
The first man wondered at the change.

Suddenly, oh suddenly,
The first man saw reality.
Life and death and he were one
With the violence of the sun.

RITCHIE OF THE FREE STATE

BY HAMILTON OWENS

THOSE who sweated through the long June days of the last Democratic national convention will remember the session at which each State put forward her favorite son, and hoped and prayed that by some act of God the lots might fall on him. Bryan had been the recipient of such divine favor in 1896, and ever since then all Democratic candidates have believed in miracles. But most of the little demonstrations arranged in the old Garden on the off-chance of attracting Jehovah simply fizzed for a while and then died away in apathy. Only for a moment did the proceedings seem to be other than a rather pathetic parade of vainglorious ambitions, and that was when the name of Albert Cabell Ritchie of Maryland was put in nomination.

During the early days of the convention Ritchie, as chairman of the Maryland delegation, had mixed freely with the crowd on the floor and proved himself handsome, affable and not lacking in dignity. When his sponsor finished putting him in nomination, a few of the delegates recognized his name and gave him a cheer. Then his followers, emboldened by this display of interest, started a parade, the leader carrying the ancient flag of Maryland at its head. The flag of Maryland is a gay and jocund sight. Its brilliant quarterings speak of medieval fortresses and barons at was-sail. It calls up the romantic spirit. It invites rollicking recruits. Behind that emblem the Ritchie parade rapidly took on noble proportions, and when the standard-bearer mounted the rostrum and waved his resplendent banner back and forth over the crowd, there were mighty—and honest—

cheers. For a moment it seemed as if the miracle might happen.

But, unaware that they were to assist in a demonstration of supernal power, most of the actual delegates had adjourned to the cellar to cool their throats. The gallery cheered so long as it thought that this man might possibly be the Lord's anointed, but when, in the end, no sign was vouchsafed, its faith grew cold. So the cheers died away, and the parade fizzled out as half a dozen others had done before it. Thereafter Ritchie was only a name in the roll-call, a name gradually losing meaning as the real drama of the struggle unrolled its unholy length.

If there were no background to this story, it wouldn't be worth the telling. But it so happens that Ritchie in New York was not merely the champion of a State—and a Free State at that—but also the leader of a Cause. The relation between Ritchie and the Cause is the occasion of the present sketch and, except for a brief moment, it is a tale of misunderstandings. If anything in the ensuing paragraphs should seem, perhaps, to point to the contrary, let it be said at once that Ritchie is, by general consent, the best governor Maryland has ever had. He is a competent, careful executive. But, alas, he is lacking in humor. The cause which he has been called on to lead, on the other hand, is chock full of it. That cause has grown and flourished because deep down it is rooted in an uproarious guffaw—and Ritchie has never seen the joke.

Maryland is small and self-contained. One might say, with justice, that her history is honorable; but one could never say

it was melodramatic. Such has been the balance of power in her body politic that opposing forces have rarely dared to join an issue. She has enjoyed to the full the benefits of the golden mean. For immemorial years she has been comfortably rich and comfortably dull. From the Civil War, which she took rather calmly, considering her unenviable position between the opposing forces, up to the World War she did not get one real thrill. And she would not have had one yet if the Eighteenth Amendment had never been put on the books.

Maryland's self-consciousness, her hope that it might be possible for her to play a rôle more important than that of spear-bearer in the Democratic ranks, dates in the last analysis from that event. The mere passage of the Amendment, however, was not enough to rouse her to action. She ratified it automatically, as most of her sister States had done; and settled back with them to watch the approach of the millennium. Her statesmen all assumed, or pretended to assume, that the passage of the Volstead Act had finally settled the liquor question. Her newspapers kept silent.

But the common people of her cities, like the common people of other cities, did not approve. When it dawned on them that Prohibition meant no beer, they began to mutter. The sound distressed the politicians. For years they had been beset by the Anti-Saloon League, and they had heaved a sigh of relief when it finally achieved its victory. They didn't like the idea of bringing the matter up again. It was much safer and more comfortable to pretend not to hear the muttering. That was the course they adopted.

At the height of this conspiracy of silence, Albert Cabell Ritchie was elected governor. Dynastically, he was foredoomed to this honor, for his family is one in the best Maryland tradition. His mother, true enough, was an outlander, but this half-alien origin did not count against him, for she was a Cabell of Virginia, and a Virginia alliance has always been a hall-mark

of quality in Maryland. It was on the cards that he should take up the law, and that a part of his life, at least, should be devoted to the public service. He aided fate by bringing to his appointed tasks a clear and logical mind, and a full sense of the responsibilities which go with political preferment. For instance, when the time came, and he stepped into his first important political post—that of people's counsel to the Public Service Commission—he gave the somewhat somnolent commission the surprise of its life by proving that he actually knew something about the subject in hand. The statistics, the interlocking directorates, the percentages, the stock issues, the replacement values, all those damnable idiocies which have grown out of the attempt to supply a statutory substitute for the law of supply and demand, didn't seem to worry him at all. He knew more about them, apparently, than the corporation lawyers themselves.

As a reward for his showing on this occasion, he was given the Democratic nomination for the post of attorney general, and was elected. Here too he displayed commendable diligence and competency. When, after a brief period as attorney to the War Industries Board, he returned to Maryland, fate fulfilled her promise and made him the gubernatorial candidate of his party.

II

The accounts of the campaign in the Autumn of 1919, as given in the newspapers of the time, sound almost archaic today. Maryland now rings with a discussion of States' Rights, but the matter was hardly heard of then. Ritchie, as the business man's candidate, devoted most of his speeches to his proposal for a State budget. His opponent, likewise the business man's candidate, promised economy. Upon such inspiring issues was the battle joined, and Ritchie pulled through a winner by a mere handful of votes. The wet and dry question had hardly been broached during the campaign, and on the one occasion when it

did come up, both candidates answered it in such terms that it was quite possible for the newspapers to bury their replies on inside pages. Ritchie, his destiny fulfilled, applied himself immediately to the congenial task of reorganizing the State government and installing his budget system.

But the muttering among the plain people was not stilled, and it came finally to the ears of Lieut.-Col. John Philip Hill, D.S.M., like Ritchie, the scion of an ancient family. He too had political ambitions, but the fact that he was a Republican made it more difficult for him to achieve them. His sole job, up to the war, had been that of federal district attorney, an appointment he owed to Mr. Taft. It was said of him that he was the handsomest and best-groomed district attorney in the history of the district. Eclipsed by the election of Wilson, he had turned soldier and came back from the war covered with wounds and glory. In the Fall of 1920 he offered himself as a candidate for Congress from the third Maryland district. The third district is in the heart of Baltimore. Most of its residents are simple folk, and many of them are foreigners. Before these people John Philip appeared for his first meeting. His dress was impeccable. He wore a morning coat, striped trousers and a boutonnière. He announced his programme: It consisted of but three words: "Bonus and Beer." The third district is normally Democratic by a large majority. But it flocked to the polls and voted almost unanimously for Hill.

History does not tell what Governor Ritchie thought of this victory. There is ample evidence, however, that its significance was wholly lost upon the generality of Democratic politicians in Maryland. The Anti-Saloon League was, by this time, marshaling its forces for an attempt to put a State Volstead Act upon the statute books of Maryland, but there had been little open discussion of the scheme. The League was working valiantly in the counties, pledging one rustic candidate after another to vote for its measure. In the

cities the wet cause was about to go by default when some anonymous person, obviously not a politician, proposed that all candidates for the legislature be forced to tell in advance their stand on the question. The idea caught the popular favor. The ward meetings of Baltimore city, up to that time as dull as those in any city, became shortly the scene of a violent heckling. The crowds simply refused to listen to any man who did not first of all declare himself on this issue. "Are you wet or are you dry?" became the popular catchword. More than a score of candidates, thanking God for the example of John Philip Hill, shouted their wetness to the skies. Those who did not answer, or were ambiguous in their replies, were called pussyfooters, a term which soon indicated the deepest opprobrium.

Before the legislature met, the Maryland Court of Appeals had handed down a decision holding that there was no obligation upon the officials of Maryland to enforce the national Volstead Act. That decision put a double burden upon the Anti-Saloon League, and at the same time gave courage to the embattled wets. The bill "putting Maryland into the Union" was the chief item on the dry agenda. Since in Maryland, as in most other States where there is a large city, the farmer's vote is worth about two or three times that of the city man, the country delegates, which is nearly equivalent to saying the Anti-Saloon League delegates, were greatly in the majority in the lower house. So they passed the dry bill without delay. But in the Senate the fight was hotter. The wets were slightly outnumbered, but they were possessed of superior strategists. The whole State watched a fight in which every devious device known to the political mind was brought to bear. While the political parsons held prayer meetings in the lobbies, logs were rolled and deals made in the committee-rooms. The bill was twisted, turned, amended, committed, brought out, and recommitted. In the midst of this manœuvring, John Philip Hill came over from

Washington and joined the wet side. Some-where, somehow, somebody slipped into the bill a provision calling for a referen-dum on the measure. This was a challenge that the Anti-Saloon League, knowing the temper of Baltimore city, could not afford to accept. The wets triumphantly voted for the amended bill. The drys voted against it, and it was killed. Thus was finally born the Maryland Free State, and thus the Cause came into being.

I wish I could tell you what Ritchie was doing all this time. But history is silent on the subject. All I am sure of is that there was much uncertainty as to what would be his attitude if the bill ever came up to him for signature. If he had signed it, he would have offended mortally his friends in Baltimore. If he had not signed it, he would have offended the Anti-Saloon League. Small wonder the tale is told that he sat in the executive offices biting his nails while the fight raged.

But, Ritchie or no Ritchie, the Maryland Free State had been born. Maryland was the first State to refuse to bend its neck to the Anti-Saloon League yoke. After this it was possible to observe the rapid development of another phenomenon. It wasn't only the plain people of Baltimore and the towns who were wet. It was also the gentlefolk of the countryside. Those who prided themselves on their lineage sud-denly became conscious of the fact that it had always been a characteristic of Marylanders to march out of step. Somebody dug up out of history a man by the name of Luther Martin, who had been one of Maryland's delegation to the original Constitutional Convention. Luther Martin, it appeared, had opposed Maryland's entry into the Federal Union, and had prophesied that some day the great States would attempt to force the little States to obey their will. Luther Martin became a sort of State hero, the original Free Stater.

Gradually there grew up, in political discussion, a curious harking back to political precedent. The Bill of Rights became an issue, and with it there came, by an

inevitable association of ideas, the reemer-gence of the old Maryland aristocratic principle. The ancient alliance between nobles and people against the King, who in this case was a strange merging of the federal government, the Anti-Saloon League and the political parsons, was reestab-lished. The people apparently preferred that their masters be gentlemen rather than trash. Moreover, the distrust of the federal government, thus sedulously fo-mented in the State, spread to include a distrust of those vast parallelograms which pass for States in the West. The efforts of the bucolic statesmen of Iowa and Wis-consin to advance the millennium by put-ting cockleburs under the tail of progress ceased to inspire the old respect. The fed-eral laws which they composed began to be regarded in part humorously, in part with indignation. The frequent castiga-tions of Maryland by the Upshaws and the Nicholsons provoked only derisive guffaws, but the irruptions of Prohibition agents from Washington brought out the mobs.

III

The tenor of things was by now so appar-ent that but few Maryland politicians de-layed any longer. One by one they climbed on the band-wagon in preparation for the election of 1912. There are six congress-men from Maryland, and four of them have districts which lie in part in Baltimore city. Hill had given them their cue, and all four Democratic candidates shouted their wetness to the skies. Hill's opponent, at a loss for a real issue, strove to cinch the vote of the third district by claiming to be "wetter than Hill." It was a brave gesture, but it was a failure. Hill was re-elected triumphantly, and with him three Democrats, all pledged to vote for beer.

Thus, by such slow degrees, did Mary-land achieve a sort of ethnic unity. And with that unity there came a philosophy and a *Kultur*. The *Kultur* is essentially aristocratic and imperial. Some Mary-landers are superior to others, but all

Marylanders are superior to all outlanders. For a long time after they became conscious of this sweet uniqueness, the people of the new Free State asked only to be let alone. But the lesson of history is plain: a free people has always a manifest destiny. First freedom; then dominion. It is the unvarying sequence.

But the total population of Maryland is only about a million and a half, and so there appeared difficulties in the way of her conquest of the whole country. The imperial movement had grown up out of the folk; it had no real leader. The State did, however, have a competent governor. Could it be that he was the man foreordained to lead the Marylanders in their fight for domination?

Opinion on the subject was divided, but fate, which had been kind to him on previous occasions, did not forget him now. The whole country by this time knew that Prohibition wasn't working. The matter came finally to the ears of President Harding in Washington. Perhaps you have forgotten his famous Conference on Law Enforcement. In Maryland it will not be forgotten for a long time, for it was the governor of Maryland who broke up the conference by refusing to sign on the dotted line. Instead, when the rest of the rubber-stamp governors were me-tooing the President, he arose and delivered himself somewhat in this fashion:

The great majority of people in Maryland believe the Volstead Act simply cannot be enforced there. Our people are imbued with a fine traditional respect for law and the established order, and we were effectively solving the temperance question by local option in the various units of the State. Under that method, when the people of a community wanted Prohibition, they actually got it.

The Volstead Act changed all this. Our people in the main regard it as an unnecessary and drastic federal infringement on their State and personal rights. The lack of respect for law and the actual lawlessness which have resulted are deplorable. The only remedy I see is to recognize that the Volstead Act is destructive of the rights of the States, and to turn the whole question back to the States, so that each may settle it in accordance with the will of its own people.

This brave speech made Ritchie a hero in the eyes of all the Free Staters. It was

his first national act. It was the first move of Maryland toward domination. It became apparent, after all, that the cause might find a leader.

Also—and perhaps more important from the point of view of Ritchie himself—the great publicity which he achieved by his speech awoke within him the first stirrings of a tremendous ambition. The time was approaching when he must either step down or else break all Maryland precedents by announcing his candidacy for a second term as governor. His bold flouting of the President of the United States thus achieved a double purpose. It brought him *kudos* at home and it brought him immense publicity abroad.

Accordingly, when President Harding offered him another opportunity a few months later, he did not hesitate to grasp it. There was a coal strike on. Matters had reached an ugly stage. The inept Harding proposed to the governors that each State should send troops to the mines to protect the men willing to work. In Maryland, far from being destructive, the strike had been a singularly quiet one. Word was brought back from the mountains that the miners were making plenty of money, moonshining in the hills. Ritchie shot at the target thus presented to him. He sent a telegram to Harding reading this way:

The traditions of this State are those of a people who have settled such matters as these without the aid of bayonets and rifles. It is nearly thirty years since our militia has been used for a purpose of this kind, and I do not feel, even in the face of federal failure, that I should immediately agree with your assumption that this failure is so complete that when the problem is turned back to each State I should, without further and more mature consideration, give assurances which might lead to filling the mine regions of Maryland with armed troops.

This was restrained, perhaps, but it was to the point. The rest of the country may have missed its significance, but Maryland got it. Ritchie had thumbed his nose at Harding once again. Chuckles ran all over the State. The boy was good. He might, after all, be the Messiah appointed to lead the cause.

Ritchie himself certainly thought so. The message to Harding was a move in his campaign for reëlection as governor. During that campaign he was a very engaging figure. Handsome of face, young, dignified and not wholly lacking in charm, he rode the crest of the wave. Such was his poise that he managed to endure a handsome-man contest, inaugurated by a Baltimore newspaper, without any loss of dignity. Needless to say, he won.

With a public statement before the President of the United States on his record, he could now no longer bandy words on the Prohibition question. There were still a few Democrats in the Maryland counties who feared the effect of a formal declaration by the party on the subject, but there was no mistaking the temper of Baltimore city. The Democratic platform accordingly declared for the repeal of the Volstead Act, and the turning of the whole liquor question back to the States. The Republican candidate was rated as a wet, but the platform was silent on the issue. The election was a walkover for Ritchie. He had been elected by a few hundred in 1919; he carried the Free State by more than forty thousand in 1923.

If there had been doubt before, there could be none now. Ritchie was the acknowledged leader of the sacred Cause. He was the Wet Hope. Enthusiastic Marylanders, carried away by pride in their State, and by the belief that in their popular governor it had found a man who could lead the country out of the hypocrisy of Volsteadism into a glorious—and dama-
era of truth and liberty, began to talk of his nomination for the Presidency.

His second inauguration was an occasion of tremendous enthusiasm. The old State House at Annapolis was crowded as never before. Even Ritchie himself, usually so cool, so unemotional, so businesslike, must have been carried away for the moment, for his second inaugural speech was not merely a statement of the business in hand; it was also an oration, and it concluded with this passage:

A great, a fundamental, an enduring principle is at stake. No question of sectional advantage, of group gain, of party benefit or of class. But a principle which reaches back through the ages, past the industrial and economic eras and the mighty wars which have made our country great, straight into the very heart of our institutions.

That principle calls for an end to centralization. It is not the call of class or of party or of creed. It is the call at last of principle. It is the call of the people of this country, from city, hamlet and farm, to be allowed to lead their lives in freedom and in liberty, so long as they can lead them cleanly and honestly, and do not hurt their neighbors or injure society. It is the call to resist unwarranted encroachment of every kind by the federal government upon the sovereign rights of our State and the guaranteed liberties of our people; and, with head held high and standing erect, no matter if we stand alone, to proclaim once more that Maryland, relying upon the integrity of a native manhood and womanhood which has never failed, demands that every question which concerns her people alone shall be decided as her people will.

When he had done, there was immense applause. Women threw flowers from the gallery, and it is related that those two amiable old gentlemen, Sonny Mahon and Frank Kelly, joint leaders of the embattled Democracy of Baltimore, whose combined weight is five hundred pounds, wept tears of State patriotism and paternal pride.

IV

If, before this, Ritchie's yearning toward Washington had been secret and alone, it was now an open and accepted fact. His popularity in Maryland was unbounded. The Anti-Saloon League brought its usual bill to the legislature, and was laughed at for its pains. The county members wanted a great appropriation for a State university, but Ritchie, backed by important interests in Baltimore and the most influential newspapers, killed it off with hardly a struggle. The man could have had anything he wanted. His every act was regarded as that of a leader divinely appointed. Small wonder that his friends lent themselves willingly to his ambition. Some of them were undoubtedly sincere. They knew the man and his abilities. They were enthusiastic for the principle of which he had become the spokesman. But they were also

thirsty. Ritchie might well be the Moses that would lead them to the sparkling springs. Even some of the cooler heads among them actually believed that he had a chance.

"It's this way," they'd say. "Here's McAdoo and Smith. Good fellows, both of them. They both know Ritchie, and they like him. Well, neither one of 'em can make the grade. At the right minute we trot out Ritchie. Good fellow: handsome, not a Catholic, but a liberal. Not a Northern man, not a Southern man. Not too violent on anything. They might flop to him. Look at Harding. He got nominated. Anything can happen."

Of course, the more lively fellows didn't talk this way. They wanted Ritchie to go to New York with a keg of beer on the back seat, and vine leaves in his hair. "Run 'em off their feet," said this crowd. "They'll vote for beer, I don't care who they are. Look at John Philip Hill in the third district."

I am not sure that Ritchie himself thought he had a chance. But I am quite sure he wanted the nomination, and wanted it badly, for the man who was so strong for principle in January put himself unreservedly into the hands of his political advisers in June. The full story of the Maryland delegation's adventures in the convention has never been told. I have an idea, however, that the following account is substantially correct:

The highest ranking official in the delegation was William Cabell Bruce, junior Senator from Maryland. By precedent, he should have been Maryland's representative on the platform committee. But Bruce, being a recent convert to the wet cause, was a fanatic on the subject. If he were appointed to the platform committee it was a foregone conclusion that he would fight to the last ditch to have a real States' Rights plank, and even a wet plank in the platform. If he failed there, he would bring the fight to the floor. And no one knew what would happen then.

One of Ritchie's closest friends and ad-

visers is young Brooke Lee, son of former Senator Blair Lee, and until a few weeks ago secretary of state of Maryland. He doesn't live in Baltimore city, but in Montgomery county, close to Washington. He has never been infected with the Free State virus. He is a shrewd and calculating fellow, close-mouthed, ambitious, lustful for power. Because he could be depended upon not to do or to say anything that would commit himself or Ritchie, he got the job on the platform committee. If Maryland was anything more than a cipher in the deliberations of that famous body, it hasn't been reported in Baltimore.

The speech placing Ritchie's name in nomination was carefully composed. There was in it no word respecting his States' Rights record. There was nothing in it to show that he wasn't a member in good standing of the White Ribbon League. Thus Ritchie was duly placed in nomination, with the inevitable result. The hero of the Free State, hope of the wets and champion of States' Rights became, after a few hectic moments, just another favorite son and faded out of the running.

Would there have been a different ending if he had taken the advice of the bolder spirits, and appeared before the convention with vine leaves in his hair? Who knows? But I am sure that it was impossible for him to do so. For Ritchie, with all his virtues, is not a bold man. His political training has been too thorough. He weighs chances. He is cool and calculating, not hot and impetuous. It takes a lot of prodding to keep him up to the scratch. Give him a problem in State finance, and he will in due course show you a workmanlike solution. Criticise a measure he has proposed, and he will take the criticism home with him, examine it carefully, and in the morning prove you wrong if it is logically possible to do it. If it is not possible, he will embody your idea in a revised proposal. He works at his job as if he were preparing a brief. He is an executive, not a leader. His enthusiasms are few. His passion, if it may be called passion, is for statistics.

I have an idea that the governor of the Free State had some disturbing thoughts on his return from New York. The lack of courage which he displayed on that occasion did not go unnoticed. He may have seen no difference in the attitude of his admirers, but the difference was there. The enthusiasm had gone. They weren't sure of him. He had failed in a crisis and his failure somehow had just a touch of desertion in it; or, if that is too strong a phrase, it was the failure of courage. Nobody attacked him openly, of course, for after all he is Maryland's only hope. Nevertheless, two other men have announced their candidacy for his boots as governor of the Free State and got quite respectful hearings. And one of the non-politicians who was most enthusiastic for him a year ago lately got up at a public meeting and intimated that his [Ritchie's] enthusiasm for the wet cause was not above suspicion. But the worst blow of all, I imagine, was when a newspaper ventured to ask him, jeeringly, the old question: "Are you a wet or are you a dry?"

All these things must have given him to think. But since there is little fire in the man, he hasn't been pricked into impassioned reply. Instead, he has given much thought to the problems involved in that depressing subject called State Aid. That, you may recall, is the system, sometimes called the fifty-fifty system, whereby the federal government matches the appropriations the States make for roads, for certain kinds of schools, for forest conservation and for public health. It is perhaps the most insidious force working to undermine the integrity of the States. But it is too subtle for the comprehension of all save a few. The ordinary voter, even when he comprehends it, is not interested in it.

Nevertheless, Ritchie has mastered it thoroughly. In article after article, speech after speech, he has examined it and showed up its absurdities and the burden it imposes upon the populous States of the East for the benefit of the great open spaces. As a piece of political criticism, his work in

this line is a masterpiece. But as a method of increasing his national popularity, it has about as much value as a discussion of mortality tables. The only advantage of the issue is that it is so safe that even Calvin Coolidge has discussed it.

But whatever his failings, Governor Ritchie is not stupid. His mind may not jump to conclusions, but it finally reaches them. And it has at last been borne upon him, apparently, first that there was something wrong with his method in New York, and in the second place that you can't hand thirsty people a mass of statistics and expect them to cheer. In January of this year he went to Chicago and made a speech before the Iroquois club at the invitation of Roger Brennan, and it wasn't a pussy-footing speech. It had a few statistics in it, but it wasn't dry. On the contrary it was so wet that his Maryland friends don't see how he can possibly back out again.

That comment, which was the one oftenest heard in Baltimore when the Chicago speech was published, is somehow typical of the present day attitude of Marylanders toward the candidates. When, after its years of eclipse, Toryism became once more a force in British politics, it had as its leader a man who was poet as well as statesman. Disraeli had the genius to appeal to the youth of his day by such obvious but effective means as white waist-coats and primroses. The leader of the new Toryism of Maryland is as handsome as Dizzy was hideous. But Dizzy was a poet. Ritchie is a pedant. It was brilliance and reckless courage which carried that strange alien adventurer to the heights. Ritchie is sound, perhaps, but he is not brilliant. His courage, moreover, is that of the tortoise rather than that of the hawk. Ritchie can be the leader of the cause of Marylandism if he wants to be, and it isn't impossible that he may one day be the leader of a rejuvenated Democracy. But it is somehow sardonic that his warmest admirers stand in constant fear that, in a rough-and-tumble, he may stop to think twice.

EDITORIAL

THE Coolidge farce passes gently into its second act. The strong silent man of the first act begins to fade, and even the Washington correspondents, for all their talent for illusion, seem to find it increasingly difficult to believe that he is real. They have hard jobs, those gallant and romantic fellows, and many a gnawing at the heart is concealed by their jaunty spats and walking-sticks. Twice a week, by sheer professional sorcery, they must turn a vacuum into a roaring storm, with high winds and appalling lightning strokes. The business naturally exhausts their higher cerebral centers, and reduces them to a state which, in less gifted men, would be taken for imbecility. Go read their daily dispatches, flashed through the ether at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. John Fenno himself, in the *Gazette of the United States*, never massaged and anointed the god of his adoration with vaster assiduity. How, indeed, if they have ever heard of him, they must envy John: he at least had a Man in front of him. What they have on their hands is simply a trivial attorney lifted miraculously to the purple—an attorney still full of the puerile wiles and dodges of the village bill-collector. The whole comedy of government reduces itself to the level of the chief actor. Try to imagine anything more absurd than Mr. Secretary Wilbur. Alas, it is not hard: there is Mr. Secretary Kellogg. "A square peg in a square hole," exclaimed the sportive Mr. Speaker Longworth in labored rapture some time back, rising to do his painful duty. "Yes," replied a Washington wit—no doubt Nick himself, or his immediate superior—"a shoe-peg in the cellar of the Treasury."

Obviously, the farce cannot go on. It is against reason—and it is against the imme-

rial laws of politics. Let the mob begin to fawn upon a hero, and he is marked for the hemlock. Up they go—and down they tumble! What raised Dr. Coolidge to the vast popularity which now slips from him, bit by bit, was simply and plainly his identification with a season of unprecedented ease and tranquillity. The plain people and the fancy people, as he came in, were alike stewing happily in their own juices. The war was over. Money was plentiful. Outside the fence the world was miserable; inside a glorious camp-meeting was going on, with a chicken frying in every pan and a jug behind every stump. How easy it was for the literary suite of the learned gentleman to offer him plausibly as the cause of these benign effects! He had done nothing to impede them; *ergo*, he was responsible for them. The logic was familiar in politics; it had been swallowed before. But once swallowed, it tends to stay down, like a lump in the gizzard. Thus the hero of piping times becomes the villain of times that try men's so-called souls. Nor does it take much to try them. In the midst of innocent merriment the revellers pause suddenly and prick up their ears. A moment later they are trembling and next day they are in a panic. There ensues a swift, merciless search for the goat. He is found where the spotlights converge, and the press-agents heave the goose-grease, and music fills the air. The bigger they are, the further they fall.

This natural phenomenon, so beautiful in its simplicity, is what menaces the peace and fame of the virtuous Calvin. If he has ears, let him attend to the baying and roaring of the farmers in the still more virtuous Northwest. The history of great states, indeed, is not a history of unimpeded happiness, but a history of sudden alarms

and great indignations. There is, for a space, sweetness and light, and then, of a sudden, there are yells for help. Those yells must be regarded by the accepted elders of the land, and especially by the chairman of the board. Words are of no avail against them; the demand is for overt and miraculous acts. Is Dr. Coolidge secretly capable of such acts, as his journalistic chiropodists would have us believe? Then so is your grandmother secretly capable of flooring Jack Dempsey. There is absolutely nothing in his record to make it probable, or even imaginable. He has dodged all his life, and he will try to dodge again when the big test confronts him. He is preëminently a man of words, and in the purely political sense—that is, of words that are sonorous and meaningless. What does one find in his speeches, even in the speeches manufactured for him by professional rhetoricians? One finds platitudes of the sort that sound formidable over the radio and fool the bad editorial writers of worse newspapers—hollow, blowsy platitudes that were stale in the days of Rutherford B. Hayes. And that is all. The fabric of acts that lies under them is inordinately sleazy and shoddy—a fabric made up of the ancient and preposterous tricks of third-rate politicians at all times and everywhere: petty evasions (the Fall and Aluminum cases), childish attempts to befog issues (the Wheeler case), quick and shameless changes of front (the farm relief business). There is, to date, nothing else. There is no sign of anything else.

II

A President, while he rides the high tide, runs a great risk of self-deception. Like a movie gal at Hollywood, he comes to believe his own press-agents. In particular, he is apt to succumb to the blandishments of men far more adroit and cunning than any press-agent ever heard of: to wit, the professional politicians of his own party. How these eminent men have plastered Dr. Coolidge with ointments is

well known to every student of the newspapers. They have, like Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, fallen upon him *appassionato*; they have, like former Speaker Gillett, swooned in lyrical ecstasies; they have, like Speaker Longworth, done the thing *pizzicato* and with tongue in cheek. Such gurgles and gloatings have not been heard on earth since the late Walter Hines Page was handed a cigar by King George V. Put together and reduced to sound English, as George Bernard Shaw put together the denunciations of Ibsen, they would make a marvellous document, ten times as exhilarating as any chapter of "Americana" ever printed in this great family periodical. Stanton at least had the good taste to wait until Booth was in flight before promoting Lincoln to immortality. But these moderns do not wait. They are out at dawn with their benevolent blunderbusses, and all day they rain projectiles of vaseline, whale oil and vanishing cream upon their darling.

Yet it is these very fanatics, I venture to predict, who will bring him down at last—or, at all events, who will leap upon him with swords drawn when he is brought down by the inescapable logic of events. For there is nothing solid and genuine behind their grotesque flattery—not an iota of honest admiration for the statesman or liking for the man. Dr. Coolidge is respected in Washington, by men of like calibre, for his gifts as a practical politician—that, for his skill at evading decisions, at juggling jobs to his own political profit, at beclouding issues with high-sounding words, at playing both sides against the middle. But all save those who move upon the lowest levels of the town are well aware that there is more to the presidential office than that. The post needs something far beyond nimble trickery. It needs intellectual enterprise, a capacity for difficult business, firm resolution, and some coherent, reasonable notion of the national destiny. It needs these things every day, but now and then come days when it needs them desperately.

The first of such days to dawn will see

the collapse of the Coolidge myth. And with the saga will go the bards. One and all, they will spring for the fallen hero's vestments; already, indeed, they are measuring girth and sleeve-lengths with their eyes. For it is the misfortune of a President that he is a King with a hundred Crown Princes—all trembling with hope, and none halted by filial feelings, or even, when the temptation grows strong enough, by common decency. It was the secret expectation of the late Dr. Wilson that he would be renominated at San Francisco in 1920. To that end he sent no less than six confidential agents, all close to his person, to the scene. They went by different routes, and had no visible communication with one another: each, no doubt, had been sent to forestall treason by the rest. And what happened? What happened was that all six, once they got upon the ground, began to struggle for the nomination for themselves! It took but a look around to convince them that Wilson was finished—that all he could hope for was a formal endorsement, as hollow as any other epitaph. So they heaved him overboard instantly, and were on their own from that moment.

III

Those waiting in the Coolidge antechamber have less to stay them and will be even less decorous when the time comes. The very legend they propagate obviously works against their own interest. If it were true, then there would be no question about 1928, or even 1932: not all the intriguing of a million politicians could keep the nomination from the one perfect candidate. But it is not true, and so they are entitled to hope—and 1932, to ageing men, is far, far off—to most, indeed, beyond the vanities of this world. Last January some of them, aided by a friendly Washington correspondent, sent up a trial balloon. Wasn't it a fact that ten years in office, even for the divinely anointed, would be somehow scandalous—that the deepest instincts

of the American people would revolt? What answer came, if any, I disremember. But the question will be heard again.

It does not, however, cover the whole ground, nor is it, in fact, more than rhetorical. The deep instincts that it alludes to are mainly imaginary: the American people change their instincts as readily as Dr. Jacques Loeb's fish. What the politicians are actually talking about, when they talk of such phantasms, are their own private hopes. Whatever favors those hopes is instinctive, laudable, constitutional, and ordained of God; whatever runs the other way is full of treason and spoils. At the present moment every great statesman of the Republican faith is beset by a single problem: how to ditch Cal without busting the party. He is the Frankenstein of them all; they have pumped so much air into him that there is not enough left for their own comfortable breathing. Thus the balloon is menaced chiefly by its own crew. The day it meets with its first genuine storm there will be no hearty throwing out of ballast; instead every jack-knife will be put to work. Will that be dangerous? Perhaps. But every owner of a knife will yet hope for the best. The Shenandoah blew up—but didn't certain lucky ones live to testify at the inquest? Politics is a hazardous game. A man must take chances.

Thus the Northampton jurisconsult, though the atomizers still drench him with myrrh and frankincense, will keep his eyes open if he is really wise. Let him beware of a dark man. Or is it a light man? His happiest days are behind him. Who knows what the Ford owners of the United States are really thinking? Certainly not the Washington correspondents. They keep on working the atomizers, as they worked them in the days of the martyr Harding—as their predecessors worked them in the days of Hayes. The politicians will get the news first. It will come in the form of low, almost *pianissimo* murmurs. They will know how to convert those murmurs into roars.

H. L. M.

STEPHEN CRANE AT COLLEGE

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

IT WAS at Claverack College, New York, the year that Browning died. On answering a knock at my door I discovered two youths, both blond and very amiable looking, one dressed in the height of collegiate fashion, the other in a dirty old sweater and wearing a whimsical, wistful expression.

"We're taking up a collection of tobacco," exclaimed the wistful one.

Now, tobacco was a forbidden thing in those Methodist precincts, and for that reason I naturally had some. Why I parted with it was—to me—at the time a mystery; there was something about the wistful one that took me at once. Thus, all inadvertently, I made the acquaintance of Stephen Crane and, incidentally, of his chum and room-mate, Earl Reeves, the richest boy in school.

Little has been written about Crane's years at Claverack, and for a very simple reason: the material has been lacking. "The school was in high repute at the time," his biographer contents himself with saying, concluding with Crane's own declaration that he was "very happy there." As a matter of fact, the high reputation once enjoyed by the school was wholly in the past, and no longer survived save among the uninformed. Robert Fulton was educated at Claverack, but Fulton, in 1887, when Crane came there, was long dead. The large classes of earnest young men, all anxious to bring about the era which today has finally come to pass, had dwindled year by year until there were not more than a few, mainly would-be ministers, upon the rolls. The college, in fact, had become all absorbed in the Hudson

River Institute—a mere boarding-school, quartered like an octopus in the college dormitories, taught by the college faculty and drawing much of its patronage from parents cursed with backward or semi-incorrigible offspring.

This transformation spelled an important change in the whole character of the college. The young dolt were not a new element in the school, but under a certain Dr. Flack, a worthy Solomon in the birch-rod sense of the word, they were shown no mercy, and a little sense was rammed into their skulls. Life at the college then was hard. I have heard old students say that when first haled to Claverack they believed themselves to be entering a reformatory. But when Stephen Crane first set foot there—Claverack is a tiny Dutch village just across from the Catskills—Dr. Flack had already gone and Professor Flack, his son, reigned in his stead. Before long the student body had lost all of its old character and the Institute itself was being eaten into by an annex, which was not up to the level of even a high school. Old Claverack was dead.

I don't know what is going on there today, but a few years ago I heard that Summer boarders were dancing those dreadful modern wriggles in the long, crooked, uneven corridors, and that outing parties of flappers and sheiks were in full swing beneath the dedicated trees and along the lovely though somewhat less dedicated country lanes. If so, the atmosphere of the place had not changed much. There was always, under Professor Flack, a certain devilish, care-free spirit abroad. Discipline, you see, had done a nose dive. Students—

we were co-educational, and the boys wore handsome military uniforms of blue and gold—roamed as in a terrestrial paradise like packs of cheerful wolves out of bounds, out of hours and very much out of hand. No wonder at all, then, that Stephen Crane was happy there. Fate, playing a scurvy trick upon his well-intentioned parents, had placed him in an environment made as if expressly to his order. A good school might have forced or coaxed him into a conventional mold and we would never have had such things as, "There is nothing save opinion—and opinion be damned." Claverack, as I have heard him say himself, was "simply pie."

The pie, for its part, was hardly conscious of its Simple Simon. It had other things to think about. Was not Robert Browning dead? Imagine the excitement. I, for my part, wrote a full page of purple rhetoric for the *Vidette*, the college paper, chronicling this dire event. There was nobody in a position to protest. J. Hall Jones, our editor-in-chief, pretended to have heard of Browning before, but in my opinion General Van Petten, the white-haired professor of elocution, was the only honest-to-goodness sharer of my distinction. I know Van Petten had heard of him, for I had taught Pusey, a student come up from the annex, to recite "All the Shade and the Shine of the Sea," from "Asonando," for a meeting of the Fourth Form, and the General had suggested that the line, "In the kiss of one girl," might advantageously be altered as to the third word, "smile," he said, "being more chaste." Yes, the professor was in the know. Stephen Crane, I am almost certain, was not. Yet he, too, came in for a share of the *Vidette's* attention, though not as subject matter for a literary note. We went, I think, as far on one occasion as to speak of "the Stephen cranium"—undoubtedly the first bit of Craneana ever published—but our best effort ran something like this:

Stephen was the first martyr. He seems also to be the last. Anyway, these red sunsets must be

very Harrying. Why, oh why, did the S. S. T. Girlum have to be, just now when Indian Summer is coming on?

This may sound a trifle obscure. The S. S. T. Girlum was a secret society, a misogynist association whose members—there were six—sought to wrap themselves with mystery. I did not belong, so I do not know what the S. S. T. stood for—*sic semper tyrannis*, perhaps. Vain boast, the voice of six crying in the wilderness and they among the earliest to be vanquished in that great war which led to universal suffrage! It happened one golden afternoon, when a party of twelve—half of them in uniform, the rest in fluffy ruffles—set out for a walk along a paradaical, not to say aphrodisaical, stretch of highway locally known as the Great North Road. Came a fork. The girls were for going on, the boys for dallying with the by-way. There was a hot squabble, and from this excursion the doughty half dozen returned alone and defeated. They banded themselves together by an oath, and for several weeks thereafter maintained a resolute, monk-like attitude toward feminine society. Crane was one of them. And this—unless one counts his recorded predilection at the age of two for the red skirt of Miss Rutherford, of Newark—was his very first love affair.

II

You will have divined from the *Vidette's* carefully chosen diction that her name was Harriet, and that her crowning glory was of the sort which made famous the contemporary Mrs. Leslie Carter. Already Crane's blazonry showed gules, though it had not yet become a badge of courage.

Harriet Mattison was our best pianist, the pride of that small group of us calling ourselves the Music Conservatory. I all but fell in love with her myself during the S. S. T. Girlum interlude. That malady was rather prevalent, for she was very pretty, with a clear complexion tending to freckles and an adorable Irish nose. But, alas, she died the next year. And I remember Stan-

ton Grabill—another Girlum member, and one who eventually, as Dr. S. Becker von Grabill, attained to some key-board celebrity of his own—claiming that her spirit visited him one night at Buffalo, where he had gone to study under Antoine de Kontski. It brushed across his Steinway, he wrote me, eliciting a melody which he subsequently wrote down and played in such materialistic centers as London, Paris and St. Petersburg. But I cannot vouch for the ghost. Personally, I never heard Harriet play anything more heavenly than Schumann.

It was I who broke up the misanthropic Girlum clan, though the boots of Professor Charles W. Landon had something to do with it. I was only a special music student, and Landon, the director of the Conservatory, was a giant. When he attempted to play the organ, his boots insisted on bringing down two pedals at a time—an excess of lateral reach tending to nullify whatever advantage he derived from the corresponding breadth of his hands. In consequence I became his proxy as organist and choir-master of the village Methodist church, and Crane was my leading tenor. He had a light, pleasant voice, true in pitch, if of no very great power or compass—Mr. Beer is mistaken in saying that it was a baritone—and though he pretended not to like to sing, the pretense was not convincing. Tenors are tenors. So I ordered a quartette rehearsal in the Music Hall, knowing very well that Stephen would be on hand. And—perhaps out of pure Christian charity, perhaps in hopes of getting rid of a rival, who shall say?—I invited nobody else but Harriet, who did not sing but thought it was an appointment to practice a four-hand arrangement of Schubert's "Rosalinde." Crane, hearing us, mistook the music for mine and came like one of those who rush where angels fear to tread. The look he received was my cue to leave, and when I saw him next the S. S. T. G. was a thing of the past.

"Damn you, Wickham!" said he by way of thanks. Damns were considered quite

naughty in those days. But what would we have thought had we known that Crane was dreaming of taking his into print?

There have been many theories as to the source from which he drew the material for that culminating blasphemy against the God of War, "The Red Badge of Courage." The English reviewers explained it by promptly calling him "Captain Crane." His American biographer tells us that he pored over the *Century's* "Battles and Leaders" and other historical records of the Civil War. No doubt he did. But this is not going back far enough. The Hudson River Institute was a military academy, equipped by the Government with antique rifles in furtherance of some naïve plan of preparedness, and that touch of personal experience so essential to the birth of a great idea must have come to Crane through his connection with Claverack's student battalion. Its four straggling companies were in fact the nucleus of that "blue demonstration," the very heart of his subsequent conception of an army. And yet it has been said that he took no interest in the military drill!

The truth is that he merely pretended to take no interest in it—the tenor again. For it was his pose in those days to take little interest in anything save poker and baseball, and even in speaking of these great matters there was in his manner a suggestion of *noblesse oblige*. Undoubtedly he felt himself peculiar, an oyster beneath whose lips there was already an irritating grain of some foreign substance. Not altogether welcome, either. All his life he strove to win recognition as a regular fellow. He tried to climb Mount Popocatepetl, and exposed himself unnecessarily to gunfire in the Cuban War—fish-out-of-water stuff. And he failed. Only women and other hero worshippers ever really liked him. He wanted to be a democrat and yet a dictator. Hence that contradiction, self-depreciation coupled with arrogance, which has puzzled so many. It was no fortuitous circumstance that his chum was the richest boy in school. In the slums or among aristocrats he could

breathe. With the middle class he was always a little David throwing unmanly stones at the collective Goliath.

It was his fear of ridicule, especially of his own, which gave him his slightly sheepish air on the parade ground, for there is in all martial manœuvring an element of personal display in which it requires no great amount of intellectual detachment to detect the absurd. When I arrived at Claverack he was already a first lieutenant, with enough of the true officer in him to have a perfectly hen-like attitude toward the rank and file. Well do I remember the anguish I caused him by dropping my gun during a prize-drill!

Prize drills are instruments of torture, pure and simple. We had them to determine which company was the best, also to pick out individuals least unworthy of promotion. It was in one of these latter contests that I figured, a wretched private hoping to be endowed with corporal's stripes. And though I have since dared audiences in many audacious ways, I can truthfully say that I have never known such stage fright as was mine while one of a squad being marched up and down the Claverack Drill Hall to the nasal orders of Lieut. Stephen Crane. You never know what the next order is to be, that's the rub. No wonder that my piece escaped from my nerveless grasp and went clattering to the floor.

"Idiot! Imbecile!" stormed Crane when it was over. "You were fairly decent up to the last minute. And then to drop your gun! Such a thing was never heard of. Do you think *order arms* means to drop your gun?"

No, Stevie was not tender of other people's vanities. I even think he considered self-expression the exclusive privilege of the few. Witness, now, this little incident.

It was St. Patrick's Day, and Pusey and I—the very Pusey of Browning fame—had felt called upon to constitute ourselves a parade and to dress fantastically with our coats wrong side out on the pretense that we were Irish. Crane confronted me at the moment of demobilization, and drawlingly

remarked: "So! You're a professional damn fool. That is it."

His tone was interested, curious, exasperatingly impersonal. Yet it was not for any such reason as this that we failed to become friends. The cause lay deeper, and was—for me, at least—to have a tragic-comic outcome, as will be seen.

We had with us a considerable colony of Cubans, and as they qualified very well as social outcasts, Crane was much among them, acquiring that liking for things Spanish and that smattering of their language which afterward stood him in good stead in the making of such stories as "The Four Blind Mice." Among these Cubans was a certain Antonio, always called Chick after a nickname given him by Crane. He roomed with me for a time, and one night attempted to cut my throat with my own razor, alleging that I had stolen a postage stamp. And I, still half asleep but moved to see red, partly by the fact that I was guilty and partly by the vision of a sinister figure caught leaning over my bed, picked up a chair and chased him out into the corridor and down the stairs, he shouting murder at the top of his voice in the true Cuban manner. It is a commentary upon the environment, perhaps, that the faculty took no notice of the incident. Neither did Stephen. It was, after all, only one little boy being chased by another! But when Chick subsequently challenged a third little boy to a fist fight, and incidentally kicked him in the shins, Crane insisted upon a formal Queensbury affair. He had, poor genius, the insane idea that the world might be regulated by justice.

III

Crane's defiance of a society which is regulated quite otherwise seems a small affair now. He did, indeed, advise his old man with the white beard to go and seek for justice in a more kindly land, but most of his thunderbolts were hurled at a God of straw blustering across the sky, which fact has caused, I think, his really profound

radicalism to be overlooked. He did not believe that smug pretense was of divine origin, and he had, beside, a sneaking fondness for the under dog as such. We, his contemporaries, did not know this, but no doubt the faculty saw deeper. They may even have sensed that he would live to begin a sentence with the word *too*, and that he would defend a fallen woman in a police court. But his overt acts had as yet amounted to little more than the deliberate splitting of an infinitive.

Later, when he had been expelled from Syracuse University and had published "*Maggie, a Girl of the Streets*" and "*George's Mother*," I went back to Claverack to give an organ recital and discovered that they had all along predicted some such bad end. They bridled at praise of their now-conspicuous alumnus, and, when pressed for reasons, fell back upon criticisms of the "roughness of his style." But, obviously, it was the wiry coat of a moral challenge which disturbed them. He had by this time dared to fancy that "God lay dead in heaven," and he had boldly announced that it was possible to disagree with St. Paul.

This "*George's Mother*," by the way, was a book drawn from two relatives of mine. George, whose real name was Frank, was in life a handsome youth much given to dress and to leisure; his mother was a most estimable lady and a devout follower of Mrs. Grundy. Crane transposed them to the slums, preserving only the characters—a plausible and worthless young man with an indulgent and credulous parent. The vaunted Crane realism was never of the photographic sort. Thus the only incident which really happened was George's amazing lunch—a *charlotte russe* and a beer. Frank actually gave this order and consumed it, much to Crane's delight, in that rather lurid resort which used to be on Fourteenth street directly opposite Tammany Hall.

But if Crane enjoyed a certain reputation for villainy even while at Claverack—and such was certainly the case—it must have

been chiefly due to that nice instinct which the Pillars of Society have for distinguishing veritable young Samsons from among the ordinary bad boys who merely scribble adolescent obscenities upon the temple walls. True, he frequently was to be seen in Mrs. Myers' pie shop, in company with Reeves and sometimes as late as eleven at night, consuming, if not *charlotte russe* and beer, at least equally insipid banana cake and coffee. But, then, the same was true of Grabill and myself, and our essential uprightness was never called into question. We were even allowed on one occasion to go to New York to hear Hans von Bülow play Beethoven. And although we scandalized Professor Landon by failing to keep away from Lillian Russell, against whose "*Grand Duchess*" at the Casino he had warned us, we retained the privileges of trusties to the end. Crane had to sneak out even to attend the functions at Mrs. Myers'.

Strange to relate, he seldom went to Judd's, a rival pie shop, where the necessary supplements to college cookery were themselves supplemented by a dark stairway whereon it was possible to sit with members of the opposite sex. Nor was it Crane, but a theological student, who bought so many flowers for the decoration of a sweetheart upon exhibition days that he had no money with which to pay the Hudson florist upon the day of reckoning. Hudson, our neighboring and deliciously wicked city, where, according to rumor, initiation was to be had into the ultimate mysteries of life, seemed to hold no charms for the destined singer of the black ride of sin. He must as yet have been a theorist, for he never even jumped a freight train to cover the intervening three miles. And it was while in pursuit of quite another culprit that "Sammy," one of the professors, finding himself in a Hudson retailer's and compelled to account for his presence to the clerk, gave birth to his historic inquiry, "Have you got any of those long, round, brown, stout—shoestrings?"

Charles Knapp, afterward a successful

physician, discovered the Bible and used to read it aloud to Grabill at night, edifying an entire dormitory with roars of laughter over the obscene passages. Crane would have been expelled for such a caper. Knapp, however, was promoted to the responsible post of night-watchman. Crane even avoided Schram's, notwithstanding the reprobate old shoemaker's extensive repertoire of Rabelaisian tales. Nor was his name, to the best of my recollection, ever read aloud in Saturday morning chapel among those whose bearers were to lose a half holiday for being caught mashing with co-eds in the romantic vicinity of Buttermilk Falls. Crane did not "rush" rooms—that is, he did not pick the locks of fellow students' chambers and turn the furniture upside down. He did not take his pillow case and go out into the night to fill it, according to established ritual, with stolen apples. And when Grabill and I caught Mr. Hermance asleep in his grocery store, tied his legs together, locked the door, and then hammered on the window as an experiment in behaviorism, Stevie did not even think it funny. He held aloof, too, when an indignant undergraduate mob hanged a certain unpopular student in effigy. He was rather given to holding aloof, especially if the human animal was manifesting its capacity for collective action. And when he did appear and mingle it was frequently to deliver a pronunciamento, clothed, it might be, with profanity but of a distinctly ethical purport.

"I hear you're bad—I hear you're damn bad," I once knew him to inform a youthful Don Juan.

"A damn nice girl," was his verdict upon the belle of the village.

"My God, what a lot of harm she is going to do before she dies!" he prophesied of another belle in another village—a prophesy which has long since been most accurately fulfilled.

I left Claverack after a single year of it, and learned to my surprise that Crane was better known in my native Middletown, N. Y., than he was at school. My cousin,

W. W. Young, was not certain, but he fancied that this must be the Crane who had spent a Summer with a camping-party at Twin Lakes, Pennsylvania, and there brought out several issues of a newspaper called the *Pike County Puzzle*. He was right. And I still have somewhere a copy or two of this curious sheet, wherein all the features of a metropolitan daily are neatly travestied. I had already heard of some society notes sent to a New York paper from Asbury Park, but never dreamed that journalism of this sort meant aspiration for literary fame.

IV

A year or two must have passed. I had just finished lunching at a tiny resort bordering the Wallkill river and known as Midway Park, at the central point on the trolley line joining Middletown and Goshen.

"Hello, Harvey!" called a voice.

There stood Crane, getting ready to board a car. And immediately something perverse, absurd, took possession of me. I had never been shocked by this man's profundities, not knowing that he had them, for one thing. But I was at the time an indifferently poor musician, with all an indifferently poor musician's horror of the impolite. Steve's sweater was still unwashed, and I was in that stage of culture which judges the world by its neckties. Here, evidently, was somebody to be put in his place. So I answered stiffly: "How do you do, Mr. Crane?" Simply this, and nothing more.

In less than a week I knew what I had done, for Young had slipped into my hands a little volume in pale yellow, ornamented with an ebony-tinted lotus flower much too big for it. "By Stephen Crane." I sniffed as I opened it. Here would be something of a low, popular order—surprising enough even at that. I had looked for no sequel whatever to those Asbury Park society notes.

Black riders came from the sea
There was clang and clash of hoof and heel

I read it all, standing there in Hagen's drug store near the soda fountain, my head growing dizzy with the sonorous roar of syllables written entirely in capital letters without punctuation, and it was my punishment that I should immediately realize that here was something new and important. The New York *Sun* devoted nearly a page of its next Sunday's issue trying to prove how bad it was. But I was not deceived. The cheap output of an intellectual ninny would never have raised such a roar.

"A fog rests on the birth of 'The Black Riders,'" says a recent authority. Maybe so. But I have good reasons for thinking that this first voice of free verse crying in the wilderness was reduced to words in three days at Twin Lakes. Crane subsequently told me that it was the outcome of a fit of desperation. "No one would print a line of mine," he said, "and I just had to do something odd to attract attention."

When I last saw Crane it was again in Hagen's drug store, Middletown. He had by this time apparently forgotten the Midway Park incident, at least to the extent of permitting himself to discuss in my presence the plot of a projected novel, "better than anything yet,"—a novel to be called "A Woman Without Weapons," destined never to be written. But an ill-timed compliment soon shut him up—for he was always bashful—and, turning to Young, he began planning the details of a

trip which the two were hoping to make in a far country where the women were said to go about displaying a "very fetching" zone of nakedness by way of the waist-line, with other attractions beyond the ordinary. Like the masterpiece, this excursion was never achieved.

But there was another Summer at Twin Lakes—I didn't go—and Crane again fell in love with a red-haired girl. He became famous as "The Red Badge of Courage" began with ever rising sales to swell the symphony of the chosen color. Elbert Hubbard gave the much discussed Crane dinner at East Aurora and published "Songs of Carmine Violet Blue" in a special number of the *Philistine*. There came wars and rumors of wars; then stories of a great house containing forty rooms given to Crane "by a countess in England." The Crane legend was already in the making. Then came death and temporary oblivion.

But there was a spiritual truth in the legend, something extravagant in Stephen Crane which only the fabulous can express. True, he was not the natural son of Grover Cleveland, nor was he murdered by an actress in Chicago. But still less was he the soft chap created by the sentimentalizing imagination of Conrad's declining years, who "would suddenly read aloud a line or two, and then say with all the intense earnestness that was in him: 'I—like—that—Joseph.'" No, not even England could have made him tame to that degree.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

THE Rev. Dr. John W. Phillips, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Mobile, as reported by the *Register* of that great city:

John Ruskin was the greatest Rotarian of his time or since his time.

ARKANSAS

OBITER DICTUM attributed to Dickson, J., of Fayetteville, by the *Arkansas Countryman*:

Sunday observance is the corner-stone of civilization.

CALIFORNIA

How he-men relax from the strains of Service in Southern California, as brought to light by the *Los Angeles Examiner*:

So successful was the mustache growing contest won by the Lions Club of Anaheim against the Lions Club of Ontario that when the silver loving mustache cup was handed to the winning team it was decided to have the words "first annual" incorporated in the inscription. The contest started thirty days ago and terminated when a committee of six women judges reviewed the exhibits offered by seventy men in the Valley Club at Pomona. To determine the winners the judges used calipers, magnifying glasses and T-squares.

FROM the Power of Prayer column of Mr. Hearst's *Los Angeles Examiner*:

I had cancer of the bones of the face for fourteen years and part of the jaw bone removed and a cavity in the bone to the eye about an inch across. After two operations and the best treatments known to medical science, it broke out the third time, affecting practically all the bones of the left side of my face, all of my throat, my nose was twice its size, there was a great blotch on the other side of my face and it had gone to the brain in two places.

I knew I could not live more than a few hours, so I stopped in the center of the floor and said, "Lord, you raised the dead and cleansed the lepers. You can heal me now." The power struck me and went through me like a bolt of lightning and I was instantly healed. My face was dreadfully swollen and stiff, but the stiffness left instantly and in a few hours' time the swelling was gone.

I was afflicted with many other diseases which seemed incurable. We were compelled to leave Iowa on account of the asthma which I had for more than 10 years, had stomach and bowel trouble 14 years, inflammation of the bladder 15 years, had "flu" and pneumonia twice and the second attack left a place in each lung about three inches across that never healed, and it also left me with congestion of the spleen. I was a born anemic, having had to take iron all my life, and when I was eighteen years old, the physicians, after consultation, told me to get the iron tablets in bottles of 500 and take from fifteen to eighteen grains a day, which I did. The vertebrae in my spine had not stayed in place for over twenty years, and I had to take treatments much of the time, suffering terrible headaches, until the physicians could not understand how I had not lost my mind.

But when the Lord healed me on March 19, 1921, I was healed completely of everything. The cavity in my face had to be packed with gauze every day, and just one year from the time I was healed the Lord closed up the opening in the bone and healed my eyes and delivered me of my glasses which I had worn twenty-nine years. I never knew a well day in my life until the Lord healed me. A mole on the side of my face and two corns on my feet also vanished.

Mrs. W. H. F.

NEWS item from Auburn:

In a casket banked high with flowers, Bobby, the prize chicken of Miss Etta M. Wilkerson, who conducts a dairy near here, was shipped to Roseville for interment.

ÆSTHETIC note in the eminent *Los Angeles Times*:

Before forgetting ourselves in the God-given climate, let us remind you of this coming Saturday night. Playing to the largest audience that ever assembled to hear a concert, the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Walter Henry Rothwell, will present a popular program at the First Methodist Episcopal Church. It will be broadcast by line telephony through KHJ and the doors will be thrown open to the public at 6:30 p. m., no admission fee being charged. Thousands of listeners, whom space and possibly adverse circumstances would ordinarily prevent from enjoying this beautiful music may express their gratitude to the Los Angeles Soap Company, through whose generosity this epoch-making event is possible. A community which can boast such patrons of art as the Los Angeles Soap Company, will soon attract the world to its doors.

COLORADO

THE service of God in the town of Greeley,
as reported by the celebrated *Tribune*:

1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002

FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH

THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH

GREELEY'S GREATEST DAY RELIGIOUSLY

One Thousand and Two in Bible School

Twenty-Five Additions to the Church

Great Men's Bible Class in Park Theatre, 9:15 A. M.
Great Woman's Class in Church at Same Hour

1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002

BIG BUS WILL GATHER UP THE CROWDS AND
BRING THEM TO BIBLE SCHOOL

Bus and private cars will be on the streets from 8 o'clock until 9:45. These cars will carry banners. Be ready early, watch for bus, give them the signal and bus will stop for you. Bus will travel the streets, starting on Fourth street at 8 o'clock. Other cars will take the avenues, beginning on Sixth avenue, at 8 o'clock. Several cars will be on the streets east of railroad tracks at the same hour. Prize will be given to person bringing most people in one car load.

1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002

Great Evangelistic Church Services, 11 A. M., 3:00
P. M., and 7:30 P. M., Three Christian Endeavor
Society Meetings at 5:15 P. M.

1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002

SPECIAL TO RURAL MEMBERS

Set the old alarm clock for about 4 A. M. Get the chores done early, in order that you may have plenty of time to wash Johnnie's face and curl Mary's hair, find pa's collar buttons, and get the entire family to the Bible school.

1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002

SPECIAL TO THE COMMERCIAL CLUB, LIONS, ROTARY, KIWANIS, COLLEGES AND CITY OFFICIALS
A special photo will be taken of the men's class and the entire Bible school.

This photo will be used in a feature story of the Greeley Christian Church which is to be published in one of the largest religious journals in the world. This journal goes to every country in the world, to every State in America, and to nearly every town. Several million people will see this photo and will read this story.

Greeley folks, can you conceive of any better form of advertising for Greeley, Weld county, and Northern Colorado?????

Will Greeley rally to this wonderful opportunity? We believe she will.

1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002 1002

THE decay of Birth Control in Denver, as set forth by a want ad in the illustrious *Post*:

Beautiful hand-engraved, 18-karat solid white gold baby ring given absolutely free with every purchase of a wedding ring.

CONNECTICUT

PROGRESS of academic freedom in Hartford, as revealed by the *Times*:

For criticising Dean Edward Treffingwell Troxell's recent Trinity chapel address, in which the dean was quoted as saying that "it is our duty in college to disregard the individual and to turn out a Trinity type," Malcolm Stevenson, managing editor of the *Tripod*, the weekly college paper, has been suspended from Trinity for a month.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

TRANSCENDENTAL mathematics of Dr. Linsky R. Williams, managing director of the National Tuberculosis Association, quoted by the Hon. Arthur M. Free, A.B., LL.B., of California, in the eminent *Congressional Record*:

Every person now living in the United States has one chance out of fourteen of dying of tuberculosis and one chance in fifty of becoming affected with this disease.

THE advance of the modern spirit at George Washington University, as revealed by the *University Hatchet*, the student paper:

President William Mather Lewis met the President's Student Committee in his office in the administration building, in the first of a series of informal conferences. . . . Several suggestions were advanced by the student committee, two of which were approved and adopted. One was to the effect that every Friday the chapel service should be turned over to the cheer leader for the purpose of arousing pep and promoting a stronger university spirit. The suggestion was promptly adopted and President Lewis took action on the proposal immediately, the chapel service last Friday being conducted in accordance with this plan.

GEORGIA

WANT AD in the Atlanta *Journal*:

WANTED—Furnished kitchen, sink, hot and cold water, bedroom, private bath, extra room desirable, not essential; English couple; within 20 minutes' walk center. No children, roaches or other vermin. Full particulars. N. F. W., 124 Hurt bldg.

CONTRIBUTION to scientific methodology by President John D. Mell, of the Georgia Baptist Convention, as reported by the *Savannah Press*:

If the Bible and the microscope do not agree, then the microscope is wrong. I will believe the Bible if it makes every laboratory in the land a liar.

END products of Law Enforcement in rural Georgia, as reported by the Atlanta *Georgian*:

Representative Emmet Williams, of Walton county, chairman of the House of Representatives penitentiary committee, told of visiting one county camp where the method of punishment was excessively severe. The prisoner to be punished was backed up to a post, and his hands were chained behind it. His arms were then raised as high as possible, and hung by the chains on nails provided for the purpose. The prisoner was forced to stand for hours with his arms twisted backward high above his head. Mr. Williams said that nails several feet higher than the others were driven especially for two one-armed prisoners at the camp.

Another case was that in which the convict to be punished was confined in a shallow box just large enough to hold him. Molasses was poured over his exposed face, and he was fastened, powerless to brush away the flies which flocked to the feast.

ILLINOIS

PROGRESS of the fine arts in Springfield, the old home of Abraham Lincoln:

A championship hog-calling contest will be held here Saturday. Winners will give a rendition of their art over the radio.

FROM a reader of the eminent Chicago *Tribune*:

That beautiful voice of Frank Morris has been stilled in death. . . . An orphan though he was, his song of "The Pants My Daddy Wore" . . . showed the depth of his own lovely heart, and will be remembered forever.

E. J. MORONEY

INDIANA

FOOTNOTB for a history of the democratic form of government, from the Gary *Post Tribune*:

Two members of the East Chicago and Indiana Harbor city councils found themselves the center of a heated dispute over the Kennedy avenue paving project. William Messex of Indiana Harbor and A. Pitzele of East Chicago were the principals in the discussion. One word led to another and before their colleagues could separate them Messex, according to witnesses to the incident, jumped on Pitzele and sank his teeth deep in the East Chicago man's neck.

IOWA

THE Hon. Effie Cherry, candidate for mayor of the cultured town of Cedar

Rapids, on art and the future of America:

Do we want a generation of artists? . . . When I went to school we had none of these high-falutin ideas. We learned how to read, write and spell. There was no painting of pictures. And we got along just as well.

How a godly spirit is pumped up in Clinton, as revealed in the distinguished Marqueta *Excelsior*:

Last Sunday was a gala day at the Christian Church, as there was an added attraction to offset the bad effects of the collection. The church seats 350 comfortably, and the new order of things was the announcement that the first 288 people to arrive at the evening services would each receive a loaf of bread.

KANSAS

INTELLECTUAL recreation of a leading Kansas educator, as disclosed by a news dispatch:

Thomas W. Butcher, president of the Kansas State Teachers' College, at Emporia, was the winner of a cow-milking contest held by a Rotary convention at Ponca City, Okla.

KENTUCKY

THE Rev. D. W. Rideout, in the *Pentecostal Herald*, published at Asbury College:

Personally, I would as soon have a rattlesnake left at my door as to have the Sunday newspaper left there.

MAINE

ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Caribou:

Three men appeared in court here today, charged with flying an airplane on Sunday.

MARYLAND

EFFECTS of female emancipation in Salisbury, as revealed by the correspondent there of the Baltimore *Post*:

An unidentified man is in a critical condition in a hospital here, suffering from painful injuries said to have been inflicted by three girls in a wood near Hurlock. The man was walking from Hurlock to Federalsburg when the girls, in an auto, offered to give him a lift. He accepted. After riding a short distance the girls stopped the car on a lonely road, he said. During a party which followed, he said, one of the girls became enraged at his lack of ardor. A scuffle ensued. While two held him the third stabbed him with a hatpin. The girls fled, leaving the man helpless on the ground. A passing motorist brought him to the hospital here. The girls are said to have been about 18, but have not been identified.

FROM a Christian reader of the celebrated Baltimore *Sunpaper*:

A lady friend of mine and I went to the Auditorium Theatre to see "What Price Glory." . . . What a shameful performance! To think that our generals and Y. M. C. A. directors permitted our soldiers while overseas to use vile oaths and consume strong drinks. Isn't this a reflection on all of us who were back home? Surely the Lord must have been displeased with our boys' conduct. No wonder so many of them were killed and injured. Our generals should have given them a good Christian training before sending them to the trenches. In the play I heard actually terrible oaths by a soldier who was severely wounded. If this young man had died, think of the eternal punishment that would have been his. It seems to me that our generals thought too much of rifles and bayonets instead of religion and sobriety. How can we win our future wars and destroy our enemies if our soldiers forget Christ?

Govans, Md. (Miss) MARY MILLS

MASSACHUSETTS

THE rise of a new aestheticism in the late cultural center of the Republic:

The Argonaut Club . . . said to be one of Boston's most exclusive night clubs . . . is to be confined solely to those whose names are in the social register, or prominent in the business and professional world. . . . Oriental rugs, antique brass and china imported from Holland, are to figure in the decorations. And to make the effect more realistic, around the walls are suspended strings of Spanish garlic and dried peppers. A novel scheme of shielding the lights will be put in vogue. Antique pails, clothes baskets and old brass are to be used as shields, but the lights suspended over the middle of the dance floor take the big prize, for the subdued rays will peek their way through empty whiskey bottles and demijohns, arranged in a cluster from the ceiling. Religious statues, presumably to carry out the Spanish mission effect, are also generously used in the decorative scheme. In the ladies' retiring room, as a background, a life-size statue of the Virgin Mary has been placed in an alcove.

MICHIGAN

AMERICANIZATION news from Detroit:

Imbued with the spirit of Americanism, Apostolus Savvorn Xenacoudis, 37 years old, a cook at 1842 West High street, asked and won permission to change his name after obtaining naturalization in Judge Charles C. Simons' court. His new name is Charles Xnaks.

RELIGIO-SOCIOLOGICAL note from an eminent divine of Owosso:

One reason for the ungodliness in this county of 35,000 souls is the high cost of automobiles,

the Rev. E. E. Robinson informed the Kiwanis Club. "Shiawassee county people spent \$83.64 apiece for the purchase and upkeep of automobiles," the Rev. Mr. Robinson said, "and only \$1.30 each for religious work."

MISSISSIPPI

PATRIOTIC activities of the American Legion boys of Natchez:

A yelling contest, the latest arranged feature of the American Legion's convention here, is looming with a threat to eclipse all other numbers of the big program. . . . After the trials are held, Frank Eidl, chief judge, will present a handsome medal now being prepared at M. P. Phelan's jewelry establishment to the contestant making the loudest yell.

MISSOURI

How the worship of God is improved and embellished in Kansas City, as reported by the *Star*:

A Bible class on the order of a golf game will be conducted Sunday by the Country Club Methodist Church.

The players will tee off promptly at 9:45 o'clock for a round of eighteen holes.

Hole 1—Address by Solon T. Gilmore, president of the class. Par, 2 minutes.

Holes 2, 3 and 4—Songs by Raymond M. Havens.

Hole 5—W. T. Grant, announcements; par, 2 minutes.

Hole 6—Harold Spencer, vocal solo.

Hole 7—Scripture reading, L. N. Wylder.

Hole 8—Vocal solo, Leonard Kniffin.

Hole 9—Prayer, Will C. Lucas.

Hole 10—Lecture, W. M. Mathews.

Holes 11 and 12—Collection, Charles S. Alves and Marvin L. Orear.

Hole 13—Chorus, everybody.

Hole 14—Address, James E. Nugent, leader of men's Bible class of the Country Club church.

Hole 15—Address, Frank King, leader of men's Bible class of the Second Presbyterian church.

Hole 16—Introduction of visitors, Bob Hodge.

Hole 17—Lord's prayer, C. S. Jobes.

Hole 18—March, Hal F. Bagby.

NEVADA

EFFECTS of Prohibition in Reno:

G. Aldaya, a blacksmith, took a drink of ice-water today, and for four hours physicians worked on him before they could open his jaws. They said it was a form of lockjaw.

NEW JERSEY

PROGRESS of the New Morality in Jersey City:

Mrs. Mary Grieco was found guilty of violating the vice and immorality act by Acting Judge William McGovern in the Second Criminal Court. Sentence was suspended. Mrs. Grieco early Sunday erected a clothes-pole in her back yard.

NEW YORK

PATRIOTIC words attributed to the Hon. Frederick A. Wallis, Director of the Department of Correction of New York City:

Crime can never be eradicated in America until we see that no one teaches our youth in the public schools who has not taken the oath of allegiance to the Bible and the Flag.

NOTE on the state of the enlightenment at Mineola:

Crowds are jamming St. Martha's Roman Catholic Church as a result of a report that an apparition of the Madonna and Child is plainly visible on the walls of the church. The figure is said to be about three feet high, with the halo about the head of the Child and the outline of a cross visible. The edifice is filled to capacity with members from other towns at every service.

SCIENTIFIC want ad in the *Daily Graphic*, a leading intellectual print:

Want a Waterman's pen in exchange for a wonderful complete constipation cure, or will sell same for \$1. Samuel Haftel, 193 Orchard st., city.

PROOF of the rise of aesthetic appreciation in marvellous Manhattan:

Greeting:

You are cordially invited and urged to attend a **JOINT EXHIBITION OF UNUSUAL PAINTINGS**

BY

The Mystic, Past-Painter of the Unseen

PRINCE CHILDE DE ROHAN-D'HARCOURT

AND

MERTON CLIVETTE

Painter of "The Mob"

At The Spanish Society (*Unión Benéfica Espanola*), 239 West 14th street, New York City (Watkins 7873)

There are about two hundred Paintings on Exhibition at prices ranging from fifty to five thousand dollars. The exhibition is open to the public every day, including Sundays and Holidays, from 10 A. M. to 11 P. M.

Among the Paintings exhibited by Prince Childe de Rohan-d'Harcourt, is his

ASTRAL PORTRAIT

OF

PRESIDENT WARREN G. HARDING

A talk by Prince Childe de Rohan-d'Harcourt, entitled "How President Warren G. Harding Came to See Me After His Death," will be given.

LAW ENFORCEMENT note from the great Christian city of Syracuse:

Joe Kelly, Pat Caveney and Howard Hughes of the Prohibition raiders appeared at the tribunal of Commissioner Henderson yesterday after a hectic night during which they waded knee-deep in moonshine following the explosion of a still in a second-hand store in West street.

"I was right up to here in it," quoth Joe, indicating a point a half inch south of his knee-cap. "But I should worry. It cured my rheumatism and removed a corn I couldn't get rid of with dynamite."

SUMMARY of a bill introduced into the State legislature by the Lord's Day Alliance:

The bill prohibits paid Sunday baseball, motion pictures, racing, concerts and other public sports and pleasures, and all processions and parades "excepting only funeral processions and the actual burial of the dead." Golf is permitted, but "the employment of caddies, attendants and other help about golf links" is prohibited. . . . The proposed law would close delicatessen shops on Sunday and prohibit the sale of candy, soda water or other refreshments and every kind of trafficking except in "milk, drugs, medicines, surgical instruments and gasoline." . . . In addition to abolishing paid Sunday sports, the bill would make it a misdemeanor for amateurs to play baseball or for boys to play catch on Sunday before two o'clock. . . . Amateurs are likewise forbidden to play football, basketball, tennis, hockey, lacrosse and other games . . . on Sunday before two o'clock. . . . Paid Sunday debates are forbidden. . . . All reduced fare excursions on Sundays are prohibited. . . . Bootblacks are forbidden to work on Sundays.

NORTH CAROLINA

PROGRESS of the New Jurisprudence in Raleigh, as disclosed by the Lynchburg, Va., News:

Judge W. C. Harris of the Raleigh City Court fined Graham Humphries, a young Durham man, ten dollars and costs for kissing a young woman of Roanoke, Va., while seated in an automobile on Hillsboro street. She was arrested along with Humphries, on the ground that she seemed to find the kissing pleasant, but she skipped her twenty-five dollar bond, and did not appear in court to answer the charge.

OHIO

CONTRIBUTION to religious history by the Rev. Simon P. Long, speaking before the Hebrew Alliance at Columbus:

Adam and Eve were Jews.

FROM the contributors' columns of *God's Revivalist*, published at Cincinnati:

The hawks were catching some of our young chickens every day. After doing all we could to prevent them but without success, we called upon God to "rebuke the devourer." The hawks kept coming but could not catch a chicken. Some time after, our faith began to waver, and the hawks began to catch chickens. One Sunday, after watching one carry off a chicken, I went down on my knees, asked God in faith not only to keep the hawks from catching chickens but to keep them away altogether. He did so from that very hour.

OKLAHOMA

PROGRESS of Prohibition in Oklahoma City, as revealed by the *Daily Oklahoman*:

The Rev. W. Clyde Howard declared in his sermon at the First Presbyterian church Sunday morning: "It has been my good or bad fortune to officiate at about 100 weddings a year in Oklahoma City. I've been smelling entirely too many whisky breaths recently at these and other affairs."

PENNSYLVANIA

PROGRESS of the Americanization movement in the faubourgs of Wilkes-Barre, as revealed by the *Record* of that lively burg:

THANK YOU—VOTERS OF NANTICOKE!
We, your newly elected officials who will first serve what will be the City of Nanticoke, are deeply grateful to you for the overwhelming support given us at the polls. . . . We pledged ourselves to give the City of Nanticoke an administration that will set a standard for future governing officials. We take pleasure in reiterating this pledge and stating that now the offices are ours we do not intend for a moment to rest on our oars in the endeavor to satisfy all of the people all of the time. . . . Thanks again and again for your wonderful vote and support.

DAN F. SAKOWSKI, *Mayor*
CHARLES GORSKI, *Treasurer*
JOHN WADZINSKI, *School Director*
STANLEY JANOWSKI, *City Councilman*
TEOFIL ZNANIECKI, *City Councilman*
ALEX SKUZINSKI, *City Controller*
LOUIS POTKONSKI, *School Director*
ANTHONY DRAPEWSKI, *City Councilman*
FRANK NARKIEWICZ, *City Councilman*

EXULTANT gloat of the Hon. Benjamin F. Jones, A.B. (Princeton), president of the Lions International:

I'm proud to be a Babbitt.

SOUTH CAROLINA

PROGRESS of the New Morality in the Christian town of Aiken:

"The Peddler of Hearts," a folk play, was planned under the auspices of the Ladies Auxiliary of the First Baptist Church, and in designing the announcement cards the local artist ornamented them with the figures of two attractive ballet dancers in very much abbreviated ruffles, which displayed the dimpled knees of the dancers. This show of feminine charms to the general public greatly shocked the older and less exuberant ladies, and at once the placards were removed, and two more deep lace flounces added to the scanty ballet attire. Today the redraped little dancers appeared again in the many shop windows, but the beautiful monogrammed garters were hidden and the charming pink dimpled knees were covered in frills.

SOUTH DAKOTA

SAINTLY recreations of the Christians of Groton:

C. S. Carter won the pancake-eating championship of South Dakota last night. He ate fifty-one cakes in 0:35 flat, the time allotted by the local church committee in charge of the affair. He bettered by eight the record set a few moments earlier by W. P. G. Meyers.

TENNESSEE

News item in the *Nashville Tennessean*:

Students at Southern Junior College, at Ooltewah, under control of the Seventh Day Adventists, made a huge fire of vanity accessories, story books, papers and music on the campus, burning everything which they consider worldly. The bonfire was accompanied by an impressive ceremony, in which the students pledged themselves to put out of their lives idols which have kept them from the Master.

TEXAS

VERDICT of Mrs. Lee Joseph, past president of the Texas Federation of Women's Clubs, as reported by the *Galveston News*:

Christy Mathewson was one of the outstanding Americans of history.

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BUFFALO,

TEXAS

COMEDY AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

BY LANGDON MITCHELL

IT HAS been said that the only reason for a man's taking a wife is that without one life is too untroubled. And so, perhaps, the only good reason for a playwright's taking to the lecture platform is that if he throws himself into that dreadful vortex, he will be asked troublesome questions, and regarded with contempt if he can't answer them.

Some years since, lecturing, for the first time, on the drama, to a class of university students, I made record, with no little interest, of the many questions asked me. The class was not small, many outsiders coming in for one reason or another, and accordingly, I rather flattered myself—that is, at the go-off—that I was doing very pretty work, reading "Hamlet" and Aristophanes in a semi-original translation, and commenting on both in my own vein. It is agreeable, and by no means difficult, to be pleased with oneself. There seemed no cloud on the horizon, no storm approaching. But one day (it was after the third lecture), a student of the university, a rosy young woman, came up, and used the fatal phrase: "I don't see why."

"I don't see why Hamlet made such a fuss about his mother's marrying his uncle? Why shouldn't she have?"

A fine-looking, athletic, tow-headed, young man, emboldened no doubt by the first questioner's presence, then approached me and said:

"I think Romeo and Juliet were a pair of dubs: Weren't they?"

These were the first large, heavy drops of the approaching storm, and presently it broke in a downpour, a hard hail of queries.

"What is Comedy? Why do you dislike the newer drama?"

"Well, see here, Professor, is High Comedy just a description of the goings on of rich people, and if so, why 'High'? What is Low Comedy, anyway?"

"Why do you say realism is dead and done with? We thought realism was the last, best thing."

"We wish you would explain, and clearly, why you think the American people do not like what you call 'pure' Comedy."

"People in real life don't talk poetry: so why the 'poetic' drama?"

"When a brick falls on a man's head and knocks him out, you say it isn't dramatic. I'd call it dramatic, believe me!"

If I had, now, to answer these questions, I should, I think, begin by saying: a play is a rational dream, dreamed waking and of purpose, for the pleasure of it. And, hoping to avoid the guilt of a formal definition, I should say, further, that just as Tragedy is something partial, something composed in a special mood, so, too, is Comedy. True, the writer of tragedies may introduce the comic element into his play, but he will see to it that these scenes shall not be alien to the mood he writes in, and the feelings he wishes to arouse. And the writer of comedies may, and often does verge upon the tragic; but, in a general way, he, too, will seek to be true to the comedic conception of life, and the tone which follows upon that conception: in short, he likes his dream to be not only rational, but also harmonious within itself.

Comedy, when the spirit of it is pure, is then, the product and fruit of a special mood; something partial and particular; a

certain temper and way of thinking and feeling evoked in certain men at a certain time by the spectacle of life, or by as much of it as at that moment they choose to look upon. I suppose it may be best put in this way, that the comedic mind takes it that nothing is final, irretrievably wrong, hopelessly and helplessly bad. There is, it asserts, no despair, no death; or, if there is, it is a good despair, a friendly and desirable death. There is, in short, no possible posture of affairs but admits of a good outcome. And Comedy has no hesitation about the means we should employ in order to remedy a bad state of things, insure the good outcome, and let the curtain fall on it. A little virtue and common sense is the means, the cure-all. A slight degree of moderation, of prudence, a little ordinary and even cool kindness or goodwill; not to be a ramping egoist: not to be stone-blind to the fact that there are others in the world: this is all that is needed to make men happy.

II

Supposing, for the fun of it, that I am right in these not inconsiderable assertions, that is, that Comedy, when not adulterate; not, for example, timid, tasteless and middle-class in temper, or not of a duplex mood, weeping copiously for the worst of reasons; or not merely a rollicking horseplay; suppose, I say, that Essential Comedy is the voice and expression of something purely rational: and that her virtues, which she regards as moral hygiene for all the follies of life, are pagan virtues, as they clearly are—how, then, will the American regard this very rational Comedy? Will he be pleased with it? Will he take to it, as not so long ago he took to "The County Fair," or to that play which is so entertaining, the play "Turn to the Right," of Mr. Winchell Smith?

Of course, when I ask will the American take to it, as he took to these things, I mean will he find his own ideals expressed in it, will it be to his taste? I am con-

strained to believe that it will *not* be to his taste, and that he will feel inclined to look askance at it, as at something alien to the spirit of his Americanism, and therefore antipathetic. He will do this in the face of Pure Comedy for the simple reason that its way of looking at life is rational and nothing else. Whatever solution it offers for the evils of our lot, is, therefore, a purely rational solution, and necessarily, the virtues it extols are purely pagan. He will feel and say to us, "If common sense and moderation are all that are needed, Christianity is impugned. There is another Way of Life: a better way. The rational way, the way of moderation. And, this won't do. It won't do, because it isn't the truth." If we go about to jeer and make light of this attitude of the American mind, we are in the infancy of culture. What we should rather do is to note the fact, and find out what bearing it has.

Looking at the thing in this way, it may be asked, where do we meet such Americans? Of course, nowhere, and yet everywhere. America is not merely a geographical boundary. America is a spirit; the spirit of a certain race and culture. I know how much in certain circles this idea is, at present, discredited. The Egyptian and Syrian arrive here, and naturally it is their country. "What is this American stuff? Who are Americans, and why do they have a special spirit? America, they say, is an international union. As for Anglo-Saxons, Nordics—but why speak of them? They are going the way of the bison. The land will be ours, and is now."

Mr. Israel Zangwill, an author living in England, feels much in this way. And why not, for he is one of that great race, the Jewish race, which now governs the world? He speaks, therefore, with a truly Roman assurance and solemnity to us about ourselves: much as a Roman consul might have spoken to the ancient, uncivilized, foolish and painted Britons.

Mr. Zangwill speaks, or writes thus to us Americans in No. 652 of the Julius-Haldemann Booklets. The thing within

our borders which has irritated him to utterance is the Ku Klux Klan. It seems to him to be un-American. And as he is an internationalist living under the protection of the British flag, and has spent some months in this country, he feels that he knows what true Americanism is; or ought to be; knows the American spirit; and accordingly he instructs us, not without the Roman air of authority I have mentioned, to the effect that we should not think of America as a nation, but as a continent. And he indicates to us that we must dismiss from our minds the false and ridiculous notion that we are a race, a people, with our own culture, our own ideals; for, we are, evidently, nothing more than many races and peoples thrown together on one continent. And he concludes by fervently begging us to qualify our independent nationality, and altering the Constitution, to embrace internationalism. In doing which things, he tells us, we shall be true to the American spirit.

We who were born and bred here are a little disinclined to listen very long to these excellent internationalists, and their conception of what we ought to think, feel, be and do. We know pretty well who and what we are, and what we want. We know the American spirit. We know it, because we have breathed it in from the earliest years; and sometimes even later in life, we feel called upon to criticize and oppose it in certain of its manifestations. But we never doubt its existence. We know it is not international. We know it is the spirit of a people: our own spirit.

III

Americanism is, then, a spirit, and, as we all are aware, it is sometimes sentimental, cynical, and even other and less tolerable things. But, for our present and limited purpose, it is preferable to take the American spirit in its strength rather than in its weakness.

The ideals and habits of mind of our people, are, as I have said, Christian;

deeply and prevailingly so. And this Christianity of theirs, is, of course, their strength. But, it is not their only strength; for, in certain regions of thought and activity they are not Christian, and yet are constructive and powerful. In order to explain it, we might, I suppose, say that, save the so-called Friends, the Quakers, we are imperfectly christianized. Only compare us with this pious people: for in them there seems to be no remnant or crumb of the original barbarian left. But with the rest of us, there remains a stark something of the Viking, or Saxon sea-robber; something as little Christian as the Bill of Rights, or Thomas Jefferson.

And thus it comes about, that, touching certain political, or moral matters, we are rational, and nothing else. In our feeling about these matters, we are cynical, pragmatic, indifferent to theory, and opposed to what we call idealism, opposed to any Christian solution of the problems presented.

The young students whom I quoted spoke in this rational or common-sense vein and their questions were elemental, and went to the root. For they were speaking in the fulness of their own American spirit. And never more so than when they said: "Why were Romeo and Juliet not a pair of dubs?"

Nothing could be more natural than for an American to think Romeo and Juliet a pair of dubs. Let us take it in this way: many of us have suffered the sad experience of co-education. Sad, for this herding together of the young bulls and the heifers is a great cooler-off. The edge of strangeness is dulled. The blue of the distance, it may be recalled, disappears when we approach the mountain. The mountain is then no more than a pile of rocks—and all mountains are alike.

Thus, when our young man is thrown into the closest non-connubial intercourse with a lot of young women, seeing them hourly, and often when he'd prefer not, and necessarily losing his male attribute of the pursuer, he presently finds himself

indifferent. And after a year or so, his emotions becoming generalized, he becomes continently promiscuous: I speak of a spiritual promiscuity. Romance, naturally, there can be none, for there is no surprise, no novelty, no fear, but only a highly accurate, and close-at-hand, inch-by-inch perception that women are not deep or mysterious things, differing by an entire inner world from men, but just people, in a pool, or on a team, and often in the way.

It may be that Shakespeare, when he wrote "Romeo and Juliet," wished to justify co-education as a means of abolishing romance. For, clearly, "Romeo and Juliet" treats of the first love of those who have not been co-educated; of that sort of romantic first passion which is in itself an excess; and, as such, easily creates a catastrophe. For Romeo didn't *like* Juliet. He didn't know her well enough to like or dislike her. He adored her—nothing more intelligent. We Americans do not altogether believe in, or approve of, excessive and irrational adorations of anything; not even of young women. The cold rationality I referred to comes at once into play. But romantic passion is irrational or nothing. Well, the American regards the romance of it as silly; and the less said about the passion of it the better.

Thus co-education and our new and deliciously naked and photographed bisexual athleticism produce a Spartan state of affairs. The Spartans were no more romantic than they were honest. And so, the American spirit, possibly not without wisdom, regards that famous two as a pair of dubs. A Spartan would have regarded them in the same way.

Taking "Hamlet": There is no reason—no American reason—why the Queen should not marry her dead husband's brother the day after the funeral of her dead husband. She might defer the wedding out of a just regard to the opinion of mankind, but myriads of excellent and virtuous American widows defer nothing. From one bed they leap to the other. Americans being, as I say, in this matter

rational have no horror of a second love following hot-foot on the first. It would be otherwise if we had a respect for passion. But we lack this, and define our feelings by the special name we give it. If passion squares with the law, it is all right. If not, it is immoral. In the first case it is love: in the second infatuation.

The consequences of this attitude are far-reaching and profound. The whole of our literature shows it. In view of that literature, and remembering what American ideals are, it appears to me indisputable that the American spirit, whether Christian and mystic, or purely common-sense and rational, is not easily congenial to the "Tragic" or "Comic" of Europeans. If our people were less sterile in creative art, we should perceive this more clearly; the examples of our own American way of thinking and feeling would lie to hand. As in time, no doubt, will occur, when we shall have created more freely in our own image. All I wish to do, at this point, is to suggest, and try to make it clear, that when the untutored American mind comes upon the essentially tragic, or the essentially comic, they are not altogether to its taste, and why this is so. But any such generalization needs to be qualified.

The theatre is a civic institution. And, in our larger cities, where this form of entertainment flourishes, the population being largely of foreign birth and breeding, views life as foreigners do or may. Accordingly, the plays of New York may at some future period attain popularity in that city, but fail of it in the country at large. The comedies of Congreve were relished only in the London of his day.

IV

But how much more, and more winning and delicious, there is in Comedy than what has been said, or even suggested. For, after all, Comedy, like life itself, is most blessedly various. There is no reason why it should always be *pure* Comedy, severely rational, or severely anything. Some

men like to mix the possible with the impossible, carefully disguising the latter, and then you have Farce, than which few things are more entertaining. Other men mingle the rational with the romantic, and you have Poetic Comedy of a sort: "The Tempest" or "As You Like It."

Even Molière, when in "Alceste," a comedy of the purely rational kind, he failed to carry his audience with him, harked back to a something broader, to a mood of more geniality. But, in view of our somewhat commercialized theatre, it should not be forgotten that he was never untrue to himself: that is, he would not regain his popularity by a lie, by a stroke of sentimentality. On the other hand, if ever a dramatist took pains to entertain his audience, he was the man. And one of his means of entertainment was the creation of character, especially of such characters as are not so singular and eccentric that an auditor will say, "No doubt there are such birds, but I never have seen them."

Molière avoids these rare birds, these eccentrics, because they have so little bearing on life as we know it. The seeing of them on the stage entertains, but the entertainment is shallow: we soon forget what we saw, and refuse to see it twice. What gives us the most pleasure is to see a character, who, we can swear, is no infrequent occurrence. The truth is, the knowledge of character is so important in daily life that an audience, taking nothing else on the stage seriously, takes that so. For even illiterates know that the men and nations which understand character are successful. The lack of that native understanding runs through the whole of German literature; you may almost say that because of it the Germans lost the war. The English, inexpressive as they are, and stupid as we stupidly think them, know men, understand character. And, thus, we are led to perceive that it was not by chance that they produced Shakespeare.

So, for the dramatist, everything depends on the choice of his characters. On that, and on his natural, delicate, creative

sensitiveness to the supreme need of not "forcing" these characters. A character, let us say, once chosen, is thereafter no puppet, to be moved hither and yon at the will of the master of the show. He is, rather, something which abounds so much in his own sense that his inventor or creator must be a quietist in regard to him: must wait in silence, and listen till he speak or act, and then with exactness and humbly put it down. But the great comedian selects his characters well at the start. He does not inject into some lovely comedy a villain of such violence or vulgarity that he will break the mood, and, in action, turn all to blood and tears.

Turning to Shakespeare for an example, I know of none better than that scene, the seventh of the second act of "As You Like It," where, a table being laid with eatables, in the forest, and the young and starving gentleman, Orlando, seeing it to be so, he enters with his drawn sword, resolved to eat, let the unknown host say what he may. The exiled Duke is, however, himself eating, or about to do so. Turning to the scene you will see that it hangs on the slippery edge of a duel, in which a death might easily come about. What keeps it from this violence, what keeps it Comedy, is simply the good sense, the humane moderation of feeling and self-control of the exiled Duke.

In the "Uncle Vanya" of Tchekhov, the same spirit is at work. The play is forever on the edge of a pathos which would carry us presently beyond even tears, into a world of cruel despair. But, exquisite artist as he was, the Russian dramatist keeps it comedy.

V

But there is in every play a something even profounder than the matter of the characters chosen: namely, the sort of man the creator of all these human shadows is, in himself. How does he regard the world of action and feeling, the world of men? How does Shakespeare regard love? Is it, as conceived by him, always a cause of ruin?

Is it never what the Elizabethans called fancy, irrational, as wild as a weather-cock, but easily to be brought to a good issue?

Those exquisite, decorative, dove-colored and wide-winged little people of the night air, whom our children call "millers," since a bloom of the finest flour covers and beautifies them—this wild and wandering people, beholding with their innocent eyes a great and adorable sunrise in the midst of circumfluous shadow, flutter and fly toward it, and are presently, as we fear, singed to nothing in the heat of our kerosene lamp. Well, Shakespeare has, sometimes, the lamp lit, and the window of his play open to the human moths of his imagination; but, being really an American, and therefore born kindly, as well as before his time, he permits no tragic incineration. Rather, he seizes the lovers, so foolishly in love with love, and, as a man would a moth, he turns them loose on the freedom of the dark. The curtain then falls, and the audience goes home, reminded that piping away for love is no such great matter.

What do we gather from this? Clearly that Shakespeare was a poet, but not sentimental. We are supposed to know nothing of his character. But, in a play played, the author's character comes across to the audience as it were the blast of a trumpet. Wycherley, aside from his limpid prose, is a callous and cruel fellow. You feel it when you see his play. And Tchekhov—was there ever such an unrestrained love of humanity, such a rational tenderness, such sweetness of nature? If I should say the Mohammedan Arab could not create in the spirit of Tchekhov, should I not thus make clear that the man's character was a product of Christianity?

High Comedy, which my students asked me about, is not with us a thing of class, since in our country classes are fluent. But, though static classes are absent, we have, none the less, the higher and the lower sorts of human beings. High Comedy is, then, plainly, a Comedy that deals with men who are superior to the rest of us.

That is, it deals with relatively perfected creatures, with what used to be called their manners, the ways and customs of them. And Low Comedy treats those people whom we Americans do not dare to call low, but know they are. It might be called the Comedy of the unfinished man; or, if we must be scientific, the Comedy of the relatively less complex.

It was asked me why I disliked the new drama. By this I judged was meant the newer American plays, and the impressionistic drama of Europe. The answer to the question is a simple assertion in denial: I like the newer drama more than the drama of thirty or of twenty years back. It is freer, for one thing; more intellectual; a less restricted form; and, when it is expressionistic, or even merely fantastic, it has more depth and scope. It is, too, less debilitated by the sterilizing influence of French realism. It is more inclusive, and more poetic than our earlier drama.

"But no one talks poetry in real life," so why, I infer, should we write poetry into the mouths of the people in a play?

I suppose that the wild notion that the "poetic" is a matter of words comes from the baneful mouth and empty mind of some professor in a State college. I put him as low as I can. The "poetic" is like the comedic, or the tragic: it is a mood, but, as I have indicated, more inclusive than either. The man who has it not, in some form, is dead to the world he lives in. The nation which lacks it is sick, or miseducated—educated out of it, as we, with all our natural and inborn gift for poetry, have so patently been. It is true that Shakespeare wrote in blank verse, and used much imagery. But the reason why Shakespeare is a great dramatic poet is not here, or but in part. Seeming to beg the question, he was a poet because he regarded life and the universe poetically; which is, however, merely a short way of saying that the beauty of it all gave him an infinite delight; thrilled, satisfied, and filled him with enthusiasm. And that he regarded this beauty as *significant*.

Beauty, defined by the definers in so many ways, whatever else it may be, is certainly either the presence of life, in perfection; or it is the representation, the re-creation in art, of such life. Death is ugly; so is carrion, and so is a junk-heap. So are many criminals. Most stupid, and all envious people are ugly; and, in the invisible moral world, cheating at cards, or cruelty to a child, is, we all feel, an ugly habit. The plain American thinks it so. He speaks of cheating as a "dirty" action. He speaks of "foul" play, and "fair" play. Beauty is, I repeat then, either the presence or the expression of life in perfection. Naturally the arts busy themselves with it. And the drama without it is something self-restricted, and infinitely less pleasurable.

Take it in the simplest way: Al Jolson in his black make-up radiates good will and amiability, and is in every motion one of the most graceful of human beings. So here you have moral beauty, and physical grace. And our citizens pay four dollars and forty cents to see it.

The dramatist who can combine beauty with action will have the American audience at his feet. For that audience has now, since long, shown in every way it can that what it most likes is the fullness of life in action: and that way of looking at life, which we find in great poetry. And, poets, apart from their images, their hendecasyllables, or their free verse, are those men who are natively in love with life. They praise life. That's what they are for. It is their function. But the French realism of which I spoke disrespectfully was not in love with life. And, accordingly, it sterilized literature wherever its influence prevailed.

Of all people, we needed it the least. For our literature has, now for this thousand years and more, been fearless in that truer and higher realism which consists in a boundless delight in reality; in all realities. It has always called a "spae'd a spaed"; which, being interpreted, means a bitch a bitch. From Beowulf, through Chaucer, Marlowe, and the refined but

heaven knows realistic Miss Austen, to the last novel, or play, our literature has been, and is, prevailingly, powerfully, fearlessly, and giftedly realistic in this, the only possible sense: it rejoices in reality.

Besides which, whatever good there may have been for us in the French movement has long imparted its influence to our novels and plays. The younger Italians, the younger men of Central Europe, have done with it ages ago. If you as much as mention it, they put you down as a noodle. They are living in, or at least they are preparing, a new Period. Must we then still chew on this twice-chewed cud? It reminds me—I speak like, as it were, a political orator—it reminds me of a story:

When the Indians of the Red Bud Agency complained to their agent that they were starving, this sarcastic fellow asked them why they didn't kill and eat a certain lean and sickly dog which hung about the camp? The reply of one Black Cloud, a dignified wit, was, that as to the dog in question, he was, firstly, so lean that there was nothing on him to eat; and, secondly, they had already eaten him. "And," continued Black Cloud, "among the Sioux it is not the custom to eat the same dog twice!"

The American spirit is at times inconsistent, inchoate, confused; no doubt, it has its worse side; its appalling sentimentality, and its insane frivolity; even its cruelty, as our humor sometimes indicates. We are a prosperous people; and prosperity, the being at a lusty and perpetual picnic, is a great trial to man or nation. We exhibit, therefore, the horrid faults I have put down. And another I have failed to put down. We are little contented. We hardly know how to live, to live well and in happiness. But our people have poetry in their very souls; the poetic attitude to life is the attitude they understand. Races do not change. And the past of our race shows where it is gifted: not in painting or sculpture, possibly not in philosophy, but plainly and assuredly in politics and poetry: in the poetic drama.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

PROPOSAL FOR A REFORM OF THE ORCHESTRA

BY JOHN REDFIELD

FROM Montaverde to Wagner the orchestra remained essentially an aggregation of strings with a few woodwinds and brasses added for use in solo passages. It was well understood by all concerned that the woodwinds and brasses were the stepchildren of the family; they could speak only when they were spoken to.

It remained for Wagner, influenced in a measure by Berlioz, to recognize the genuine merits of the brasses and to incorporate them into the orchestra as integral members of it. There they will always remain; their value is too great and too obvious ever to be sacrificed hereafter. But the woodwinds have had no Wagner; they are yet stepchildren. Utilized frequently but briefly for solos, they are sunk without a trace in a *tutti* passage. To introduce them into the orchestra in sufficient numbers to secure tonal balance will perhaps require another Wagner. But soon or late he must come.

A reasonable canon for balance in an orchestra is that, in a *tutti* passage, no choir shall be entirely submerged. This does not mean that every individual instrument shall be heard, nor that each separate part must be audible, even when played by several instruments. It does mean, however, that each family of instruments shall make an appreciable contribution to the tone-color of the ensemble in a *fortissimo* passage. It follows as a consequence that strings, woodwinds and brasses must be approximately equal in volume when the whole band is playing *fortissimo*.

It is hardly necessary to say that a balance of this kind has not yet been attained in the modern orchestra. The present negligible status of the woodwinds in a *tutti* passage greatly limits the tone-colors arising from different dynamic combinations. For example, if we assume that there are only three degrees of dynamics, loud, medium and soft, five colors are now possible, as follows: (1) strings and brass of equal volume; (2) strings loud, brass medium; (3) strings loud, brass soft; (4) brass loud, strings medium; (5) brass loud, strings soft. But if the woodwind choir were raised to a dynamic importance equal to that of the strings and brasses, then forty different dynamic combinations would be possible.

How many woodwinds would be necessary to accomplish this? An accurate answer is not easy, for no simple and effective method is known for measuring the loudness of a tone. Do two violins or two clarinets of equal volume, playing in unison, produce twice the volume of one? Do twenty furnish twenty times the volume of one? How much is gained by adding four more violins to a first violin section of twenty? No one knows, although the information is highly desirable in these days of large deficits. If the business men serving on the directorates of symphony orchestras applied the same efficient methods there that they employ in the conduct of corporations, they would insist that someone get this information for them. It is all guess work at present. So far as I recall, only two writers on instrumentation have even attempted answers to these important questions, Rimsky-Korsakov and Clappé, and their answers are obviously mere guesses.

Perhaps the most reliable evidence now available is given by the instrumentation of leading bands and orchestras. As between strings and brass, the consensus of opinion among orchestral conductors seems to favor about three times as many strings as brasses. As between woodwinds and brasses, the opinion of the leading band conductors appears to sanction about two-thirds as many brasses as woodwinds. Upon the basis of these ratios, the instrumentation of an orchestra of one hundred and ten pieces should be: sixty strings, thirty woodwinds, and twenty brasses, with the percussion yet to be accounted for.

Within the string choir the balance of violins, violas, 'cellos and basses may be accepted as approximately correct. The present assignment of instruments in the brass choir also makes for a fairly satisfactory degree of balance. But what should be the instrumentation of the thirty woodwind voices?

In the first place, for the upper portion of the keyboard, eight flutes are necessary—enough to make themselves heard among the violins. Two of the flautists ought, on occasion, to double on piccolos in C, two on alto flutes in G, and two on contralto, or so-called bass, flutes in G, thus forming with the two remaining flutes in C a double flute quartette. It is quite impossible for anyone who has not had the privilege of listening to a flute club to form an adequate idea of the beautiful effects possible to such an ensemble. It furnishes a tonal fabric as delicate in its traceries as the sheerest lace.

Then there is need for a complete family of clarinets: two in E flat (or D), two first B flats (or A's), two second B flats (or A's), two bassett-horns in F, and two bass clarinets in B flat (or A). The purpose of the E flat is not to squeal to the top of the keyboard à la "Till Eulenspiegel," but to extend a few notes higher the beautiful *chalumeau* register of the clarinet choir. In fact, it is a mistake ever to score for the clarinet above twice-lined C. Above this

point it ceases to be a musical instrument and becomes a demoniacal perversion of its prototype, the quill squawker. The organ-like effects of the clarinet choir, mellow and melting yet sonorous, are at present quite unattainable in the orchestra, but most desirable.

As for the double-reed choir, it should be augmented and rounded out so as to include two oboes, a first and a second, an English horn, a heckelphone, two bassoons, a first and a second, a contrabassoon and a contrabass sarrusophone. It is sometimes thought by those not having an intimate knowledge of woodwind instruments that the bassoon is essentially a bass oboe. This is erroneous. The bassoon is in fact quite a different instrument from the oboe, differently constructed and with a materially different tone-color. It has a conical bore, whereas the bore of the oboe flares like a bell. Moreover, the inside diameter of the oboe increases, from reed to bell, much faster than that of the bassoon. The consequence is that the oboe and bassoon have quite different qualities of tone.

The bassoon, therefore, is not a proper bass for the oboe. The oboe's natural bass is the heckelphone, pitched an octave below the oboe, and an authentic oboe in every respect. Its tone is of the genuine oboe quality and beautiful from bottom to top. Two oboes, an English horn, and a heckelphone form a true oboe quartette of homogeneous tone-color, and most useful in the orchestra. Two bassoons, a contrabassoon, and a contrabass sarrusophone likewise constitute a true bassoon quartette, for the sarrusophone is essentially a metal bassoon.

Finally, there is need in the orchestra for a quartette of saxophones: soprano, alto, tenor and baritone. It is only supercilious conservatism that now proscribes their use in the symphony orchestra, and sooner or later they will be admitted. There are too many people who regard the saxophone voice as beautiful for it to be laughed out of court. No first-rate musi-

cian can nowadays afford to ignore it.

One or two slight modifications of the brass choir are also desirable. The mellow voiced horns and tubas are at present without a soprano. The flügel horn serves this purpose perfectly, and with it the family would be complete. The brilliant family of trumpets and trombones, on the other hand, has no contrabass. The logical candidate for this position is the BB flat trombone. If this instrument were constructed with double slides, every position used in playing it would have precisely the same arm-reach as on the B flat tenor trombone, and it could be manipulated by any trombone player without special practice except such as would be necessary for the production of a proper embouchure.

The practice of requiring players to double on nearly related instruments is a simple and logical expedient for greatly extending the resources of the orchestra. This is already the established practice for symphonic flautists, who, as occasion demands, play either flute in C, piccolo in C, or contralto flute in G. The practice has been extended to other instruments by players in jazz organizations, so that a clarinetist plays any clarinet and a saxophone player plays any saxophone. Symphonic conductors might wisely emulate the example of their more unconventional brothers in requiring their own musicians to do likewise. Not only should flautists, as at present, play any of the flutes, but clarinetists should play any of the clarinets, saxophonists any of the saxophones, oboeists any of the oboes, bassoonists any of the bassoons, and players of the trumpet and flügel horn both of the brass sopranos. With such a practice established it would be possible, when demanded by the exigencies of the composition, to concentrate all the players in a family of instruments on any instrument of the family.

It is quite probable that players in symphonic organizations would object to such doubling, but for that attitude they would have no legitimate excuse, and economic competition would soon compel them to

conform. Competent, disinterested critics, I believe, will agree that the superciliousness of symphonic musicians is without adequate foundation. There is probably no wind instrument in the jazz orchestra that is not played better by jazz musicians than by symphony players.

The percussion, too, presents a neglected field; particularly is this true of the drums. If there is any excuse for the timpani in the orchestra, and I certainly believe there is, then there is reason for their being represented by more than the three notes now possible. There should be sufficient timpani to furnish, without tuning *media res*, a complete chromatic scale of an octave and a fifth, *i.e.*, twenty timpani. With four percussion players, all on occasion at the timpani, we would have Berlioz's great dream of the percussion approximately realized.

I am also decidedly of the opinion that drums of indefinite intonation might be used more liberally than they are now, especially in view of the increasing importance of rhythm in modern music. But, for heaven's sake, let them be scored for rigorously and judiciously! It is probably within the facts to say that no part of the orchestra is more difficult to score for than the percussion—nor more effective when judiciously treated. If ever I become wealthy, one of my benefactions will be an endowment for the support of prompters whose sole duty it will be to remind bass drummers in wind bands that they need not thump continuously and prodigiously during the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner," nor produce a diminuendo roll on the last note.

Such are the possibilities of the orchestra. The probabilities? There's the rub! The conservative will contend that whatever is, is good enough. But it will be regrettable, indeed, if conservatism, in any way, thwarts changes which would materially increase the modern orchestra's range of musical effects, and substantially contribute to our supply of musical beauty and charm and happiness.

Anthropology

AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGY AND
FRANZ BOAS

BY PLINY E. GODDARD

THE history of anthropology in America began with the visit of Alexander von Humboldt in 1804. Spurred on by it and by his general interest in languages, Albert Gallatin in 1826 inaugurated his collection of Indian vocabularies, and based on that collection he made a classification of Indians according to language and published it in 1836. A little later Horatio Hale accompanied the Wilkes exploring expedition as ethnologist, and after his return further stimulated the study of the Indian languages. Lewis H. Morgan, a student of the Iroquois, published between 1850 and 1881 works on the Iroquois and later on the evolution of society and the terms of relationship. These later books, now almost completely outgrown, were the first attempts in America at a scientific presentation of anthropological facts.

Beginning with Lewis and Clark in 1804, many surveys of the great West were made by the United States Government. Two men concerned in them devoted their remaining years to the study of the American Indians and their early remains. They were Major J. W. Powell and William H. Holmes. Powell, in founding the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1879, set in motion a machine for collecting and publishing scientific information about the Indians. This machine, though still functioning, now shows some indications of running down. Holmes, at one time chief of the Bureau, and long connected with the National Museum at Washington, is now in charge of that museum's art collections. He began life as an artist and accompanied the surveying parties in that capacity.

F. W. Putnam, a student of the earlier Agassiz, was placed in charge of the Peabody Museum at Harvard in 1871. Later he was director of the Anthropological Section at the Columbian Exposition and

put the term *anthropology*, which he defined as "man and his works," into American writings and speech. For a time, he held positions at Harvard, the American Museum of Natural History in New York, and the University of California. He did much to promote anthropology in museums and universities, and attracted to its study a considerable number of men. Departments were established at Harvard and the University of California, largely through his influence. His education and learning were limited and special. He was particularly interested in American archaeology, and conducted work in the mounds of Ohio. In his later years he gave much attention to the question of the antiquity of man on this continent. He wrote the report on archaeology for the Wheeler survey in the seventies and contributed many short articles and reports to various periodicals. While he held the title of professor of anthropology at Harvard for many years and at the University of California for a few years, he did no regular class-room lecturing. Another pioneer was Daniel G. Brinton, who became professor of American linguistics and archaeology at the University of Pennsylvania in 1886. He was a brilliant man of scholarly attainments, but his publications, which were numerous, might now disappear without being missed, for they have been superseded by the advances made since his time.

I have not mentioned all of the earlier workers, but the most prominent ones have been referred to. During this period there was really no scientific anthropology in America. Many men had interests of one sort or another, largely confined to America. Some of them collected arrow-points and other stones, classified them as to form and material, and wrote articles conjecturing the use of those which were unusual. Others, like Cushing, went into raptures over the Indians and romanced about them in print and on the lecture platform. Work of a far better grade was done in the Maya

field in Mexico. It furnished inscriptions and codices to be deciphered, and no end of art to be described and explained.

As well as one can judge, few if any of the men mentioned left scholarly issue to succeed them. Brinton was the only teacher and no one now working in anthropology claims him as a master. Morgan was the only one to look outside America. There would have been museums with exhibits of material, and a department at Harvard—probably devoted largely to archaeology, especially that of Mexico and Central America—and there would have been only that, had not a young German fallen in love with the daughter of a New York City physician, and so come here to live. He was Franz Boas, born at Minden, Westphalia, and educated at Heidelberg, Bonn and Kiel. He specialized in physics and geography, under Theobald Fischer, and wrote a dissertation on the color of sea-water. When he had finished, he was a young man full of vitality, with an exceptionally keen mind, and a thorough education.

He wanted to know what significance the blue of sea-water had, further than that to be found in the length of ether waves and their number per second. Color as a quality he knew to be subjective, something in the brain of the beholder. In order to reach the brain, the waves enter the eye, and by some process register on the gray matter. As far as the retina, Boas found, everything could be reduced to exact mathematics. Beyond that there was no mathematics—but to a physicist there can be no science without mathematics. "Well," said this man whose two recreations are music and statistical problems, "if it cannot be worked out with exactness in the individual, let me try it in the mass, where individual variations will be leveled out by numbers." He chose the Eskimo as a people saturated with the blueness of sea-water. He reasoned that their constant stimulation by blue light must have produced a permanent effect upon them, apparent in their lives. His expenses paid by

a Berlin newspaper, he went in a Scotch whaling vessel to Baffin's Land, where he remained for a year. During that year he discovered "culture." He found that what conditioned a man's life was not so much the body and brain he inherited from his ancestors, nor the physical environment in which he spent his life, but the great mass of human traits, customs, and knowledge which surrounded him from his birth. Never before had he been able to see this "culture," for in Germany it was an intimate part of himself, and so he could not observe it as something separate. But among a strange people the facts stood out with distinctness. It was not, of course, the first time "culture" had been discovered. Herodotus no doubt knew of it, and perhaps many a man before writing was invented. But Boas was among the first to study it scientifically.

Returning home by the way of the United States in 1885, he got a position in the Berlin Museum and the University of Berlin for a year. He spent the next year on the West Coast of America studying the Indian tribes there, and came to New York and married in 1887. He was lecturer at Clark University for four years and presented Francis Chamberlain as the first student in America for a doctor's degree in anthropology. He had a part in gathering and arranging anthropological exhibits for the World's Fair in Chicago.

After another visit to the Northwest Coast, he became connected in 1896 with Columbia University and the American Museum of Natural History. In both institutions he was associated with Livingston Farrand, who by disposition and attainments might have been a great anthropologist had he not chosen instead to help rid the world of the white plague and then enslave himself to administrative positions. During the ten years in which Boas held his two positions he laid the foundation of American anthropology. At the museum he accumulated vast collections from America and Asia, instituted organized research, and made extensive publica-

tions. He enlisted the interest of men of wealth and drew around him a notable group of workers. When he needed men for Siberian research, he found them in the convict camps in that region, had them released, and set them to work. Wherever he personally visited Indian tribes, he left behind him native investigators, trained by him. One of these has continued sending in information for over forty years. Missionaries in all parts of the world began gathering specimens and facts for him. His main work, however, has been at Columbia, where he has held the chair of anthropology since 1899. His output there has been intensive rather than extensive. Boas is not a great teacher, in the sense of one who attracts large numbers to his classes and makes his subject popular. Perhaps he could be if it were not for his—well, call it *conscience* or *inhibitions* as you wish; the underlying fact is that he will not embellish the truth.

Students in other fields are attracted to him because of his great knowledge, and his rigorous scientific method. Once the contact is formed, a relation of master and disciple grows up and in nearly every case continues. Among his pupils are the following: Professors Roland B. Dixon and Alfred M. Tozzer of Harvard; Professor Frank G. Speck and Dr. A. Irving Hallowell of the University of Pennsylvania; Professors Fay Cooper Cole and Edward Sapir of Chicago; Professors A. L. Kroeber and Robert H. Lowie of the University of California; Dr. Leslie Spier of the University of Washington; Dr. Truman Michel-

son of George Washington University; Dr. Gladys A. Reichard of Barnard College; Dr. Ruth F. Benedict of Columbia, and Dr. A. A. Goldenweiser of the New School for Social Research. With a few exceptions, these teachers of anthropology were men and women who were studying at Columbia, came within the field of Professor Boas' attractions, and forsook all to follow him. Naturally, they had varying degrees of ability, and some of them would have made their marks in the world without Boas' leading, but not many would have been anthropologists. A number of them have recently published important books, among them Goldenweiser, Kroeber Lowie, and Tozzer. Boas himself has written only one general book, "The Mind of Primitive Man." It has made a profound impression and had a far reaching influence. Many others that he has practically written bear the names of students and assistants. He has here an inhibition that prevents his assembling from the work of others the materials for a popular work.

The story is not finished by any means. Professor Boas is still a vigorous man and the work still goes on. But changes have come. The degrees in anthropology in recent years have gone largely to women. This is in part due to the fact that Barnard College undergraduates get systematic anthropological instruction and Columbia undergraduates do not. The women make good field-workers and good teachers of anthropology. The doors now closed to them as college and university teachers will yield in time.

UTAH

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

Wilderness

I HAD gone to a reception at the home of a Harvard professor. I was vouched for by a youth ancestrally near to the Cabots and Lowells. Later in the evening our hostess, on her rounds among the freshmen, casually asked me where I came from—and three centuries of Boston *Kultur* kept her face expressionless at my answer. Thereafter she was at pains to be kind to me, visibly shielding me from the severities of Brattle street, Cambridge. But as I left, amazement triumphed.

"So people really *live* in Utah!" she exclaimed.

I could see pity in her eyes—and, also, apprehension. And no wonder, for she heard a noise at the gates of Harvard, yes, at the Johnstone gate itself—the bridles and the scabbards of the Goths.

"But how?" she asked.

That was a number of years ago. I have since then been asked the very same question at least once a week. It has been propounded to me even by natives of Tallahassee and Escanaba. Here is my answer.

Before the good old days ended, people lived very well in Utah, if they liked the rude exhilaration of frontier life, and if mountain scenery repaid them for the absence of civilization. But those days ended in June, 1906, when the Senate of the United States, remembering that a national campaign impended, voted that Reed Smoot was entitled to the seat he held. That decision, to the Mormons, meant rehabilitation and complete vindication. To the Gentiles, however, it meant decisive failure in the most ambitious as-

sault on the Saints since the Edmunds-Tucker Act. It marked, in fact, the end of one of history's most hilarious wars, the sixty years' strife between the Mormon and the Gentile. But what is more important, it spread a blanket of peace, fraternity and monotony over Utah, and since then the State has never enjoyed itself.

Long before the first Mormon train pulled a white-top over the mountains, Utah was familiar to the trapper. The Hudson's Bay Company, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and the Missouri Fur Company had explored it. They followed the Green river into the Uintah Mountains, or the Bear river into the Wasatch. They laid their traps along every creek, and they wintered in sheltered canyons, beside boiling springs. Annually, they held a Summer rendezvous at Ogden's Hole or in Cache Valley. This rendezvous, the frontier equivalent of Mardi Gras or Saturnalia or the Eleusinian mystery, was picturesque enough. The trappers came from all the thousands of miles of mountain wilderness, the owners came from the East, and the Indians from everywhere. For a year, singly or in threes and fours, the trappers would fight the Indians, blizzards, starvation and madness. At the end of that period they would draw a year's pay, give back most of it to their employers for new outfits, lose the rest at cards and drink themselves blind for a fortnight. The owners drank a trifle less than their employés. The Indians drank as much as they could beg, barter for, or take by force. It was no suave liquor, no Bourbon or rum or even applejack that they drank—but raw alcohol. When the trail is two thou-

sand miles long and wheeled vehicles are an impossibility, one has to take what one gets.

Any frontiersman must have courage, strength and skill. He must also have a nervous system only a little more sensitive than that of a goat—or he could not survive. At best, the fur-trader was little better than a savage, at worst he was unquestionably a madman. Immense strains racked him. At any moment he might lose his scalp. Floods, snowslides, quicksands, falling cliffs might destroy him. Most of all, the unimaginable solitude of the peaks tortured him. It will, even today, age a tourist ten years overnight, if he get lost in it. The trapper spent his life in it: he crawled through canyons shut out from the sun, he toiled over passes so high that he saw visions, he fought mirages on the level and he peopled the land with enemies and monstrosities. He developed a characteristic melancholy. He grew silent, surly and superstitious. Sometimes he even reverted to unlovely racial voodoo.

I do not know for sure whether Jim Bridger ever choked a grizzly bear to death, as legend says he did, but it is almost certain that Jedediah Smith went for one with his fists and delivered a knockout blow to its jaw. When two such gladiators took to mauling each other, however, they used the short skinning knife of their guild, a weapon capable of dramatic effects. The victor customarily carved a trophy from his victim's ear or forearm and wore it in his cap. They approved the Indian custom of scalping and employed it on every redskin they slaughtered. Sometimes, too, they tore out the Indian's heart and ate it raw. Occasionally, as a diversion, they ate one another when a cache of food could not be found under the snow. They made casual marriages with the daughters of Indian chiefs—not only for solace, but to strengthen the uncertain loyalty of the tribes. They thus acquired a stake in the country. Their progeny became the guides of the next generation, the generation of settlers.

II

The Brigham Golden Age

They were the first Americans in Utah: Ashley, Ogden, Smith, Sublette, Bridger, Wootton, Carson, Provost, Cox. Long before them the Spaniards had passed this way. Cardenas probably touched the Southeast corner in 1540, eighty years before the Mayflower sailed; and in July 1776, while Jefferson's committee was meeting, a Franciscan priest, Padre Velez Escalante, set out from Santa Fé to break a route through the Great Basin to Monterey. By September he had reached the meadows of the Green river and had christened them "The Plain of the Holy Cross."

One wishes that the Spaniards had lingered somewhere in that vast expanse of mountain and desert. A few hundred miles away, in Arizona and in New Mexico, you may find their arrogance looking at you from Indian eyes or see their grace preserved in Indian ankles. Their place names give a gentle beauty to many a map and landscape, and their Catholicism has left on the lives of these States a faint but ineradicable poetry. There is no poetry in Utah. A different religion settled on the Wasatch. This was the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, fleeing the jurisdiction of the United States. Alas, they had hardly reached Utah when it, too, came under the flag. The frontier of the trapper now became the frontier of settlement. Pious cowherds who believed themselves capable of summoning angels to converse with them went out to plow the desert. Almost at once another frontier swung across Utah and so killed forever the Mormon dream of isolation. The Oregon Trail had missed the State by miles when it turned North to reach Fort Hall, though Sublette's cut-off to California touched a desert corner in the West. But the Forty-Niners roared through Salt Lake City—and the Overland Trail was made. Along it came all the pageantry of adventure, Overland mail, pony express, the

Creighton telegraph, the road-agent, the confidence man, the gambler. Utah thus became a picture frame for all the shifting frontiers of the West.

The mining camps soon played out their violent comedy. Virginia City, Gold Creek, Helena, Lewiston, Missoula, Clearwater, Bitter Root, Sublette, down to such recent names as Goldfield and Rhyolite and Tonopah—one and all they hurried across the mountains, their groups of frenzied men. Each one carried its wake of less respectable characters, and each one left its deposit of undesirables—of Gentiles—on Utah. Then came the Union Pacific from the East and the Central Pacific from the West, shaking the earth with mighty labor, to meet near Ogden and give Oakes Ames a chance for scandal and Bret Harte one for poetry. After the railroad came the cowboy. After him the homesteader, the land-boomer, the sheepman, the populist and the Mormon-baiter. Whatever the frontier was or did, in some degree Utah responded. Even as late as 1906 Harriman was bridging Great Salt Lake and D. C. Jackling was on his way to Bingham. During all this time life in Utah provided spectacle and intensity. No poets lingered there, no musicians, philosophers, or scholars. The atmosphere was neither cultured nor urbane, but it was interesting. No native was ever bored; no transient ever yawned. A first-rate religious war was then progressing through crescendoes of bitterness and farce.

The Mormons were staid peasants whose only distinguishing characteristics were their servility to their leaders and their belief in a low-comedy God. They had flocked to the Church from localities where civilization had never penetrated. Then, with an infallible instinct, they had recruited their numbers from the slums of English factory cities and from the bankrupt crofter-districts of Scandinavia. The Gentiles were less fanatical than the Mormons and less ignorant, but they were also less robust. They represented the unfit of the frontier, those who had fallen by

the wayside along the trail to glory. They had started for California or Idaho or Montana mines, they had given out at the first oasis—and they stayed there.

For sixty years their warfare made the State a matrix of living color—color that reached even the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Atlantic seaboard, and even Congress. It set loose over the land a nomadic tribe of uplifters who harrowed their audiences with tales of Mormon murders and titillated them with one-sex-only exposures of polygamy. But these prurient fools, the worst injustice the Mormon heresy has had to bear, left the battle at home undisturbed. While the evangelical communions shuddered and the politicians ranted in the Senate, Mormon and Gentile fought out in Utah their protracted, desperate, side-splitting battle for supremacy. Albert Sidney Johnston led an army to end it forevermore. His army was stopped outside the State, its trains were burned, its menace was burlesqued. That trick went to the Church. It was the Gentiles' turn when, after Brigham Young had bastinadoed some Federal officials and prayed publicly for the success of the Confederacy, Colonel Connor marched a regiment into Salt Lake City. He camped in the foothills, trained a cannon on the Endowment House, and told the new officials to carry on. But on the whole, while Brigham lived, the Mormons had the better of the argument. The invading horde of governors, marshals and magistrates were all corrupt and stupid politicians, and, opposing Brigham Young, they were child-like and innocent.

Brigham's artillery, both light and heavy, bombarded them in the Tabernacle. The curses of God, most dreadful, and the wit of a giant joker, most obscene, took off their hides in patches. The Gentiles fumed and threatened, but Brigham ruled and ridiculed. They formed secret sodalities for defense—but these were impotent. They sold their goods, when the prophet allowed them to, and they paid tribute, when he willed.

III

The Gentiles Triumph

Then Brigham died. Pygmies succeeded him, and the Gentiles entered a bull market. The Union Pacific began dragging in trainloads of deacons and deaconesses hell-bent for converting the infidels, and it soon hauled out the same folk, all burning with the desire to tell the dreadful story. It was an era of indictment. The reformer prowled abroad. Religion and morality, the nation over, urged extermination of a whole people. Congress investigated. Congress legislated. Lecturers spewed out their farrago of lies and shocking tales of immorality. The eyes of the nation, when they were not staring with horror at the Greenbackers, at Charles J. Guiteau, or at the Mulligan letters, stared with horror at these monsters of bigotry and licentiousness.

At home, the struggle became desperate. The Gentile ranks had increased. They had developed the mines, they had got a foothold in business, and they had established newspapers of their own. So they fought stoutly and, since the nation upheld them, victoriously. The struggle took on economic, social and personal aspects. There were midnight skull-crackings and even murders. There were vilification and abuse. There was bribery, apostasy, subornation. This public and private hatred soon became an element of everyone's daily life; it worked into the unconscious impulse of every Utahn. These were days of a mutual hatred almost unparalleled in our history. There is no understanding Utah without realizing that neighbor, for sixty years, was at neighbor's throat.

The Gentile victory came with the Edmunds-Tucker Act of 1887 which—unconstitutionally—confiscated Church property to the United States, attached a test-oath to the suffrage, outlawed polygamists, dissolved the corporation of the Church and in general gelded, strangled and gutted the organization of the Saints. Within a year the leaders were in hiding, the Territory

was bankrupt, the Gentiles were delirious with triumph and the Mormon martyr-complex was strengthened a thousand-fold. Before another year was out, polygamy was declared to be inexpedient, and chastened leaders were seeking the President's amnesty. In January 1896 Utah entered the Union as a sovereign State—and the Mormon question was settled forever.

But it was a victory far more for Kansas and Iowa than for Gentile Utah. Mid-western Epworth Leagues might hereafter be sure that no octogenarian Mormon could enjoy the delights of a harem, but in Utah no Gentile storekeeper could be sure that the infidels would not undersell him. The Utah Gentiles had used the hullabaloo about polygamy only as a weapon to destroy the monopolies of the Saints, but all too soon they saw that their victory was a mirage. The Church, rid of its worst encumbrance, progressed more in ten years than it had in the preceding sixty. In the next two decades it quadrupled that progress. Once more the Gentiles advanced with fixed bayonets. But, alas, the outside world knew that the Mormon question had been settled with the repeal of polygamy. The Gentiles succeeded in barring a polygamist from the House of Representatives. But they could not bar Reed Smoot from the Senate. The old warfare was over.

When God's ultimate histories are written, 1906 will stand out as the first vindication of the Saints. The good old days ended, and the era of Good Feeling for the Sake of Business began. That year, too, marked the fall of other frontiers. The Lucin cut-off approached completion, and the industrialization of Bingham began. The mortality rate among the pioneers increased. The old generation of inflexible haters and rigid doctrinaires, who had seen Joseph in the flesh, began to die off. Leadership and public feeling among the Saints tended to soften, to set profit above principle, to accept the Gentile as good pay. And the Gentiles began to see the necessity of compromise.

IV

A Starless Firmament

Such was the old Utah, a frontier State always racked and scarred by religious warfare. A State peopled by frontiersmen—ruddy, illiterate, herd-minded folk. A State where the very process of survival demanded a rigorous suppression of individuality, impracticability, scepticism and all the other qualities of intelligence. A State which never produced nor wanted an aristocracy. A State where life was honestly rude, where even the crafts languished, where the Indians seemed only an hour away, and the sense of martyrdom was a present reality. This Utah produced but one man whose name has crossed its borders. In him it produced nobility and tragedy. I refer to Frank J. Cannon, the first senator from Utah. Utah will not look upon his like again. How successful a political career he threw away one may judge by the power Reed Smoot, much his inferior, has attained; and he threw it away because he set a value on his pledged word. Not content to ruin a political career by saving his honor, he deliberately wrecked his career within the Church. His talents, his family and his services all marked him for leadership. His father was loved by the Mormons as no other leader has ever been; he himself could have succeeded to that reverence. Today he is considered, next to the murderers of the prophet Joseph, the worst devil in the Mormon hell. And why? Because he had a quaint notion that the Church should respect its oath. He acted on his belief. He should have known his people better than that.

Here, coming to other names, I pause. How am I to suggest the utter mediocrity of life in the new Utah? How can I suggest its poverty in everything that makes for civilization? A little over a year ago Edgar Lee Masters came to Salt Lake City to lecture. The propaganda department of the Church took him in hand. And lo, when

Mr. Masters came to contribute to the *Nation's* symposium on the vicissitudes of artists in the United States, he said that if he were a young artist, he would flee not to Paris but to Salt Lake City! Here, he informed us, was a whole people who loved, respected, encouraged and produced beauty. Here art was the common bread, and here the artist was king. We read his article, we who had lived there a few days more than overnight—and we burst into laughter.

I defy Mr. Masters or anyone else to find one artist or even a quasi-artist in all the wide expanse of Utah, from Soda Springs to Hurricane, from Roosevelt to St. George. No artist ever lived there ten minutes after he had the railroad fare out. If the presence of one should become known, the Mormons would damn him as a loafer and the Gentiles would lynch him as a profligate. Look, let us say, for pictures. You will find life-sized portraits of Mormon apostles and blue-ribbon Holsteins. The two art shops in the State, run by men who know their public, display greeting cards and framed mottoes. Sculpture? You will find one exquisite monument to the seagulls, and three dozen wooden Indians covered with tin plate and named after the martyrs. No building in the State could qualify for reproduction in any respectable architectural journal. There is no public library worth the name, no college library up to even the Carnegie standard. Music? The Church boasts of its organ, its choirs and its great love of music. You may test this assertion every noon during the Summer, when the propaganda department holds free concerts in the Tabernacle. You will hear "The Rosary," Händel's Largo, the Anvil Chorus, and "Come, Come, Ye Saints."

Who, indeed, ever heard of a Utah painter, a Utah sculptor, a Utah novelist, or poet, or critic, or educator, or editor, or publicist—who ever heard of a Utahn? I have, but then I have studied the State for many years. I am confident that Mr. Masters has not. Let him repeat a line of

Utah poetry or the name of a Utah book; let him whistle five bars of Utah music, or describe a Utah painting, a Utah statue—any work of the mind or spirit that may be associated with Utah. Let us take a look at the starry catalogue. Accident of birth, not residence, assigns Maude Adams to the State. The same is true of Solon Borglum. Cyrus E. Dallin, whose romantic Indians grace several galleries, was born in Utah, it is true, but he lives in Boston. The official panegyrist, Professor Levi Edgar Young, lists a number of other sculptors, the most prominent being the one who carved the bird that roosts atop the Eagle Gate. He cannot claim even such distinction for the painters. The best of them, we learn, exhibited a canvas called "The Gypsy" at the Centennial Exposition of 1876. Professor Young, with typical academic ignorance, omits from his list the finest artist that ever breathed mountain air—Beauregard. His work caught the mystery of the desert as no one has that Taos has given us. He was beginning to feel his strength; then he died. Last Summer I made occasion to mention him in Utah. In Salt Lake City none of the intelligentsia had heard of him. I found an alumnus of the Ogden High School who remembered that a Mr. Beauregard once taught art there but did not know that he painted. Chicago, New York and even Los Angeles hang his canvases, but the art lovers of Utah know him not.

There are no Utah writers. There are no Utah composers. No Utahn has ever sung his way into celebrity. There were Hazel Dawn, and her sister, Margaret Romaine, and Emma Lucy Gates. You have, perhaps, heard of them. The State university, after many years, assembled a faculty of considerable distinction, of too great distinction, in fact. Five of them were fired for disseminating ideas. Fifteen of the others left in disgust. Among those who resigned was Byron Cummings, the discoverer of the Nonnezoshe and one of the most learned and most brilliant American anthropologists of today. In Professor A.

A. Kerr, the university has filled his place more satisfactorily than that of any other of the heretics. Dr. Kerr is a trained anthropologist, and he stands out like a sequoia amidst sagebrush—a scholar alone in a mob of Mormon bishops, tank-town annotators and hicks. There is a critic who has made a collection of one-act plays. There is a sociologist who has achieved his doctorate by holding up Mormon group-life as the salvation of the Republic. There is a historian who has rebuked Mr. Wells for not including Joseph Smith in his "Outline of History." Such are the adornments of Utah, the flowers of its art and learning.

V

100% American

But the people? Utah is normal. As a commonwealth of greengrocers who have lifted themselves from the peasantry it is no different from Indiana, Iowa, or Nebraska. Poverty is rare. Morality, the unassuming morality of unassuming folk, is high. Civic virtue is even higher. The State's roads, schools, per capita ownership of Fords, patriotism, sewer system and modernity of office appliances are, in fact, well above the average. Those who have no interest in social or intellectual or artistic life may live there as well as anywhere else in this best of all possible Republics. The difference is merely this: should they ever, for a moment, want to enter or observe such life or feel the need of anything that springs from it, they would be at a dead stop. Civilized life does not exist in Utah. It never has existed there. It never will exist there.

The farmers differ little from farmers anywhere else. They are, perhaps, a little absurd in their belief that Christ was inferior to Joseph Smith. But get away from the fertile valleys where the farms are and into the arid lands and you will find the ranchers—a race of better men, self-reliant, courageous, humorous, hospitable. Life on the desert ranches has a certain dignity of skill

and courage, an unhurried awareness of mastery. It has the assurance that strength develops. It is, perhaps, a bit backward in the matters of china-ware and central heating. But, in tolerance, human intercourse, refinement—in all the qualities of civilization—it is infinitely less primitive than Salt Lake City. This ranch life, I fear, is all I can offer in rebuttal of my Cambridge hostess. Certainly, the gentry, newly developed in the Babylons of Ogden and Salt Lake City, are an offense to heaven. After 1906 prosperity came to Utah. In a few years a generation whose fathers had begotten them under the eyes of their brothers and sisters in one-room shacks began to be conscious of their wealth. They bought closed cars. They learned that there were other beverages beside straight whiskey. They tried manfully to achieve the blisses of adultery hinted at in the works of Mr. Chambers, the one novelist they knew of. They experimented with golf pants for men and riding pants for women. In short, they became civilized.

I trust I am not unfair to my home State when I "declare in words of soberness" (to crib the Book of Mormon) that these *nouveaux-riches*, these cultured exponents of society, lead the most swinish life now discernible in the United States. I may be wrong; for the sake of the mountains that brought me so much delight in my youth I hope I am. The millionaire cow-puncher, I know, is epidemic in our times and infests every corner of the country. But even in Los Angeles you will find expatriated Iowans who can read French. Even in Hollywood a movie gal, when arrested, had, beside the *Police Gazette*, a volume of Freud. Even in Chicago there are a few who rank Mozart, Beethoven and Brahms slightly above Our Lord Calvin Coolidge. Even in South Boston, Massachusetts, you will hear talk of Yeats, of Thackeray, of Shakespeare. Even in Richmond disgruntled folk deny that Hoover is greater than Caesar, and read the *Dial*, or speak now and then of Gaugin, or Osler, or Huxley. But not in Utah. There people

talk only of the Prophet, hogs and Fords.

Even the ancient color of the State is gone. Mormon and Gentile dwell together in amity and Rotary. The State, at this moment, is whooping up the fellowship, with its fingers crossed. The Gentile merchant hires Mormon clerks. The Gentile Chamber of Commerce rebukes an alien congressman who has sneered at the Mormons. The Gentile churches, once the foci of righteous hatred, turn their eyes on the Asiatic field. The Gentile booksellers refuse to sell a book that laughs at the Church. The Salt Lake *Tribune*, once the archfiend of Mormon persecution, is now the guardian angel of the followers of the Prophet. The Mormon legislature repeals the Mormon anti-cigarette law, at the direction of a Mormon governor. The Mormon merchant hires Gentile clerks. The uncouth Temple union-suits give way to officially sanctioned lingerie with lace and ribbons. "We are a peculiar people," long Zion's boast, becomes the plaintive "We are no different from other people." Yearning for fellowship, the present-day apostles boast that rabbis, Catholics and even Methodists have preached in the Tabernacle and are always welcome. The president of the Agricultural College, interviewing the notables he has subsidized to lecture at his Summer School, magnificently informs them that the Church will not interfere with their freedom of expression—a naïveté, by the way, without parallel in the history of American colleges. And at the University of Utah, Heber J. Grant, Prophet, Seer and Revelator, anointed to interview God and convey His will to all mankind, introduces Eddie Guest to a rapt student body, explaining that he has Mr. Guest's complete works in limp leather, and that Mr. Guest is undoubtedly the greatest poet of all time, greater even than Eliza Snow, a widow of the Prophet!

How do people live in Utah? They join the business-men's calisthenics class at the gymnasium. Or they buy Fords on the five-dollar-a-week basis. Or they yawn. Or they die.

THE LADY WITH THE HATCHET

BY JAMES L. DWYER

IN 1800 Kentucky was in the throes of a great revival. The mountaineers, exhibiting the effects of frontier cookery on the dour temperament inherited from their Scotch and North-Irish ancestors, were ripe for the army of wandering evangelists who took the State by storm, exorcising demons, and spreading terror. No monument at Gasper River marks the spot, but here, during the upheaval, for the first time in America a whole countryside met to worship God with yells, writhings and convulsions. Thus was born a highly characteristic American institution—the camp-meeting.

Forty-six years later the same great State and the same Scotch-Irish primates produced a second cosmic phenomenon in Carrie Nation, corn-fed Joan of Arc and Mother of Prohibition. It has been said of her that she was insane. She probably was. But there is a difference in the Republic between being merely crazy and being crazy on the subject of religion, the difference, to wit, between confinement in a psychopathic ward and freedom to harangue the multitude. So Carrie was allowed to run at large—a fact of immense historical importance, since even the briefest examination of the effects of her crusade offers proof positive that the cause of Prohibition owes as much to her as to any other agent of God, male or female, clerical or lay.

Her father was George Moore, a moderately well off slave-owner and zealous Campbellite. The Moores were frequently on the move—the Civil War found them in Missouri and later in Texas, whence they returned to Kentucky. Carrie's girlhood, described in her autobiography, was

unhappy: "My parents regarded me as hard headed." When she was ten the twig was definitely bent toward a holy life by two important religious experiences. Like so many other moral crusaders she once knew evil ways, and as a child, it seems, she lied to escape punishment, and stole food from the pantry and ribbons for her dolls. Fortunately, a little book was given to her, telling how a child who began with such small sins would inevitably end on the gallows. At once, she was overcome with shame and remorse, and from that day on she never sinned again. Her "conversion"—a necessary Campbellite rite—soon followed. She was taken to an icy stream and totally immersed, and "the little Carrie who walked into that water was different from the one who walked out."

As a maiden she was lofty of soul and pure of heart. Although not averse to the attentions of young men she permitted no nonsense.

I see young ladies and gentlemen who entertain each other with their silly jokes and gigglings that are disgusting. When I had company I always directed the conversation so that my friend would teach me something, or I would teach him. I would read the poets, and Scott's writings, and history, . . . mythology and the Bible. . . . I would go to country dances. . . . But my native modesty prevented me from ever dancing a round dance with a gentleman. I cannot think this hugging match compatible with a true woman.

How, then, came such a violet to give herself to a man, even in marriage? It happened this way. In 1865 Charles Gloyd, a young physician of some education and refinement, was boarding with the Moores. In a rash moment the young doctor caught the daughter of the house unaware and

kissed her. This sealed his doom, for the horrified virgin at once threw up her hands to her face, repeating over and over, "I am ruined!" Obviously, there were not many courses left open to Dr. Gloyd. He did the honorable thing, however, and—ruined himself.

The match turned out badly from the start. Says Carrie of her love: "When Dr. Gloyd came up to marry me I noticed with pain that his countenance was changed. . . . I did not find Dr. Gloyd the lover I expected. He was kind, but seemed to want to be away from me; he used to sit and read, when I was so hungry for his caresses and love." Eventually, Gloyd took to drinking heavily and to spending most of his time at his Masonic lodge. To a woman like the then Mrs. Gloyd the secrecy which Freemasonry imposed on her husband was torture. "Thus," she said, "is confidence destroyed in the sacred precincts of the home." One can imagine the curtain lectures and the supper-table philippics which the doctor had to suffer. His nights at home, therefore, became less and less frequent, and he sank deeper into Rum and Masonry. At last, a few weeks after the birth of her daughter Charlien, Carrie abandoned him to the devil. Gloyd, by this time a hopeless alcoholic, died within six months, and the widow went to the home of her parents, nursing an intense and growing hatred of drink and secret orders.

Soon Carrie again left home to live with Gloyd's widowed mother. For four years she supported Charlien and the elder Mrs. Gloyd by teaching, until some original ideas on pronunciation got her into trouble with the school board. Her position gone, she resolved to marry again and prayed to God for a husband. The answer to her prayers was David Nation, aged fifty, a preacher, lawyer, and Union veteran. But here again there was a hitch. Carrie's severely Christian life and over-zealous churchly interests were offensive even to her minister husband. At one period it was her pleasure to sit in a front pew while

he addressed his flock and to pass audible judgment on his efforts. When she felt he had said enough she would remark, "That will be about all for today, David!" So in 1901 Brother David divorced her, charging cruelty and desertion, after living with her twenty-four years.

Shortly after their marriage the Nations bought a cotton plantation in the San Bernard river region, Texas. This proved disastrous. They were soon in want, the Rev. Mr. Nation was forced to resume his law practice, and Carrie took charge of a small hotel in Columbia. In the meantime there was Charlien to worry over, then about twelve.

This, my only child, was peculiar, . . . the result of a drunken father and a distracted mother. . . . She seemed to have taken a positive dislike for Christianity. . . . I used to pray to God to save her soul at any cost. I often prayed for bodily affliction on her, if that was what would make her love and serve God. Anything for her eternal salvation.

The bodily affliction arrived. Charlien became stricken with an erosive disease, severe and lingering, which kept her in hospitals for many months. Carrie, however, attributed this to the parentage of Gloyd and not to the power of prayer.

II

Soon after, the Nations moved to Richmond, Texas, where in 1884 Carrie received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. At a Methodist Conference she began to feel very strange. A halo appeared above the minister, ecstasy possessed her, an angel seemed to be speaking and the church and all in it ascending to heaven. When it was over she inquired if others had felt anything extraordinary. None had, so she concluded that this was a visitation of the Holy Spirit on herself alone, and announced to all present that she was consecrated. Visions, warnings, and miracles followed. One night a heavenly presence filled her room; next day when a fire threatened her hotel she allowed nothing to be carried out, confident that the vision was a guar-

antee of protection. During a drought she successfully prayed for rain. She walked with God. But she did not walk with the church authorities—both Methodists and Episcopalian dropped her as a Sunday-school teacher for insisting on unorthodox instruction. Whereupon she started a class of her own, gathering about thirty children who did not belong to the "regular" churches. Sometimes she held session in a graveyard. "I wished by this to impress the little ones with the purpose of the Gospel."

The year 1892 brought the Nations to Medicine Lodge, a Kansas short grass town and the home of Sockless Jerry Simpson. Greater fame awaited it, for here Carrie's mission took definite form, and here she received the Call that was to put her on the front page of every newspaper in the land. It was several years before the Call came. Indeed, her beginnings in Medicine Lodge were most inauspicious. Her testimony concerning the Holy Ghost failed to impress her fellow Campbellites, and even elicited the pastor's opinion that she was not sound in the faith. Matters were not helped when she found this same pastor idling in front of a questionable drug store and rebuked him for "sitting in the seat of the scornful." Finally, her constant rows and bickerings in church got her cast out as a "stumbling-block and disturber of the peace." That is, they told her she was cast out, but she continued to occupy her pew.

Before long she was appointed Jail Evangelist in a newly organized branch of the W. C. T. U., her duty being to annoy the inmates of the neighboring bastilles. This was congenial, but the more important aims of the society soon claimed her full attention. Kansas, of course, had gone legally dry by virtue of the heavy farmer vote. This, inevitably, meant two things: the saloons paid a nominal monthly fine in lieu of a license fee, and the drug stores began to do an enormous prescription business.

Everybody was happy—but Carrie. She saw that the Demon Rum, though like her-

self officially cast out, still occupied his pew, and she resolved to oust him once and for all. Novel plans occurred to her. She dug up an old hand organ and serenaded the various dives, choosing W. C. T. U. battle songs not calculated to fill her listeners with cheer. Since she was now a town character little heed was paid to her, least of all by the town drunkards. More heroic measures were needed, so, keying herself up, she entered a saloon for the first time in her life. The proprietor, Matt Strong, seized her by the shoulders and cried, "Get out of here, you crazy woman!" But Carrie, with the fire of God leaping within her, brushed him aside and lifted up her voice in lusty song:

Who hath sorrow? Who hath woe?
They who dare not answer no;
They whose feet to sin incline
While they tarry at the wine.

Chorus:

They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They who tarry at the wine cup,
They have sorrow, they have woe.

There were four more verses. As the last died away Jim Gano, the constable, uttered a wistful desire—a desire that within three years was to be echoed and re-echoed by police, magistrates, and office-holders throughout the republic. "I wish," he said, "I could take you off the streets."

Emboldened, Carrie invaded other joints; other women, inflamed by her railings and infected with her savage zeal, followed her. The lawbreakers grew uneasy. In Henry Durst's place she threw herself on her knees, prayed long and hysterically, and informed Durst that he was going to hell. Most amusing was her adventure in Hank O'Bryan's dive:

I smelled the horrid drink and went in. A man by the name of Grogan was there, half drunk, and I said: "You have a dive here. . . . Let me see what you have in the back room." He took me to a very small room with a table covered with empty bottles, and in one corner sat a man, Mr. Smith. Grogan introduced me and he, Mr. Smith, looked terrified and astonished. I took one of the bottles and asked what it had contained. He replied: "Hop tea." I asked: "What name is that

on the label?" It was Anheuser-Busch, but I could get neither of them to pronounce it. I told them it was beer and I could take an oath it was. Grogan threw up his hands, saying, "Now, Mother Nation, if you get me into trouble I will do something desperate." When I said I would not tell on them the look of gladness on their faces was pitiful to see. I said: "I am going to pray God to have mercy on you. Kneel down. Like two obedient little children, they knelt. Some may laugh at this but I was deeply affected.

Her crusade in Medicine Lodge ended when, at the head of her train, she entered the drug store of O. L. Day and overturned a whiskey keg with loud hosannas and resounding hymns.

She had been successful. Those "jointists" who had not already sought other towns were in a state of fear. Well they might have been, for the opposition of small-town churchwomen, organized and led by a Christian Amazon, is truly formidable. But as yet Carrie had done no smashing, having confined herself to verbal abuse and noisy prayer. When, however, the outside world beckoned her she decided that more ruthless tactics were needed.

III

The Call came in June, 1900, in the form of various supernatural signs. For a long time she seemed to be hanging by a rope over a bottomless chasm; then she was swung to solid ground. God stood behind her for three days, and at length a soft, musical voice urged her: "Go to Kiowa. I'll stand by you." Kiowa, near the Oklahoma border and about twenty miles from Medicine Lodge, was then slightly smaller than the latter town but bore a reputation for its quota of thriving saloons. Before starting for this godless center Carrie loaded her buggy with paper parcels. Inside each parcel was a good-sized rock. Leaving Medicine Lodge, she saw "in the middle of the road a dozen or so creatures in the forms of men. Their faces were those of demons, and the gestures of their hands as if they would tear me up." She invoked heaven, and the demons scampered off across the Kansan fields. The rest of the

trip was without incident. She arrived in Kiowa after dark and spent the night chatting with the Lord.

In the morning, laden with her packages, she entered the nearest saloon. Pronouncing doom on the place and warning the customers to stand back, she let fly. In this way she wrecked three saloons; not a hand was raised to stop her. While in the first dive she had a vision of McKinley toppling from his chair—this meant the fall of the Republican party, the "tool of the liquor interests." Her smashing done, she made an appropriate speech from a street corner. The mayor interrupted with a request that she pay for the damage, to which she replied with threats of fire and brimstone. He decided to let her go. So, mounting her buggy, she delivered this somewhat incongruous benediction to the crowd in parting: "Peace on earth and good will to men."

Probably her sex, as well as the Holy Ghost, saved her from leaving town astride a rail, clad in tar and feathers. As it was, she did not go scot free. The saloon-keepers dared not prosecute, but their friend Griffin, the county attorney, sued her for slander; she had accused him of not only allowing dives to exist, but of patronizing them. While her accusations were indeed defamatory they were evidently not unfounded, for the jury awarded Griffin one dollar. The costs, however, came to two hundred dollars, and a judgment was secured. When later, she came to pay this it was but a fraction of her week's salary.

Six months elapsed before Carrie's second expedition. Meanwhile she enjoyed her usual visions, chief among which was one of the Saviour and herself standing in a blaze of glory, and she kept on disrupting divine service by marching up and down the church aisles, clapping her hands, and shouting: "Hallelujah!" and "Praise the Lord!" Mrs. Hutchinson, State president of the W. C. T. U.—and, incidentally, wife of a political appointee— withheld official sanction, but the local sisters gloated over her. Her readiness to achieve martyrdom

was proved with the aid of several bottles of Budweiser procured from a "sneaking, degenerate druggist."

One of the bottles I took to a W. C. T. U. meeting and in the presence of the ladies I drank the contents. Then I had two of them take me down to a doctor's office. I fell limp on the sofa and said: "Doctor, what is the matter with me?" He looked at my eyes, felt my heart and pulse, shook his head and looked grave. I said: "Am I poisoned?" "Yes," said the doctor. I resorted to this to show the effect that beer has on the system.

In December, 1900, she again felt the urge to destroy—inspired, perhaps, by the emotional stimulus of Christmas. This time she selected Wichita. Arriving there at night she entered the Carey Hotel bar, the "swell" saloon of the town; the usual painting of a nude woman caught her eye and she informed the bartender that this was an insult to his mother. She ranted on for a while and, since she was unarmed, left without violence. In the morning she gathered several rocks—and the trusty iron rod she now carried under her cape when chasing the devil. "I had found out I could use a rock but once." In the Carey saloon she stoned the painting and swept the glassware off the bar. This earned her several weeks in jail, which, however, did not dampen her spirit in the slightest. On her release she immediately smashed two other saloons in company with sisters Wilhoite, Muntz, and Evans—on this occasion she first used a hatchet, which thereafter became her symbol and trademark. Locked up, the four held a continual revival meeting, which may or may not have been the reason for Carrie's speedy release on a writ of *habeas corpus*. Going directly to Enterprise, she broke up the place of one Stilings, for which she was horsewhipped and scratched by the proprietor's wife and lady friends. The town marshal escorted her to the railroad station through a gauntlet of rotten eggs.

Next on her list was Topeka, where she was jailed three times. She was now a national figure—the "Hatchet Woman of Kansas." Everywhere the press gave her prominence and eagerly awaited her next

outburst. In her cell she edited a journal, the *Smasher's Mail*. Offers from lecture agencies and lyceum bureaux poured in, "one as high as \$800 a week, a palace car and a maid." These she at first refused, having a horror of anything that savored of the stage. But later, convinced of the wide missionary field that lay before her, she yielded to the promise of James Furlong, former manager of Patti, that he would pay the fines necessary to secure her release if she would come under his wing. Her success was immediate and enormous; within a few years she became rich.

IV

The reaction of the public was characteristic. Hitherto there had been feeble attempts by her victims to have her adjudged insane. These now ceased. Many citizens felt she was "in it for what she got out of it," others advised that she be put in jail and kept there, and judges frequently accused her of advertising herself through the courts. But the overwhelming proof of her sanity was her earning power. Insane people do not make several hundreds a week, reasoned the Americano: "She's no fool." Here it can be said for Carrie that the frequent cries of commercialism that pursued her were ungrounded. Her messianic obsession and the actual use she made of her money seem to answer all such charges. She gave liberally to various moral causes: in Kansas City, Kansas, she endowed a Home for Drunkards' Wives (which closed for lack of these rum widows); and any panhandler wise enough to pose as a repentant sinner was generously rewarded by her. Though a born show-woman she had little business sense; more than once she was mulcted of large sums by bogus temperance workers. When she accepted bookings in burlesque theatres and drinking halls she likened herself to Christ among the publicans. If she were well paid for carrying the Word to these sinners, it was but further proof of God's favor. There is no doubt that like many

another nuisance she was sincere—completely, hopelessly sincere.

Moreover, a fair estimate must allow her other qualities less dubious than sincerity. There were limits to her narrowness. A Southerner, she was without the Southern rancor toward the Negro. She had high regard for the Jews, and except for Christian Science, which she dubbed witchcraft, she was tolerant of other creeds. And though she would have elected a Kaffir President on a Prohibition ticket, this same zeal for her cause led her to discover much sham and corruption in politics and to form shrewd judgments thereon. The disparity between the public utterances and private views of Great Men did not escape her, nor did the loftiness of office dazzle her. "Government," she said, "like dead fish, stinks worse at the head." Roosevelt she denounced as blood-thirsty, reckless and extravagant. Of the late minister plenipotentiary from heaven and lineal descendant of Adam and Eve she asserted: "Bryan was for Bryan and what Bryan could get for Bryan." Indeed, her blasphemous assaults aroused something like popular fury against her when she undertook a too ardent defense of Csolgosz, McKinley's assassin. In Rochester, N. Y., at the time, a delicious irony of circumstance forced her to hide in a saloon from a large and dangerous mob.

Contrary to the general impression, Carrie smashed but one legally operated saloon. The exception was a Texas grog-gery named in her honor; this was too much for her. Her convictions outside Kansas, about thirty in all, resulted from disturbing the peace, drawing a crowd, and like charges. A well advertised tornado, she swept from Coney Island to San Francisco, from Texas to the Maritime Provinces. She harangued train and steamship passengers, Baptist congregations, girls in segregated districts, a few drunks gathered about a bar.

A saloon-keeper in Kentucky pursued and belabored her with a chair, another in Maine knocked her head against a stone

pillar; admirers in her home State gave her a medal inscribed: "To the Bravest Woman in Kansas." In Washington she burst into the Senate chamber and shouted: "Treason, anarchy and conspiracy! Discuss these!" Seated in a Pittsburgh street car she espied a man wearing a Masonic pin and remarked to the car in general: "That man . . . belongs to an order who swear to have their tongues cut out, their throats ripped across, their hearts torn out and given to the beasts, their bowels taken out and burned to ashes. Such oaths originate in hell."

In Sacramento she visited the California legislature in joint session and in a loud voice revealed the members' caches of liquor. "In the bill-filing room . . . liquors are kept, also in the sergeant-at-arms' room; in room 56 is a safe where bottles of beer and whiskey are kept . . ." and so on. The law-makers received this like a "lot of bad boys caught stealing watermelons," and the session was adjourned. She swooped down on colleges, to the delight of undergraduates and the consternation of deans. She found that the Yale students were being ruined body and soul by the alcoholic sauces served with their food, or so they told her, and at Harvard she saw professors brazenly smoking cigarettes.

One day she entered a New York bar where the famous John L. Sullivan was tarrying at the wine cup. A clash of Titans? No. The Boston Strong Boy, terror of the ring and tyrant of the grog-shop, discreetly withdrew into a back room, there to sit quietly until the coast was clear. His wisdom is attested by a description in *Current Literature* for April, 1901:

Mrs. Nation is quite fierce when aroused. Her face . . . becomes distorted with wrath, and she is not pleasant to look upon or to deal with. . . . She . . . can talk your arm off if you will let her. . . . When she sets out to get contributions she cannot be shaken off. . . . She is nearly six feet tall, weighs about 175 pounds, has iron-gray hair, small and very black eyes and a strong arm.

Other celebrities were less fortunate than Sullivan. Once successful in bearding a politician in his office or home she was not easily got rid of. If the prominent one,

thus cornered, had any sense he would call the police wagon without further delay; if not, he would call it some minutes later and pray to God it had a fast horse.

Hostile audiences never fazed her. When heckling became serious she would simply lean over the platform and talk to those immediately about her in a low, earnest voice; the hecklers, realizing they were wasting breath, would usually subside. Sometimes this device would not work—in a cheap burlesque theatre she was apt to be drowned out. On such occasions she would denounce the crowd as hell hounds and sots and stalk off. A forceful speaker, her imagery was vivid and her rhetoric vigorously effective, with a King James flavor decidedly heartier than the sanctimonious billingsgate of the average evangelical baboon. She enjoyed the most vehement and tireless tongue a woman ever had, and her invective would have paralyzed a fishwife. A smartly dressed woman was a "manikin on which to hang the filthy rags of fashion," clubmen were "diamond-studded, gold-fobbed rummies whose bodies are reeking masses of corruption," judges were addressed as "your disonor," a policeman who bundled her into the "hoodlum wagon" was denounced as a "beer-soaked, whiskey-swilled, saturn-faced man," and in one jail she saluted the warden and his wife as "Ahab and Jezebel."

A report of her interview with Gov. Stanley of Kansas appeared in the *New York Times*:

"Do you think my method is right?" she asked.

"No, I do not," the governor replied.

"Well, governor, have you a better one?"

"No, I don't think I have," he finally replied.

"What can I do? I am powerless. . . ."

"If necessary, call out the militia," was Mrs. Nation's prompt reply. As she proceeded she became more vehement and . . . pointing her finger at him, called him lawbreaker and perjurer without the least show of fear. He tried to make reply, but she gave him no chance, the words of invective proceeding from her in a rush that would not be stemmed. Finally Gov. Stanley volunteered: "You get the prosecuting attorneys of the different counties to put the joint-keepers in jail, and I will use my power as governor to keep them there." This . . . transformed Mrs. Nation. She fairly beamed with joy.

Carrie's influence was felt far beyond Kansas. As a matter of sober record, it extended all over this great Christian Republic; that New York and other large cities ridiculed her in no way alters the fact. The city dweller enjoys many a good laugh at his country cousin, but while he is thus merrily employed the countryman is busy stuffing the statute books with anti-cigarette laws, prohibition laws, and other such lunacies. Carrie, it is true, fell flat in the cities, but in the cow States, where superannuated socks are used to cure abscesses, and where the late William Jennings is believed to be promenading the streets of Paradise with St. Paul—in these wide regions her work produced tangible results. Following her raids in Topeka the *Review of Reviews* stated: "The people of Kansas have had time to consider Mrs. Nation's position carefully and tens of thousands are indorsing it." The Rochester *Democrat* (N. Y.) observed: "She is unquestionably a stirrer-up of dry bones." According to the *Springfield Republican*: "Kansas lawyers there are who support her . . . and say she cannot be punished. . . . She is a distinct moral force. . . ." And at her death, ten years later, the *New York Evening Post* commented thus: "Since she appeared on the scene a Prohibition wave has swept through the Southern and Western States, and the anti-saloon movement has gained thousands of voters, with the result that scores of new excise laws have appeared." These quotations are typical.

V

Messiahs are wont to take a great deal on their shoulders. Carrie's burden, by the will of God, was the United States. This she divined by a mystical interpretation of her name, based on an early misspelling of her father's to which she later adhered; it is at once ingenious and awful.

I do not belong to the "can't" family. When I was born my father wrote my name Carry Amelia Moore, then later it was Nation, which is more still. C. A. N. are the initials of my name, then

C. (see!) A. Nation! And altogether, Carry A. Nation! This is no accident, but providence.

The job of carrying a nation was somewhat ramified, embracing such evils as smoking, "lodgism," and feminine immodesty in dress. "I have the right," she said, "to take cigars and cigarettes from men's mouths, and they ought not to be allowed to injure themselves." She inspired Lucy Page Gaston, pythoness of the Anti-Cigarette League, to write to Roosevelt inquiring if it were true, as reported, that he was guilty of the vice; and these two old busybodies received a solemn assurance from a secretary that, really, the president had never smoked a cigarette in his life. Masonry she fought by publishing one of the numerous "exposés" of that order; and in the matter of women's dress she contented herself with lecturing bedizened victims encountered on the street. One other concern of hers was the purity of little boys. How many little boys were accustomed to read the *Hatchet*, a monthly edited by her in 1906, is not known, but they had other habits of which she did not approve and against which she issued a sinister editorial, of such nature that the postal authorities suppressed the July number and summoned her to Washington. Her dealings with the young were characteristically severe, as revealed by her encounter one Summer night in Kansas:

As I was going down to a neighbor's one dark night I heard low voices of parties sitting by the roadside. I got a lantern. I found them to be those of a young man of Medicine Lodge and a young girl visiting there. I warned them, telling the young boy to act toward the girl as he would toward his sister. I told the girl that ruin would be her fate; and she hid her face, and soon both of them ran down the alley.

A far more powerful weapon than her hatchet, or even her tongue, was publicity. To read about Carrie Nation was to read about the bar-room, a form of continual advertising that could not have been otherwise than harmful to the latter. Although the country was not then ready for Volstead, nobody had a good word for the

saloon, for which, consequently, any publicity was adverse publicity. The saloon-keeper was a pariah who thrived in the shade; the brewers and distillers let him fight his own battles, in the main, smugly confident that more genteel vendors of their wares would replace him were he driven from the street corners. Few dreamed that when he finally walked the plank the whole business would be dumped overboard with him—that the cry, "The saloon must go!" was but the thin end of the wedge whose broad base is the Eighteenth Amendment. This wedge is now driven home, and to Carrie Nation belongs much of the credit for inserting it where it was most effective—the South and Middle-West. She forced Kansas to pretend to live up to its pretensions, thereby making it a model for other theocratically ambitious States, and in general focussed public attention on the liquor traffic to a greater extent than a whole host of temperance workers before her had been able to achieve.

Early in 1911 she entered a sanatorium in Leavenworth, where she died of paresis the following June. Her death, unattended by relatives or friends, was strangely peaceful. Told the end was near, she smiled; and when, some days before, she had observed a doctor smoking, she merely remarked, "I have done what I could to eradicate the evil." She had expressed the wish that the words, "She hath done what she could" be inscribed on her tombstone.

Others might provide her with different epitaphs. A psycho-analyst, no doubt, after tearing her to pieces would find her crammed with all sorts of psychoses and neuroses; certainly, some of her anti-social activities are obvious indications, while others are immensely suggestive. Such a post mortem is not for the layman, but one may be permitted the gloomy observation that Carrie was a lifelong inebriate. Her ungovernable lust for righteousness led her to deplorable excesses; the murderous broth distilled by theological moonshiners in the backwoods maddened her brain; she never knew when to stop.

A MENDELIAN DOMINANT

BY SARA HAARDT

LILY KENDRICK had decided, after much deliberation, to adopt a baby about whose parents she knew nothing. "It is just as well," she called to Walter Kendrick through the butler's pantry as she warmed his late supper. "What you don't know doesn't hurt you, and there isn't too much good that you can hear about even the best of such people." It was Lily's opinion, too, that environment, or home atmosphere, as she called it, was the really important factor in the rearing of a child.

Walter assented, "Uh-huh," but he was hoping that Lily would get over the notion. Lily was like a child herself when you came down to it. She was petulant and flighty, a miserable little whiner, weepy or giggly-glad as the mood struck her—either up in the air or down in the dumps, with nothing to sustain her but a wilful disposition to achieve her own wishes. What would she do with a baby after she got it? Why, she didn't know the first thing about 'em!

Lily put the ketchup where Walter could reach it and subsided into a chair across the table, resting her dimpled elbows on the edge of the linen center-piece. "Nell Bandy was telling me that she saw a darling baby at the Refuge Home yesterday. A little boy."

Walter Kendrick sighed dubiously: "Well, now, I wouldn't be in too big a hurry. Plenty of time. I thought maybe you'd given up the idea after talking with Mother Baker." Lily's mother had declared emphatically that she didn't believe in a young couple saddling themselves with the responsibility of somebody else's

progeny. Decent people didn't put their children out for adoption. At any rate, she was getting too old to want to share in the care of foster grandchildren.

"Mama was just talking," Lily said wisely. "She would be as crazy about it as anybody else, once we adopted it."

Walter smiled patiently. He and old Mrs. Baker had been through a siege with Lily's adoptions: the woebegone puppies and kittens that had strayed into the neighborhood; the gold fish that died, bloated and discolored from overfeeding; the canary that had to be chloroformed because it developed pneumonia when Lily forgot to bring it in off the porch.

"Your mother was thinking of the practical side of it," Walter said, after a pause, "the responsibility of it." He had a soft, purring voice for a man. "Responsibility," "coöperation," "reliability," and "mobilization" were favorite words of his; he fell back on them to give his speeches the proper punch whenever it came his turn to do his bit for the Civitans.

Eight years ago he had talked to Lily about the responsibilities of married life and how inspiring they were to a man who wanted to get ahead in the world, put it over the next fellow. "A man has to have responsibilities—home ties—to make him want to do," he had argued impressively. "You take a fellow who's got a pretty little wife at home to look out for, he's goin' to rake in the iron men or know the reason why!"

Lily was the type of girl who could wind a simple-minded fellow like Walter Kendrick around her little finger. She was small and delicately molded, blonde, with

round startled eyes and a baby mouth. She had a soft, appealing manner and was easily shocked and frightened. A man felt her dependence upon him, her charming helplessness, and yet a certain tigerish, feminine quality that alternately tempted him into blustering and begging her graces.

Their marriage had been as convenient as it was congenial. Lily was not a model housekeeper, but she kept her servants busy, was an admirable hostess, and lost none of her prettiness, if she did grow a trifle plump. She was wary and yet not too curious about her husband's affairs: he could leave town on a hunting or a business trip and not feel as if he had to give an account of himself when he returned.

Lily, in truth, did not seem to care what he did as long as she could afford to do and have the things she wanted. He was away a good deal—his business took him out of town—and it rather piqued him to think that she regarded him so naively, or, as he put it, as such a safe bet. But he often bragged of her as a woman who didn't look for trouble, a pip of a wife, a crackerjack little housekeeper.

He knew, in fact, that he was as comfortably married to her as he could have been to any woman. She had her faults, of course. She *did* keep his nose to the old grindstone. But it was better for a man on the road to be safely married. He was bound to have his little episodes and there was no readier excuse for ending them than that he was hooked already. He loved Lily in his way, and he didn't see how his adventures on the road could have anything to do with his affection for her.

Come to think of it, it might be a pretty good idea for her to adopt a baby. She was getting too settled to want to play around with the young married folks, affairs about the house were beginning to bore her, and she probably had more time on her hands than was good for her. A baby would keep her occupied, as old Mrs. Baker had said—she would have something to worry about then!

"It might be nice to have a little responsibility once in a while," Lily was saying pettishly, "and just think what a pleasure it will be to us when it grows older!" Lily had often painted the horrors of a lonely old age, but as a rule it had been on the pretext of accompanying old Mrs. Baker to the Springs. Now, it seemed, people without children almost deserved a lonely old age.

"I guess that's more truth than poetry," Walter agreed lugubriously, "and as long as I'm on the road a baby might be a lot of company for you."

"I wouldn't want a terribly young one," Lily interposed brightly. "They're not cute until they begin to notice things. One past the teething age, anyway—"

"What would you say to one five or six months old? A healthy, red-blooded Anglo-Saxon?"

"Why?" asked Lily suspiciously. She had intended to go through the formality of consulting Walter, especially about the legal part of it, but she wanted the pleasure of selecting the baby herself. What did Walter know about babies, anyway?

"Well, I've been thinkin', Lily, you wouldn't want to take up with any and every baby. Blood will tell. I'd hate for you to have the experience that Myrtle Blanton had. Poor girl!"

Myrtle Blanton, one of Lily's best friends, had adopted a baby out of a New Orleans orphanage—an adorable brown-eyed boy, a healthy child, with the dearest, friendliest smile. The Blantons had had him about a year and were devoted to him, wrapped up in the brilliant future they were planning for him, when old Dr. Merrill saw him on the street one day and rode straight around to George Blanton's office. "Look here, George," he burst out, "where did you get that baby? Well, no matter, you'd better take him back—and damn quick! My God! Can't you see it's a nigger?"

Myrtle was broken-hearted. She took the baby back herself and stayed in New Orleans until she found a well-to-do Creole

family to adopt it. But she hadn't found any other baby half as sweet, and she didn't love the little girl that she brought back with her nearly as well.

"Oh, I hope not," Lily smiled tremulously. Walter was probably right—of course, he could have only her interests at heart—but he did get on her nerves terribly at times. There wasn't an ounce of romance or daring in his make-up.

"Where did you happen to hear of such a baby?" she asked sharply.

Walter braced himself nervously. "Why—I thought I might run across one in the cotton-mill towns. Columbiana, f' instance. Harrison was telling me just the other day that a lot of his women-hands were turning their children over to the State Welfare Department. They can't take the proper care of them, working like they do. What d'ye say? They're strong and healthy—and good stock. Purest Anglo-Saxon strain in the country."

Lily was silent. She had heard Walter outline a rambling talk once that he had delivered at the monthly luncheon of the Traveling Men's Association in which he had said that the mill hands were mostly girls and a loose lot. They were wilful, abusive, "as soon cuss you out as not."

"I want a boy," Lily said moodily. "They don't need as much attention and don't grow up with the notion of marrying and having a home of their own."

"I'll see Bob Harrison on Monday," answered Walter chirpily, "and ask him if he can't fix us up."

II

Columbiana was a mill town of some thirty thousand and Walter Kendrick made it several times a month during his travels over the State. It was a lively town for its size. The Phoenix Hotel was as up-to-date as any hotel on the seaboard, three railroads maintained offices on the principal business street, and a paternal form of local option reduced the evils of government to as few as possible. The commissioners boasted a well-policed red-light district, drinking

fountains in the schools, meat and milk inspection in accordance with the Pure Food Laws, and a factory district with few rivals in the State for cleanliness, proper housing, and amusement centers for the workers.

There was an electric park skirting the railroad yards and the city dump called Riverview, a miniature Coney Island with skating rinks, a roller coaster, a midway and Ferris wheel, where the factory hands spent their Wednesday and Saturday nights—special feature nights—and where the residents of the big houses on Lafayette avenue often turned in for an evening's escape from bridge or the more recently acquired mah jong. Walter had been in the habit of renting a car from the Drive-It-Yourself stand and riding out with a few loafers from the Phoenix lobby. He did not dance, but he enjoyed the revels of the midway, the near-beer stand that flourished outwardly as a wiener roast, and the Human Laundry, where for a dime one could extricate a vociferous but pretty factory girl from the washing machine.

He had picked up Melissa Hardwick there one Saturday night, laughing uproariously and yet not too flagrantly, while he fitted the heel on her patent-leather slipper and she threatened in a brassy voice to "give that cheap ticket sharper all he was lookin' for," and "make the management smoke" for letting her in for such a drubbing. M'liss, as she later proclaimed herself, was a typical girl of the mills, strong, superbly built, pretty in a rustic, healthy manner, sharp-tongued and sulky—a quality that enhanced her rare smile with a beguiling friendliness. Walter took to her at once. He bought her a strawberry pop and a jockey whip with a celluloid handle, and rode on the Ferris wheel with her.

Walter fell in the habit of meeting her at the park whenever he could arrange to come in town. She was wary, a little offish with him at first, but eventually he won her over. He was not handsome, but he dressed well and he prided himself on being an interesting talker. Above everything, he

wasn't afraid to turn loose a nickel once in a while.

M'liss, once he had gained her confidence, proved to be an admirable companion. She had a lively imagination and humor, and she lent an appreciative ear to his heroic lies of smashing business deals and risqué amours. Somewhat fearfully, he confessed to her that he was married and she replied disdainfully that she wouldn't hold that against him. He found her refreshing in her contrast to Lily and the daughters of the respectable families that he had known. She was unrestrained and moody, sophisticated in a first-hand fatalistic manner, and yet curiously naïve and trusting. She confided to him: her contempt for her shiftless parents, "too sorry to live," her longing to be somebody and leave the cotton mill towns.

They met in the park, rode through the narrow dark streets of the factory section, and sat in the smelly drug-store dives in M'liss' neighborhood. When cold weather came on they went to the Palace movie theatre and dance-hall, and home early to the deserted front parlor of M'liss' boarding-house. Walter told himself that he liked her as well—or better—than any girl he had ever gone with. He got so that he looked forward to telling her his adventures on the road, his narrow escapes in the stock market, even his upright and stereotyped conversations with Lily. He brought her gaudy pretentious gifts from larger towns: a rhinestone comb, a fur neckpiece, a box of silk stockings that he had won from a drummer in a poker game, an ivory manicure set marked with her initials. M'liss was thrilled. She told him how dreadfully lonely she was when he was out of town and how she had always dreamed of living in a big city where she could make enough money to buy pretty things and dress like a lady.

Riverview was scheduled to open the first week in May and during his last visit in April, when Walter spoke of returning for the big blow-out, M'liss told him that the baby was coming. In October some

time. Perhaps they had better stick to the rides and the movies for the Summer. Walter was torn with fear and a vague, remorseful self-pity. He saw Lily confronted with the news, heard the loafers in the Phoenix lobby snorting that it was a good one, and the officials of the company whispering that such adventures ought to be kept out of business.

He was far more frightened by M'liss' fatalistic calm than he would have been by another woman's hysterics. She was her usual stolid self save that, if anything, she was more dignified, more like Lily. "I guess you'll have to help out with the doctor bills—tide me over until I can get on my feet again," she said simply. And then, as he struggled, seemed to hesitate, "It's *your* baby. I ain't never been mixed up with anybody before."

He muttered, "Sure thing! I'm going to stick by you, girlie! But we want to keep it on the Q. T. Might be a wise thing for me to stay out of town for a while. Until things blow over."

He would be nervous, though, until the affair was safely over. He gave M'liss fifty dollars "in case anything should happen" and arranged to make Columbiana on a day-train schedule in the near future. Yet, with a comparatively easy get-away, he was despondent, jumpy. Any other man, he told himself, would have shaken the thing off, but he caught it from all sides. At home, where he might have forgotten it, Lily had again started her talk of adopting a baby. He was in a continual stew.

When he visited Columbiana in November M'liss was back at work in the mill and the baby, a healthy boy, was temporarily in the care of an old Negro woman in the Riverview Park section. "You oughter see him," M'liss told him proudly. "He can sit loney and scarcely goin' on two months! Nobody would never know he was any kin to you. He's the dead image of my old man in the face, but he's like me in a lot of his ways. He'll show 'em a thing or two when he gits his growth! But—my Gawd!—he's more

trouble than the law allows. I ain't got no business with a baby—"

By March, with Lily driving him, he summoned the courage to propose that M'liss give up the baby altogether. She flew at him fiercely, scathingly, wept stormily, and finally softened suddenly and wanted to have the arrangements over as quickly as possible.

Walter gave her seven hundred dollars, fitted her out in a new wardrobe, and she departed almost happily for Chicago and the golden West. "I'm goin' to land in California before I'm through," she boasted at their last meeting. "You see if I don't."

The following week Lily came on to Columbiana with him to sign the papers and take the baby home. Walter exhibited him with an ill-concealed pride and importance: "He's a healthy little sucker. Smart as they make 'em. Only six months old! Ever see a youngster with a finer head? No gettin' around it, Lily, blood will tell!"

III

Lily surprised Walter and old Mrs. Baker by assuming full charge of the baby herself. She engaged an old colored mammy, more picturesque than efficient, who boiled his bottles, saw to the washing, and helped Lily with his bath and feedings. The circumstances affecting his adoption were dismissed summarily by Lily in the sending of formal cards, bordered faintly in pink, announcing the arrival of Rex, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Kendrick, on March 22. It was too early to begin worrying about the time when he would be old enough to hear the first legends of his adoption.

Walter expressed the opinion that people would soon have something else to talk about: the fact might even be forgotten in the course of a few years. In any case, there was no need whatever to let it stand in the way of the boy's opportunities, social or otherwise. He planned to give him as good an education as the next one, college, with a year or two abroad if he took to it, a

Summer in the Canadian Rockies or knocking about, so that he would be ready to settle down to real business and stay put by the time he was twenty-five.

Lily agreed that he must be a credit to them, and take up some profession preferably, but now she was more concerned with the problem of "making him mind." "He is not an easy child to manage," she admitted after a scene in which he had emerged triumphant after refusing to take his orange juice. "It looks like he just tries himself!"

"Oh, he has a will of his own, all right," laughed Walter boisterously. "He's always going to make himself heard—no doubt about that!" He had already begun to take sides. The boy was getting along famously with Lily: he knew just how to work her. He was a captain! In another five years he'd lead 'em all a merry chase.

"Well, I can see how much help I can expect from you," Lily said, with an injured air. "I have come to the conclusion that you really think his tantrums are funny!"

He subsided meekly: "Well, no—but you've got to use tact with a child same as with a grown person. You'll never get anywhere ballin' him out for every lil' thing."

He was definitely championing Rex's cause when, at four, Lily decided to send him to the outdoor kindergarten in the hope that his being with other children would tame him down a little. "He's just full of mischief," he had answered. "I never saw a thoroughbred his age who wasn't. Still, it might be a good idea to get him out of doors. He'll put some pep in that bunch of youngsters or I miss my guess!"

It had been Lily's afternoon on—the nurse's off—and she was too weary to put some of her misgivings into words. In the living-room, where she had scattered a deck of cards on the floor for Rex to play with, while she attempted to sew, he had promptly spurned them for the more fascinating contents of her sewing basket.

"Don't bother that, Rex darling. Muvver needs it to sew with."

"I want a fimble."

"No—Rex—put it back before Muvver gets cross with you, Son."

"I don't like old cards. I need a fimble to play wif."

"Rex! Do you want a spanking? Do as Muvver tells you to."

"Why?"

"Because Muvver told you you mustn't. That's a good boy, now; put the thimble back."

"I want to know why—why! Need a fimble to play wif!"

"Rex! Come to me this minute!"

"You make me!"

Afterward Walter tried to talk the thing out with her—"Put a sensible construction upon it"—but it ended with Lily getting into a pout and a sick headache and marching dignifiedly off to bed. She was trying fresh disciplinary methods the next day, attempting to reason with Rex in a conciliatory yet firm manner. Rex listened patiently until she was through, promised glibly to be good, and disarmed her with his penitent, angelic, "I's sor-ry."

Walter had announced his intention of sending him to a public school on the ground that he must learn to be a good mixer and impressed with the fact that he was living in a democracy. Now was the time to begin with him. At six he should begin to grasp the first and only really important fundamentals of his existence. "Give and take"—the democratic "the best man wins" would come home to him when he had to rub up against thirty little ruffians who were just as eager to get ahead as he was.

The Oakdale Grammar School, where Rex was registered, was like a private school, for it was in the suburbs and only children of fairly well-to-do parents lived in the neighborhood. Lily talked with the first-grade teacher the day before school opened and told her about Rex. She was sure—oh, so sure—that they would understand each other beautifully.

Rex came home the second day at recess in tears. He and John Lee Turner had had a tussle for first place in line and just because he had won John Lee had called him a puky orphan in front of the whole class. He had kicked and hit John Lee until his nose had bled and the teacher had sent him to the foot of the line. But he had come home. He didn't care. He wasn't going back.

Lily was panic-stricken. She felt accused, guilty, as if she had suddenly been called to account for an indecent crime. "John Lee is an ugly boy. But you mustn't play so rough, dear. It isn't nice."

"Was I a puky orphan?"

"I wouldn't talk about it, Son. Don't think about it. We'll tell Daddy when he comes home."

Walter was indignant, confounded and inarticulate, and then, as if some barrier had broken, passionately eloquent. The boy had done exactly right! He was proud to back him up, proud to own him. He'd see Turner, have a talk with the principal of the school tomorrow. No, on second thought, he wouldn't. Rex had shown the proper spirit—ignore 'em, ignore 'em entirely. He'd see about getting him in at the Park School, where he wouldn't have to come in contact with such cowardly upstarts. He laughed. "Blooded his nose, eh? Gave him a lickin' proper!"

Lily was relieved to postpone the more important issue, the declaration of his adoption, and let Walter take charge of the situation. She found herself turning to Walter more and more as Rex grew older, really depending on him. Rex seemed devoted to him in a reticent boy fashion. Of course it was natural that they should be congenial. "I'll send him in to you," she said, "I told him that you would talk things over with him."

She went out on the porch and waited. The air was too cool to sit quietly and she got up and walked around the house. The living-room window was lowered from the top and she heard Walter's voice rumbling on in his deepest, most ingrati-

ating tones. . . . "Son of mine . . . proud . . . be a big man" . . . he wound up at last.

A pause and Rex piped out clearly, "I hate school. When I can shoot I'm goin' to go roun' the wurl."

"Well, we'll see," laughed Walter.

IV

Rex was fifteen when old Mrs. Baker died and on the way home from the funeral Lily thought sadly that she had not been as dutiful a daughter as she might have been. Old Mrs. Baker had been a self-sufficient old lady, but there must have been times when she was lonely, weary of the petty routine of her days. Lily, though she shivered at it, was beginning to have a vague fear that old age was inconsolable. Children, no matter how considerate and affectionate, had their obligations to their own children. Old Mrs. Baker had never complained, but she had been jealous of Rex in a sly, vindictive way. She had resented his monopoly of Lily and, still more, Lily's belief that he would repay her for her sacrifices. What about her own sacrifices for Lily? Did she ever remember those?

It had been Rex this and Rex that for the last fifteen years. Lily really hadn't a minute that she could call her own. He had done fairly well at school, he had a good enough mind, but she had had to keep right in behind him to make him study. He was something of a bully, too, scrapped with the younger boys, the teachers, even, when he thought he could, and it was all she could do to keep Walter from getting embroiled with him. Walter was so wrapped up in him he couldn't be trusted to keep a cool head, make decisions for him. And he was unreasonably touchy—resented anybody criticizing or correcting Rex for the least little thing.

When Rex was thirteen he had told him the story—or some story—of his adoption and in consequence of it a happy understanding had grown up between them. Rex had assumed the cocky air that he was as good as anybody, and very recently a stolid

indifference, a surly moodiness that amounted to effrontery in a boy of his age. Walter said that he would outgrow it. Every boy went through the stage of thinking he was the cock of the walk, and a little healthy pride in his stock wouldn't hurt him.

Lily confided some of her doubts to Myrtle Blanton, who was having her troubles with her adopted daughter, Dorothy. People were saying that Myrtle had got more than she had bargained for: Dotty was a wild piece, flip and selfish, with a vixenish temper. She had boys in her head now and was going a rapid pace.

Myrtle declared that the salvation of young people—as well as of their parents—depended on their going off to college. As soon as Dorothy finished high-school she was going to send her away to a school where she would learn to appreciate her opportunities—and her home as well. She had great faith in the new education. She was planning for Dorothy to take up psychology, home economics, Spanish, and perhaps an art course. The catalogues were so full of interesting subjects that it was quite a problem to make a choice. She had neglected her own reading of late years, but maybe with the children out of the way they could start the literary programs of the Twentieth Century Club again.

Lily felt cheered. It would be nice to have the house to herself after so many years, with only Walter to consider, and the evenings free to gad about in as they pleased. She might even find excuse for a little trip: a shopping tour to Atlanta during the opera season or a visit to Walter's sister in Miami, Florida. She smiled happily when people remarked, "Why, it doesn't seem possible that you have a son old enough to go to college!"

After an exciting Summer with the university bulletins, Walter and Rex decided on Georgia Tech, for in Walter's opinion, engineering was going to be the paying profession in the next ten years. Walter was in his element, far more enthusiastic than Rex, pawing catalogues, comparing

entrance requirements, units, quoting the late Walter Camp and Grantland Rice on how they stood in athletics. He had run across several Tech men in his travels and was loud in his praise of them as all-round sports, red-blooded Americans, regular fellows.

Lily hovered in the background, venturing an occasional query, sewing name-tapes on blankets and pajamas, and hemming curtains and pillow slips according to the dimensions in the Y. M. C. A. handbook. Walter had told her to replenish Rex's wardrobe "from the skin out": a boy didn't get ready for college every day.

Rex was dreamily indifferent to most of the preparations. Once he said, "I don't want a lot of stuff for my room. I'll take my old Winchester and hunting knives to hang on the walls."

"But, Rex, do you think you ought to carry a gun to college?"

"Well, I'd like to see anybody try to keep me from it! Just let 'em try it!"

"Of course, dear, it's your room. I wouldn't want to spoil it for you."

At the last he was almost vindictive in his refusal to allow Walter to accompany him and see him through registration. "Say—what would I look like with my papa tagging after me? No, sirree, it just isn't done!"

Walter was disappointed and concealed his hurt with an increased bravado. "Well, old man, I guess you can take care of yourself. Wouldn't doubt it in a million years—"

He called Rex in the living-room the night before he left and slipped two new fifty-dollar bills into his hand. "Might come in handy," he blustered. "Don't want you to feel hard up. Now—about your allowance—" He pulled an account book and a fresh folder of checks out of his vest pocket. "I've put seven hundred to your credit at the Merchants' National. Kind of drawing account, and I expect with a little figurin' it oughter hold you until Christmas. I made these tuition checks payable to you. Round three hundred. You can deposit

them with the cashier when you register."

Rex responded with an appreciative grin—M'liss' old smile!—and mumbled: "Say, now, that's decent of you." It was the nearest he had ever come to a show of affection and both of them stumbled awkwardly out of the room.

Lily did not go to the station the next morning. Rex kissed her dutifully on the cheek and she waved a fluttering goodbye from the porch until the car disappeared around the corner. At noon Walter sighed, "Well, he got off," and, consulting a ragged time-table, "he ought to be pulling in to Atlanta about now." Rex had promised to telegraph him as soon as he arrived. Of course he understood that the boy would be too busy getting settled to write at first.

The telegram arrived while they were still at the dinner table and Walter hurried down to the office to write a long breezy letter full of quips and hearty admonitions and gossipy news. He found time during the week for shorter notes and mailed the last one by special delivery so that Rex would receive it on Sunday. He began to look forward to a letter Monday—Tuesday at the latest. He bought an Atlanta paper and read that classes had already started.

There was nothing in the morning or afternoon deliveries on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—twelve days now. He told Lily at dinner that he would telegraph the college authorities if he hadn't heard by noon Thursday. He got an early start for the office and telephoned her forty minutes afterward to put a few toilet necessities in his small traveling bag. He was leaving for Atlanta on the 10.05: all of his letters to Rex had been returned from the branch postoffice of the college marked "unknown" or "unclaimed." It might be just an oversight, a mix-up in the mails, but he wasn't taking any chances.

Lily met him at the station with his bag and in the few minutes before train time he puffed excitedly, "I called by the bank and got those tuition checks among my cancelled checks. He had cashed them first thing—so it may be all right—"

Lily nodded sympathetically. "We'll hope for the best, anyway. Don't bother to write. I'll drive out to Cook's Station and meet you Sunday night."

On the way across the waiting room she stopped at a telegraph booth and sent a fifty-word message to the Registrar, care of Georgia Tech, Atlanta, Georgia, and left her telephone number with the operator with instructions to call her if an answer arrived before midnight.

She took her sewing in the living-room after supper and waited. Walter's flurried departure had unnerved her a bit and she sat so tense that she jumped foolishly when the bell finally rang. It was only Myrtle Blanton reminding her of the meeting of the Twentieth Century Club the following Wednesday. Myrtle was in high spirits at her unwonted freedom and declared that they must get together some time real soon.

V

Poor Walter! She had never seen him so upset. He had seemed pathetic, really, mopping his brow every few seconds and darting quick glances at her to see if he could read any encouragement in her expression. She had known from the minute that he had told her about the checks that Rex had run away. She had been blind, stupid, not to have suspected it before. She resented his getting away with it so smoothly, her pride was hurt a little, but she was only sorry because of Walter.

She was quite calm when she answered the telephone again at ten-thirty. The message was brief: the Registrar regretted to report that he could find no record of Mr. Rex Kendrick's enrollment in either the School of Engineering or the College of Fine Arts. She sighed a relieved "Thank you" to the operator and went back to her sewing. The sooner Walter returned and had it over now, the better.

She could not see Walter's face clearly in the dusk of the deserted platform of Cook's Station, but his voice sounded low, hurt, troubled. He told her the story jerkily as

she guided the car swiftly back to the State highway, and she was glad that the business of driving kept her face averted from his. Rex, he said unhappily, had only stayed in Atlanta long enough to cash the checks. The college authorities, except for the cashier, could tell nothing about him. The baggage-master at the college transfer remembered re-checking his trunks to New York; the young gentleman had seemed in such a hurry to get off that he had remarked to one of the porters that it must be another case of homesickness and back to old Broadway.

A girl at the quick-lunch counter at the station said she had served a sandwich and a cut of pie to a young man who had tipped her a quarter and bragged about starting on his travels around the world. She had put him down as a great kidder.

Walter gave a short harsh laugh, like a cough, and fumbled for his handkerchief. "He sure burnt his bridges behind him. I started to follow him to New York, but I figured there's no tellin' where he is by this time. Always had the notion to travel—from the time he was a kid. I kinder thought he'd outgrow it, though—"

"It was in his blood," Lily said comfortingly. "You couldn't have done anything about it." She slowed down to a creeping pace as she rounded a curve. "I told the Blantons that we'd play bridge with them Tuesday night."

Walter nodded and patted her arm stealthily. "Right-o! Might do us good to get out a little. Oh, but he'll soon get his fill of it! Knockin' around from pillar to post is not the easiest life in the world—guess I oughter know. He'll turn up some day, hungry as Br'er Wolf, when we least expect him."

Lily drew closer to him for a moment with something like a thrill of sympathy. She hadn't felt that way about Walter for long, long years. Poor Walter, his chesty optimism marred now with an unhappy expectancy. He couldn't know as she knew, oh, so surely, that Rex would never come back.

VALLEY FORGE

BY ISAAC R. PENNYPACKER

SIR GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN, Macaulay's nephew and the British historian of the American Revolution, once wrote that Valley Forge was the most celebrated camp-ground in the world's history. It was the theme in 1878, on the one hundredth anniversary of its evacuation by Washington's army, of one of the few American orations to bring fact and imagination into happy combination. The prose of Henry Armitt Brown succeeded on that day in treating worthily a theme which the poets of America, it is to be gathered from the anthologies, have passed by. In the *omnium gatherum* of poems of places edited by Longfellow there is but one poem about Valley Forge, and that one is by Thomas Buchanan Read. In the edition before me of Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" there is none at all. The orator, in Brown; the architect, in the National Arch by Paul Cret, and the sculptor, in the statue of Anthony Wayne, have all done better by Valley Forge than the poet.

Across three Pennsylvania counties from the old camp-ground lies the battle-field of Gettysburg. Valley Forge is a State park; Gettysburg is a national park. In acquiring and caring for the former, an area of 1,428 acres, Pennsylvania has so far appropriated \$1,998,150. Toward the Gettysburg park of forty square miles Congress, between 1895 and 1924, appropriated \$1,847,522.50. Before Gettysburg came under national control the Memorial Association spent a little over \$100,000 upon the battle-field, at a cost of only \$10,000 for salaries and other administrative expenses. One million tourists visited Gettysburg in 1924, and 800,000 go to Valley Forge

yearly; they come from many foreign countries and from most of the States of the union.

A consideration of the two parks together, the one national and the other State, may throw some light upon the persistent wriggling of Americans between State and national control. Here it will be shown, as it has been in so many other matters, that the measure of defect and of merit is about the same in State and nation, that good or bad results spring from sensible or faulty administration, and that the best results, State or national, come from administrations which are confined simply to keeping the machinery running. Administrators like Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and, in Pennsylvania, Governor Pinchot, who strive to be supermen, only put spokes in the governmental wheels, as Gettysburg and Valley Forge both demonstrate. For a considerable period in recent years both of these parks became caves of Adullam for all Americans who possessed any historical sense. But that most persons, cultured or otherwise, are without that sense, just as many persons are color-blind and others tone-deaf, found ample substantiation at both places.

At Gettysburg, aside from the national appropriations, the States and various military organizations have expended large sums in making the park historically (but not artistically) the best marked battle-field in the world. In it are thirty-four miles of roads. From the creation of the National Commission in 1895 until his death in 1922, Colonel John P. Nicholson was its chairman and the park as it now stands is largely his work. During all that

time Colonel E. B. Cope, a topographical engineer upon General Warren's staff during the Civil War, was the engineer of the commission, and since 1922 he has been the park superintendent. The relief map which he has made of the battle-field covers twenty-four square miles.

Having assumed control of the park in 1895 and developed it by the expenditure of large sums, the national government, during the World War and under the reign of Woodrow Maximus, began to wreck it. One after another, bodies of troops—the Marines, War College students, classes from West Point, and tank units, were sent to Gettysburg to camp among the memorials. Some of these troops did a vast amount of damage, a good deal of it wanton destruction. Meanwhile, appropriations were cut down, stone roads wore out, and money was not provided to repair them. Finally, in 1925, the government backed out of the obligations which it had assumed, and Pennsylvania resumed control of the roads previously ceded to the United States. These are now State highways and under process of restoration. Here is an instance where it was thought that the national government could do better than the State—and here it was demonstrated that, to have essential work done at all, the national government must withdraw and the State shoulder the job.

II

History bulked so large in the marking of the Gettysburg field that in many, if not most, of the memorials art had slight consideration, so that it cannot be said there was any contest between the two. At Valley Forge, however, there has been a clash—not between history and art, but between the church and persons barren of the historical sense on the one side, and history and the State on the other. This contest has, in the main, gone unnoticed. The newspapers have had none of it. An occasional voice of protest has been raised only to subside before public inertia. It has

thus not been an open clash, but it has been a contest nevertheless.

Subsequent to the year 1903, when it became possible to set about seriously the establishment of a State park at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania was fortunate in having several governors who were especially interested in American history, and who saw that sufficient appropriations were made to acquire and preserve the old camp-ground. In that State, under a law drafted many years ago by that preëminent political boss, Matthew Stanley Quay, there is no State tax on real estate. The principal State revenues are derived from taxes on incorporated industries, which in good times are large, admitting of generous appropriations in educational, charitable and other directions. But during Governor Sproul's administration, 1919-1923, they were much reduced by the post-war slump, and meanwhile the overhanging appropriations and enterprises already begun continued. With the revival of business these conditions were soon righted. But when Gifford Pinchot became governor with the support of many women voters, he at once set about a policy of economy, temporarily much vaunted but soon discovered to include the cutting down of necessary work and the non-payment of bills due by the State under contract. One such bill of many thousands of dollars, due a New York contractor, the payment of which was withheld for several years, was finally collected by a lawsuit in a Pennsylvania court.

The effect of this "economy" at Valley Forge was disastrous. The roads went un-repaired and quickly disintegrated. The park guards and other employés were unpaid for five months. When the park comprised but 480 acres there were nine guards. Now, when it includes 1,428 acres, there are but seven. This small force finds it impossible to prevent the destructive American tourist, who brings to Valley Forge his exaggerated idea of personal liberty, from committing vandalism. Frequently the Boy Scouts, limiting sentiment to their regalia, emulate with their little hatchets

George Washington's mythical feat upon a cherry-tree. Again a body of pupils from a Philadelphia public-school strive to show how they have profited by the example of the ancient Huns. After a Summer Sunday there is left on the camp-ground all the usual litter of the slovenly American crowd. On Memorial Day in May, its character long since lost, and on Labor Day in September the deposit of such litter reaches its peak.

There are gradations in the kinds and quantities of débris left by the crowds, and the custodians know from the nationality of the visiting groups about what the amount of the next day's clean-up will be. Just as many Negroes, migrating to the North and finding that their conduct has a wider latitude than in the South, pattern their behavior after the lower class whites, so the recently arrived Hebrews, Greeks and Italians outdo the older stock of Americans in their lack of decent respect for the associations of Valley Forge. The young orator of the 1878 celebration said, "Americans, take your shoes from off your feet, for the spot where you stand is holy ground!" But that it is not holy ground to large groups of newly-made Americans may be inferred from their disregard of warnings not to leave behind them paper boxes, newspapers, stuffs for the garbage pail, and other such evidences of their picnics.

But, after all, the conduct of these new Americans is less harmful than certain plans that have been attempted and even carried out by older Americans who ought to know better. The State of Rhode Island, for instance, provided a sum of money for the erection of a memorial at Valley Forge. The State's governor and members of the Rhode Island Commission visited the grounds and were much taken with the prominence of the site of the Star redoubt, an earthwork overlooking the Schuylkill river, erected by Washington's engineers. At once they proposed to place the Rhode Island memorial on this redoubt—a naïve suggestion, of whose impropriety they

seemed totally unconscious. The Park Commission, then composed of competent men, decided that no memorial to Rhode Island troops or any other troops should be erected on the earthwork, but granted permission to Rhode Island to erect a memorial within twenty feet of it. That sovereign State thereupon refused to erect any memorial at all, a decision perhaps befitting the small boy of the Union and the last to adopt the national Constitution.

The contest to prevent similar unseemly intrusions has been constant. A suburban gas and electric company tried to run its poles through the park without asking for permission. The protection of the courts had to be sought. Then a trolley company undertook to lay its tracks through the park, and that misguided and selfish effort was also frustrated. Americans from miles around opposed the removal from Valley Creek of a dam which was not there when Washington's army was. World War survivors have wanted to erect a World War memorial on the camp-ground. One group after another comes forward to utilize the memories of the place for the promotion of this or that purpose in no way related to it. And the church group has come near effecting what Howe and Clinton, in possession of Philadelphia, did not even attempt—the capture of Valley Forge.

The evidences of physical neglect at Valley Forge are already disappearing and perhaps in time the slovenliness of our people, at once the cleanest of all peoples about the person and the most untidy in the disposition of waste, will be corrected. Spurred by the approaching celebration in nearby Philadelphia of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and facing the certainty of a vast increase in the number of visitors to Valley Forge, the Pennsylvania legislature at its last session appropriated \$100,000 for putting the driveways in order, and \$50,000 for the maintenance of the park. The restoration is now under way. An additional \$4,000 was provided for repairing a tornado's damage done in 1923,

while at the previous legislative session a half million dollars had been appropriated to pay for land taken by the State for inclusion in the park. At Pinchot's first legislative session only \$20,000 was assigned to maintenance, an inadequate sum, which brought deterioration to the park and hardship to the commission's employees.

While the equestrian statue of Anthony Wayne by Bush-Brown, and the National Arch by Paul Cret are both commendable, it is perhaps fortunate that there is as yet not much of statuary or architecture on the camp-ground. Here and there is to be seen a piece of sculpture which shows that the Park Commission is not an authority in art matters. It would be well if a body like the Washington Fine Arts Commission or the Philadelphia Art Jury, to be composed of men of high standing, such as Charles Grafly, head of the schools of sculpture in Philadelphia and Boston, were created and given control over proposed memorials. A competent body would reject most of the designs submitted, and, as such things go, the more that are rejected the better.

III

The movement of the church toward the capture of Valley Forge has been led by an energetic clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal sect, and has taken the concrete form of what is popularly called a "cathedral," regardless of the facts that it is not the principal church of the diocese nor the bishop's church and that the bishop's seat being elsewhere, if he has a seat, it contains no proper bishop's throne. This "cathedral" stands just over the edge of the State park. Viewed historically, it is an intrusion, since there was no church or need of a church in the vicinity during the Revolutionary period. There is, indeed, no need of a church there now. Within a radius of ten miles are two interesting Protestant Episcopal churches founded about the year 1700, both of them important centers in the colonial period, a third church dating from the middle of the Eighteenth Century, and

a number of modern Protestant Episcopal churches in large towns four or five miles away.

Any regular worshippers for the so-called "cathedral" must necessarily be drawn from these other nearby churches, for the houses of Valley Forge make but a hamlet beyond the borders of the park, and its people are not of the Protestant Episcopal faith. Among these modest folk there exists, warranted or not, a feeling that their presence would be more welcome at the "cathedral" services if they could afford to drop five- or ten-dollar bills into the collection plate. Thus financial support as well as worshippers must be drawn from sources outside of the vicinity. This support, it might be thought, could have gone with propriety to St. David's at Radnor, which Longfellow celebrated in a poem and where Anthony Wayne is buried, or to St. James's on the Perkiomen, where Washington worshipped and in whose enclosure are buried a number of soldiers of the Continental Army, killed or mortally wounded at the battle of Germantown, or to St. Peter's in the Chester Valley, all of which have an historical interest lacking in the Valley Forge edifice. The ordinary gathering for services in the "cathedral" is mostly drawn from the rich Main Line suburbs of Philadelphia, from which region, too, have come the funds that made its erection possible. The rector, however, is energetic in the conduct of special services, which bring together larger gatherings from a distance. Many persons have come to think it desirable to be married there, and if the marriage laws of Pennsylvania were as benign as those of Maryland the "cathedral"—authoritatively designated as a memorial chapel—might readily rival Elkton.

Its proximity to Valley Forge Park, although the two are entirely distinct, has made it possible for the rector, with a Valley Forge appeal, to gather from different States a collection of relics of the Revolutionary period, among them Washington's tent, contributed by the Lee

family of Virginia. Other persons including the Maryland descendant of a favorite aide of Washington, who have been asked to give to this museum have declined because of grave doubts of the propriety of an enterprise which has the appearance of building in an unrelated way upon the fame of the camp-ground, and is without State supervision and in a peculiar sense an individual effort. In the "cathedral" grounds Philander C. Knox was buried. The price of graves varies according to their proximity to his, a recognition of his services to America which his admirers and eulogists, Senator Reed of Missouri and former Senator Beveridge of Indiana, may or may not appreciate.

The rector of the "cathedral" is one of the most recent appointees to the Valley Forge Commission. He signalized his appearance on the board by advocating the sale of 450 acres of the camp-ground and the erection in a conspicuous place of a museum to house the "cathedral" collection. As is often the case, his desire to attain an end

caused him to overlook the illegality of the proposal. The State lodged no power to sell land in the commission. The purpose of the State has been to conserve Valley Forge, not to go into the real estate business.

Full of enthusiasm for the "cathedral," persons more interested in it than in the camp-ground have been known to suggest to the park guards that they direct tourists to it. In magazines and other periodicals articles laudatory of the beauty of its windows and its architecture have been silent as to the work of many years in the preservation and interpretation of the camp-ground. Here, then, is a contest between the church on one side and history and the State on the other—a rivalry begun by the church unnecessarily, and unfortunate for the church at large. If all who are discontented with it number no more than the 400 over whom David became captain in the cave of Adullam as recorded in 1 Samuel, xxii, they form but another of the many minorities which have been in the right.

THREE TALES OF LOVE

BY MARY AUSTIN

The Man Who Was Loved by Women

THERE was a man of the Navajo who, without deserving it, was much loved by women. It was not believed, in the beginning, that he had desired anything of the kind, or that he practiced any medicine to turn their hearts. He was handsome, which, as he said in a song he made about himself, was hardly his fault, and in one way and another was the source of a great deal of trouble to him.

If this Tsaysiki had married the first maiden who fixed her affections upon him, he would have had children and become an excellent tribesman; but before he had collected the proper number of horses for her dowry, he went with his father to the place of the Four Smokes to trade. There he met a Comanche woman, somewhat older than himself, who had a way of talking to men so that they believed her. She told Tsaysiki that it was a mistake for him to fasten a packstrap to his back before he had proved himself against tribes other than his own. When a man has lived always among his own kin, who can say how much of what happens to him is pure kindness? So Tsaysiki sent a present to his girl at Peach Springs, and went North with the Comanche woman for the space of four moons, returning by way of Taos and the Tewa Pueblos.

At first, being young and without experience, he told the women he met that he was betrothed to a girl at home, and got so much credit with them for his honesty that the way was opened for him to take what was offered without giving more than his pleasure in return. This is a mis-

take, for with women, no matter how free the giving, there is always something to pay for it in the end, and it is easiest paid where it is owed. The women of Taos were handsome, and proud givers, not asking for anything that is not bestowed, but the men of Taos are proud also, and though not so light on their feet, heavier than the Navajos. So Tsaysiki returned by way of Tesuque and the Keres towns, to his home camp under Carizal, to find that the girl he left had been married to somebody else in his absence.

Though he had forgotten her many times in the course of his journey, Tsaysiki felt himself injured. For his hurt's sake he had to make her sorry for herself by showing her how many other women cared for him. This he did so successfully that the Elders advised him that unless he felt disposed to marry one of them and devote himself to his duties as the father of a family, he would do better to join the remnant of his clan at Horizontal Water. But lest he should find himself in danger of again being pressed to take a wife, when he arrived there, Tsaysiki sought comfort from the women already married. He was always able to find one or two who believed him when he said he could not help what happened to him on account of women. But their husbands, on whom no doubt they had proved it, were even less kind than the fathers at Peach Springs, and in the end Tsaysiki found it more convenient to join an unimportant band that moved about a great deal in the neighborhood of Pelado Peak, and was dominated not by a Head Man but by a woman called Dysildji. There, in the course of a few

weeks, he fell into serious trouble over a girl who had taken the Jesus Road by the advice of the Missionaries, and when she found herself with child, ate wild parsnip root and died of it.

This was hard on Tsaysiki, for she was a plain and simple girl to whom he had been kind merely from habit. Nevertheless, he was called before the Elders, for the band was a small one, and the death of a young and healthy woman was rated as more than twenty head of cattle. Beside, there were the Missionaries who, notwithstanding they had put the idea into the girl's head that an unfathered child was a thing to eat wild parsnip over, would have laid her death to the Navajos. Before putting anything in execution against Tsaysiki, however, the Elders waited for Dysildji, who had gone down to Kayenta to oversee the shearing of her sheep, of which she had three bands, as well as cattle and many horses which she had from her father. Dysildji was not altogether young, but well looking and of so free a fancy that though she had tried several, she had not yet found a husband to suit her. But because she had always been constant to the rights of other women, and because of her great possessions, she was left unbuked, and much respected.

Dysildji came in from her shearing with the red sun behind her and looked the young man over. She saw that he was handsome, and had a way with women which he did not hesitate to use with Dysildji as soon as he found her looking at him. For some reason this pleased her. Other men had been too much in fear of her sharp mind and her great wealth to play upon her, and that may have been what she wanted. But it must also be remembered that she had taken all women for her sisters, and the account of Tsaysiki's loves had followed him. She heard what the Elders said, and how Tsaysiki answered them, with his eye sidewise toward the Head Woman—how he was the sort of man who could not help what happened to him on account of women.

"Leave him to me," said the Head Woman, and the Elders were well satisfied to have it so. Dysildji took the young man to her house and explained that they should be married. "For we will make a handsome couple," she said, "and I mean to have several children. Also, since we are both the sort of people that other people cannot help falling in love with, we will understand that, when that happens, there will be no offense taken on either side."

Tsaysiki was as pleased as a stallion, for to be the husband of the richest woman of the Navajos and at the same time free in his affections was more than even a favorite of the Yei had a right to expect from them. Dysildji gave him a silver belt having conchos of a hand's breadth, necklaces set with great lumps of turquoise, and a different blanket for every occasion, so that when they walked abroad together they clinked pleasantly of silver, and were noticed by everybody. Dysildji introduced her husband to all her women friends, explaining that there was an understanding between them that anybody who fell in love with either of them was to expect nothing but highness from the other. Then she asked him to sing the song he had made about himself some years earlier, and which ran thus:

Blame not me but the Yei
Who have brought handsomeness upon me.
How can I help it if women love me?

At this the other women, instead of looking sympathetically as they had used, looked every other way, and even occasionally snickered.

If, however, Tsaysiki did not know it before, he found out very quickly that though women will fight for a man they have marked for their own, they will not take him as a gift from another woman. He also discovered that, no matter what agreement he has with her, a man who is openly neglected by his wife for the head of the Four-Feather band is made to seem ridiculous. But by the time he discovered how ridiculous it was, it was too late for

him to do anything about it, either when the men complimented him on his forbearance or the other women consoled him. And a Navajo may not divorce his wife for conduct he has once tolerated.

In the course of time Dysildji's flocks increased, so that she brought up a young man of the Yaquis, whom she had met at the fiesta of San Carlos, to be head herder to them. He was a personable man, and knew how to make himself secure with his employer. It is told that the first time Dysildji brought him to the *bogan*, Tsaysiki came out to meet them.

"This is only my husband," she told the herder. "You need not pay any attention to what he thinks, and he will not say anything, because we have an agreement," and she gave him the horses to hold. Half an hour later the Yaqui, looking out of the window and seeing the husband still there, became a little uneasy, for the Yaquis are strict with their women. "You needn't be," Dysildji assured him. "My husband is the sort of man who cannot help what happens to him on account of a woman." And out of consideration for the Yaqui, she said it aloud so that Tsaysiki, holding the two horses, heard her.

II

Hosteen Hatsanai Recants

My friends: This I would declare to you; this I have come from my *bogan* at One-Eyed Water to say; that I would walk again in the Ancient Way with you, the way of my fathers. May it be that you accept me. May it be delightful to you.

My friends: I am no Two-Talker. You know that for thirty years I have followed the Jesus Road with wholeness of heart. Before that I made my prayer to the Lord of the Mountain, but at the Mission House near Chin Lee I met a maiden who persuaded me otherwise, she having no parents, and being brought up at the Mission. Therefore I married her after the custom of the Missions, and in our hearts we were

not divided. The love of Tuli, my wife, and the love of Jesus were as one love to me. Thus, as it came to us, time by time, we would go to the Mission to be taught the Sayings of Jesus, and whatever came, whether it was the death of a child or smut in the corn, the Sayings were a light unto our feet.

But after thirty years there came a cloud over my wife's eyes, small, but growing, until it became a night of blindness. Against this we prayed, also we visited the Agency Doctor at Shiprock, who said that when the cloud was full grown it might be cut away. This to us was as the wisdom of the Whites is to the Diné, foolishness. Shall I indeed cut out my wife's eyes as a way to seeing? But I was pushed sore to do for her, for my business is with sheep, and my wife, being newly blind, was fearful, so that when I had left her to tend my flocks, she dared nowise move from the place where I had left her. In my perplexity I hired my brother's son and his wife to keep care of my *bogan* and be company for Tuli while I was herding my sheep. But even with this there was something to object to. It was not easy that my wife should no longer be mistress in her own house, and my brother's son's wife let the moths in the blankets. Then said my brother's son, "How can two women live at amity under one roof unless they be both mistresses? Get you therefore another wife to keep care of Tuli and the house, and I and mine will go to our own place."

This seemed good to me. But, for that the love of Tuli had been delightful to me, I had taken no other wife, as the Diné do, according to their convenience. Having prayed therefore, I looked about me, and was led to the *bogan* of Etsidi bikis, where I was feeding the lamb band under Yellow Rock. With him, keeping his house, was his youngest daughter, strong looking and low of voice, and because of the misfortunes of her father about cattle, without dowry. Nevertheless I said nothing, pondering all things carefully. But the fifth

day when I was returning, there was a portion in the pot for me. "For I remembered," said Young Willow, "that you said you were returning on the fifth day," and I saw that she had a considering heart. On that I spoke, telling Etsidi bikis, in her presence, all that was in my mind: how Tuli's blindness made it necessary for me to have a young wife to keep care of her and see that she lacked nothing an honored wife should have.

"My daughter," said he, "this is a great highness that he asks of you." Then Young Willow came and stood before us, with folded hands. "My father," said she, "could I ask more of a husband than what Hosteen Hatsanaí does for Tuli, his wife?"

"Well answered," said Etsidi bikis, "but it is not suitable that the wife of a man like Hosteen Hatsanaí should lack a dowry."

"There is a condition," said I. "Let her go now to my *bogan* at One-Eyed Water, and I will pay down into your hand a dowry of ten ewes with lambs, ten fat steers and ten horses, five of which shall be mares with foal. If when I come to my place again I shall find her there, and my wife Tuli approving, all these shall be doubled for her marriage portion. And if after she has talked with Tuli, my wife, she comes back of her own accord, these that are in your hand shall be her dowry for a happier husband."

So it was arranged, and I gave the girl my silver wrist-guard, wrought in a pattern of the four winds, to show to my brother's son and his wife that she had authority from me. After that I tried not to think what would happen. When on the fourth day I drew near my house, and there were two women talking together at the hearth I withheld my thought, for I said, Young Willow is very young and it may be that this thing is too hard for her. As I came closer, I heard laughter, and it was the laughter of Tuli, my wife. Then my heart swelled, and I thought to come on them softly from behind, but Tuli, being over quick, knew my step. Said she,

"Is not this the bridegroom?" and as she turned her face and held it in the direction from which she heard me come, I saw that it was steady and kind.

After that I had peace in my heart and comfort in my house. I came from my work to a swept hearth and a savory pot, and as I sat between my wives there was always some new thing to tell or to hear. I thanked God, and even the gods of my fathers, which all this time had been to me as the things of my childhood, not despised but put aside as becomes a man. Even toward these in my gladness I had some stirrings of the heart. Especially when in the month of Yellow Flowers it was told to me that I was to be a father.

Said my wife Tuli, "It is not fitting that the Giver of the inestimable gift go unhonored. Let us hurry now to the Mission House so that the mother of your son may become a Mrs. even as I have been." This to me was also a good thought and altogether according to the Sayings. "Let us go at once," said Tuli, "for I recall, at the Mission when I was a girl, it was thought shameful that the child should be born before the wedding."

When I had calculated the condition of the flocks and of the feed, I said, "We will arrive there before the borning and stay until the child is baptized," for I was uplifted to have a son to my old age.

We went around by Chin Lee with the lamb band to meet the buyers, and camped under the Mission walls at the end of the corn gathering. The Missionary and his wife were glad to see Tuli, grieved for her blindness and pleased with the two fat lambs which I had brought for a present in my hand. "And is this your pretty daughter?" said the Missionary's wife, of Young Willow, who looking down, said nothing.

"She is the mother of my son," said I, "and will be my wife as soon as you have said the words over us." Said the Missionary as to a child, "You *have* a wife—" "Praise God, two," said I, and was speaking further, but the Missionary, very red

in the face, stopped me. "This is a *sin*!" he cried, "a wicked sin! You have a wife whom you married in the sight of God, and would you insult her by bringing into her house a —?" My friends: I did not like that word which he used, which is not a word of the Diné.

"Nay, but she is a sister to me!" cried Tuli, my wife, and the anger of the Missionary stuck in his face like a fish gasping. "Oh, Tuli, Tuli," cried out the Missionary's wife, "have you become a pagan and a backslider?" The fish came out of the Missionary's mouth as a serpent, belly-white. "And you ask me," he said, "me, to countenance you in this wicked and adulterous relation—?" He was altogether as one stricken in his wrath. All the Mission Teachers who have come out to see us, stood around, *eating* with their eyes, so that my manhood rose up against it.

"Thirty years," I said, "I have kept the Sayings of Jesus in my heart and my life. Do you tell me, then, that there is a Saying which makes evil of what I have done? I do not know it. But this that I would do seems to me altogether after the meaning of the Sayings I have heard. Tell me therefore if there is a Saying which says that I may not make the mother of my son my wife."

"That you should ask me!" said the Missionary, and clutched upon the air with his hands while fine water came out of his mouth. "Ignorant. . . . Impudent. . . ."

"You better go away now," said the Missionary's wife, "and come again when you have repented your sin in sorrow and humbleness of heart."

So we turned back to our camp under the wall, and Tuli wept. "Shall I never see Heaven?" she cried. "Shall I go down to Sipapu, to the dark Underworld of the Diné and the Utes and the Shiwini, a pagan and a backslider?" "Even so, my wife," I said. "We shall not be parted." But Young Willow rose and stood before us. "This trouble," said she, "is of me, who have had nothing but highness from you. Give me therefore a portion for the

child and I shall go to my own place, and you will go to Heaven." Even as she stood the child moved in her, and I wept before my women and was not ashamed. Said Tuli, "I am old. It may be that I shall die and take the sin from you."

Then I rose and hooked up the team. "Am I a White man," said I, "that I should take Heaven from my women? Five days from now I heard that they make the Dark Circle of Boughs at Peach Springs, for the dance of the Yebitchi. We may find there the trail of our Ancients."

We made haste carefully on account of the flocks and Young Willow, my wife. At Cleft Rock, where we camped one night, we threw into the Cleft all our fetishes that we had from the Mission, Tuli's Sunday School cards, a silver cross that I had for my baptism, a Bible—though we could not read it—that was a marriage gift from the Missionary's wife. Also we threw in our writing of marriage. How could we know to what evil it bound us in our natural affections?

Yet to me it was as a burial, for this Jesus had been well loved of me, even as an elder Brother. In my dreams I still see Him, and—though I do not know how this can be—it is His face I see, and yet as though it were also one of the Diné, and the face is kind. It may be that the Yei, who are patient of heart, have wrought this whole matter to bring me to the Way again. Therefore I come with a gift, four young goats, four ewes, four heifers and four horses, four each of four kinds, according to the sacred number, that some of the benefits of the Yebitchi may fall on Young Willow, my wife. That I also may come into the Way with you. May it be beautiful before me. May it be beautiful on every side, in beauty walking the trail to old age. Notwithstanding, I am no Two-Talker, and I declare to you, remembering the Missionary's face when I asked him, that I have not offended, that I am not a backslider; *that there is no Saying*. Therefore may it be acceptable to you. May it be delightful.

III

Approaching Day

In my father's time, when the five clans were gathered together in a place called Round Valley, on the Little Cottonwood, there were in our village two young men who, though they were no kin, because of a certain alikeness of spirit and because whatever they did noteworthy was done together, were called Hotándemung and Hotandenaí. Also at the camp called Hidden-Under-The-Mountain there was a young woman so beautiful that all the other women, looking at her, hoped she would marry early and have many children. As for the young men, they said that her name of Approaching Day suited her, and, secretly, were all of them a little afraid of her.

This was also true of Hotándemung and Hotandenaí, of whom it was said, that while they were yet young they had met all the Seven Fears and mastered them. But the one fear which may not be reasoned out of a man's heart is the fear of woman's beauty. So, although Approaching Day gave signs that she herself favored Hotándemung, he was afraid that a handsome woman, used to having her own way with men, might be difficult to manage. He said to himself, "If I married her I could go neither to war nor to hunt in confidence, lest on my return I should hear the other women laughing." Also he doubted whether anything so fair could last, for it is the way of the fairest things often to be unsound at heart. For all of these reasons he left the field to his friend Hotandenaí, who loved the girl without any misgiving.

When Approaching Day saw that she was distrusted by Hotándemung she turned her heart toward Hotandenaí, and in the course of time she married him. But because even at the last she could not help looking wistfully toward her earlier fancy, Hotándemung strengthened his heart against her, saying that it showed she

was light-minded, to look so at one man when she was promised to another. When after her marriage, she ceased looking at him altogether, he thought it showed there was no root to her affections.

After that he fell to watching his friend Hotandenaí, for it is well known that where a man has taken beauty only to wife, he is as one who has eaten smoke, wavering and uncertain. But when men came together as men in the affairs of the tribe, it was remarked that it was Hotándemung whose mind went sometimes in circles, and Hotandenaí who went steadily like a man after a full meal.

Thinking of these things in the night, Hotándemung wondered if he would not have done well after all to marry the girl himself, but in the day he wavered, for the loveliness of Approaching Day was as the flame to which the mind of man is as a vapor.

But there was an end to this torment of Hotándemung when, suddenly, on the birth of her second child, she died. Shortly afterward her husband married the ugliest woman in Round Valley—for a man with young children must marry. Hotándemung said to himself that now he was justified. By the woman he had put in her place it was believed that Hotandenaí had strewn ashes on the beauty of Approaching Day, and her friends resented it, but only to his friend Hotándemung would Hotandenaí speak of it. "And to you, my friend," he said, "there is no need of explanation, for you also once loved her." Hotándemung thought that he understood, and soon after married a wife who was very much as other wives, and prided himself on his good judgment. Only in the hour of approaching day when he awoke beside his sleeping wife, or, late returning from the hunt, when he saw the smoke of his own hearth, and his heart turned in him strangely, he told himself that if he could have known the girl would die so early, he would certainly have married her. These are the thoughts of Hotándemung and Hotandenaí, as they were told to me by my

father when I was a young man myself, needing counsel.

Thus the two friends walked in the trail to old age, and on a day Hotandenai sent for his friend, for he felt death upon him. He sent for Hotandemung to charge him with the fulfilling of his last wish, which was that his body be carried back to the camp at Hidden-Under-The-Mountain, for by this time the five clans were far from there, and that it be buried beside that of his beautiful young wife. "For," said Hotandenai, "the beauty of her face was a plainness beside the beauty of her spirit, and the best of my life went into the sky with her."

"Why then," said his friend, and though it was so long ago his heart turned over in him, "when you married again, did you choose so ugly a woman?"

"Because," said Hotandenai, "I would not have anyone in my house who could rival her in my recollection, for the happiness that we had together was such, that

Those Above would have envied me, and perhaps that is why They took her. But They have not been able to fill her place in my affections."

Thus speaking he died. So, then, Hotandemung tied his friend's body on a horse, and, taking my father with him, set out for the burial place of Approaching Day. And all the way, so my father said, he was like a man who at a feast has talked too much, and realizes suddenly that the feast is over and he has eaten nothing. Night by night, as they came toward Hidden-Under-The-Mountain, he lit watch fires for the feet of his friend's spirit, walking the Spirit Road in search of Approaching Day, and while he watched Hotandemung unpacked his heart in talk, which my father treasured. For this is a good telling, and one that a man may profit by when the Seven Fears are on him, and especially—for I also have been young, and my father before me—the fear of woman's beauty.

THE RENEGADE

BY JOHN McCLURE

NEVER having seen a hornpipe, and attracted by the antics of the man who was dancing one at the edge of the wharf, Diodorus Carnifex approached him sufficiently close to be asked for the loan of a small piastre. This was unexpected, and Diodorus, somewhat unnerved, set out to explain at more length than was necessary that he had merely stepped out for the air and had left his wallet at home. "But if you have credit at any place they sell drams—," said this person, halting with one leg in the air.

"You mean you desire the money for liquor?" Diodorus demanded.

The seafarer both opened and closed his eye.

"Thirst is consuming me," he said. "And, as I have seen nothing but water for three hundred leagues on the return voyage from Byzantium, the thought of it, as you can imagine, is sickening."

"This can be arranged," said Diodorus.

When they had arrived at the Three Fishes and sat down, and the seaman had shouted for spirits, Diodorus Carnifex said:

"Tell me about the sea."

"It is no different from a barrel of water," the seaman replied, "excepting it is bigger and there is salt in it."

"But there is a magnetic substance in salt-water," said Diodorus Carnifex, "which attracts men as honey does flies. A sailor never gives up the sea. And other men at times rise up and seek it, too, as suicides seek death, feeling this lure of lone spaces. Explain the attraction. I ask because I remember a government clerk who suddenly left his stall after forty years of service, saying the ocean called

him. Nothing could fetch him on land again, and he died in a sailboat."

"I cannot imagine why he hankered for water," the seaman said, "him bred and born to the land. But there are strange cases afloat and ashore. This clerk reminds me of a renegade skipper of a trireme that abandoned the sea at Sidon and never left land again."

"I was saying but a moment ago, and have always believed, that seafarers never gave up the sea," said Diodorus Carnifex. "How did that come about?"

"This was the way of it," the sailor said. "He was a very clever fellow, bright as new money, and a capital navigator. He was conceited and proud, very accomplished at drinking, and extremely free with his fists. He had a way of shrugging his shoulder that always started a fight. And he had a habit of holding his mouth open, when anybody was describing an exploit, that often resulted in blows. He was popular enough with the crew, of course, because he could thresh any two of them. He had been at sea seventeen years and he used to brag that nothing could make him abandon the water. But he went ashore one day, I being a mate at the time, at Sidon. And in strolling into the country at about dusk, on the other side of the city in a deserted grove, he met a young woman who said she was hunting for her thimble.

"He returned to the trireme next day to remove his baggage. He informed me that I was now the skipper, that the ocean was lonely, that it was unhealthful to live so close to the water, and that, anyhow, he was of one mind with the angels, who were

in love with women. Nothing could alter his determination, and I never saw him again. But we heard tales of him at a number of ports, for he became as great a traveller as a piastre.

"This young woman, who had been at an earlier date deceived and ruined by a trooper, did not play fair with him, and he departed from Sidon. I heard of him next at Epirus, where it seemed he had indulged in a high lonesome at a sailors' tavern, drinking Egyptian gin and telling out of his own life anecdotes of glory and conquest. He challenged the bartender, a giant, who bounced him outside in a sitting position. Then he really got liquored and proclaimed himself in a state of revolt. It required two squads of centurions to calm him, he fanning them off with a pole. But once he had wheeled into a lamp-post and fallen, they gave him a drubbing that made him ache whenever he thought of it. When he was paroled sixty days later he was a different man, with a reverence for regiments unbecoming a sailor.

"He next made his appearance at Alexandria, posing as a noble from Rome. He lived famously without having to spend any money, and loans were forced on him by several persons who admired him as an elegant example of the aristocracy. He told them he took milk-baths to make himself handsome, and explained that he preferred velvet underbreeches because his legs were tender. He made a great parade of his good manners until someone detected him in private picking his teeth. Before the loans were foreclosed, he had made his escape. They say he was happy on land except when anyone played a mouthorgan, which made him remember the sea.

"From Alexandria he proceeded, in a roundabout way, to Athens, where he lived in luxury until his money was gone. Then he passed a rigorous Winter out of employment, his life made horrible by the guerilla warfare of his creditors. He developed the scurvy about New Year's, because he was unable to afford spinach, and faded away almost to a shadow. Fi-

nally he did not have even a copper, and, sick and dejected, he determined to walk to Piraeus and jump in the sea.

"But it happened that as he was walking in that direction he saw a trick of a girl in a candy-shop who looked as good to eat as a pastry, so he went in. This young woman took compassion on him because he resembled her cousin, and gave him a kiss worth two thousand piastres, and some lunch in a basket. She fed him for weeks, I was informed, and his color returned and his paunch filled out, and, from his appearance, he might as well have been wealthy.

"She had another admirer, unfortunately, a widower who had been malignant ever since he was cuckolded, and very gay since his wife died, who refused to tolerate competition. This man spent three weeks shadow-boxing, then sent the skipper a bloodstone as a warning of what he would do to him. The skipper dispatched a note in reply in which he termed the fellow a grasshopper. The very next day he set eyes on his rival for the first time in a pothouse, took one look at him, and announced in an audible voice that he was a poisoner, with a regular hangman's nose. Blows followed at once, when he discovered that his antagonist was nimbler than he had imagined, so he offered to draw straws for the young woman. But this was refused.

"He left Athens then as soon as he was able and proceeded to Byzantium, where he is said to have grown prosperous selling magical formulas to cure baldness. Here he set up housekeeping with a beautiful Macedonian cook, but refused to pay rent because there was a ghost in the kitchen. He saved money also in other directions and had laid by a small fortune when one day, carousing with a drink he had invented himself, he turned over a candle, igniting the house. He stood in the street in his shirt while three blocks of Byzantium burned. When it was discovered that he had started the fire, he removed over night to Jerusalem.

"He arrived, as you can imagine, without any money. And here he underwent terrible experiences which would be a bore to anyone but himself: so we can pass over them. On the verge of starvation, his teeth growing sharper and sharper, he at last set to work assiduously making acquaintances. All his dear friends were well-to-do. He attempted to pass himself off among them as an eccentric and traced his penury to the fact that his mother, when he was in the womb, had been frightened by the advances of a banker and could never tolerate even the sight of money again. This embarrassing aversion, he said, he had inherited. But the aristocracy failed to respond, and he sank once more into the underworld.

"The revenue that he drew from the sale of chalk-pencils was hardly enough to keep him alive, and feeling that anything was better than bankruptcy, he entered a partnership with a house-breaker. They laid by a great deal of money before his arrest. His trial, in which he was defended by a brilliant burglary lawyer, created a furore in Jerusalem: he spoke of the other burglar as his colleague and said it was true they were in the robbery business. When he had served his time, which was not very long, he emerged in a rage at society. Determined to sin against both God and man, he incurred, in less than two months, obligations to burn a great many candles. He was as wicked as possible, staying continually drunk, and ended by

murdering a pawnbroker who on his arrival in Jerusalem had refused to lend money on his sandals. In court once more, he defended himself, contending that it would be absurd to hang him because he was as mad as a cricket. Acquitted with the plaudits of the populace, he removed triumphantly to Antioch.

"Here he was converted to a whirling sect and became extremely religious, being careful thereafter to have all his bastards baptized. In a state of mind more celestial than worldly, he began to think about death, a contingency that had never before occurred to him. Sustained by his faith, he even selected a coffin. But he discovered after he had obtained it that it was three inches too short, and suffered horribly until he got it exchanged. He worried then for fear the resurrectionmen would get him after he died. Then he caught cold and suffered a touch of pneumonia and contracted with an undertaker to give him a beautiful burial. But he got well.

"And for several years after that he drifted about in the interior, very irreligious again since he was convalescent, and we got little wind of him. Then we heard he was dead at Antioch, where he met a landlubber's end."

"How did he finish?" said Diodorus Carnifex.

"He had thrashed every boatswain in the Mediterranean," the sailor said, "and he died in a barber's chair, having a tooth removed."

THE CONSTITUTIONAL TRINITY

BY LELAND H. JENKS

OUR sixth-grade Civics Reader commenced with a dark saying whose meaning remained hidden to the end. "There are three powers to government,—legislative, executive and judicial," said the book. "The legislative makes the laws; the executive enforces the laws; and the judicial interprets them."

The executive was easy for us to understand, for we had seen the town marshal hauling the town drunk to the workhouse for his periodical sentence. And the legislative was not hard, for most of us knew the side-whiskered old veteran who was the legislator from our district, and the zeal with which we performed the enjoined acts of punctuality, perseverance and alertness, the heartiness with which we partook in the incantations to the flag on the annual G. A. R. inspection day, were in no way diminished by the hope that our virtues might win his recommendation of us for a two months' vacation as legislative page. But the judicial power was another matter. Why did the laws need interpretation? Didn't they mean what they said? Did the men who made them perform some act whose meaning they did not understand themselves, and could not make plain to others? The whole thing had simply to be set down as one of the inscrutable mysteries. Indeed, when the county judge delivered his annual Sunday evening sermon exhorting us in rounded tones to respect "constituted authority," we felt that we had come into the very presence of the unknown. Thus the three powers, and constituted authority, and the important function of interpreting the laws were early ultimates in

our awakening social consciousness. They were as mysterious as the Trinity, and for aught we knew might have some intimate connection with It.

The twelve-year old mind does not meddle with mysteries, however. It welcomes and gloats over them. A more mature intelligence might inquire how it came about that government has three powers and what the separation of them actually signifies in the behavior of modern states. There are still, no doubt, people who believe that the scheme was invented by the Fathers. Like the electoral college, the obligation of contracts clause, the prohibition of titles of nobility, and the office of Vice-President, this great political principle is thought to have originated in their inspired minds. There is, however, no ground for that supposition. To divide the powers of government between three great departments was indeed the first point of agreement they reached, and the first draft of the Constitution presented by Randolph of Virginia was constructed on the assumption that there would be three departments, and there was no dissent. But this should cause no surprise, for the constitutions of nearly all the States whose delegates were assembled had already translated that principle into practice. Six of those sovereign States, indeed,—beside Vermont, which was then trying to rejoin the British Empire,—had written it into their fundamental law as one of the natural, inalienable rights of man "that the legislative, executive and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other."

Maryland, in those days, was the source of much light and leading, but not even the insurrectionists who first in that State used these phases may claim the credit for their invention. They came from a generation of philosophers. Far back in the early part of the Eighteenth Century the French legislist, Montesquieu, had discovered that of all political systems of his time or of antiquity the English was the one which secured to its members the most adequate measure of liberty, and in a famous chapter—the sixth in the eleventh book of "*L'Esprit des Lois*"—he had ascribed this advantage to the fact that in the largest degree the English had separated the three powers of government. This was not, in truth, the case. Then, as now, the control of administration, of the army, and of foreign affairs in England was in the hands of a group of men who, in addition to forming the Cabinet of the King, were the steering committee of the Houses of Parliament. Montesquieu's generalization was thus grounded upon false assumptions. He based it, indeed, not upon observation but upon books, and especially upon the "*Treatises of Government*" of John Locke. Locke had attempted to divide the abstract functions of government into three classes and had been content to go no farther. But Montesquieu insisted with Gallic logic that there must be, in practise, a distinct body of officials to perform each function. Thus he argued:

The political liberty of a citizen is that tranquillity of spirit which arises from the opinion each has of his security. That one may have this liberty it is necessary that the government be such that one citizen can have no fear of any other. When the legislative power is united in the same person or in the same body of magistrates with the executive power, there is no liberty, for it is to be feared that the monarch or senate may make tyrannical laws and execute them with tyranny. Neither is there liberty if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers. If it were joined to the legislative, its power over the life and death of citizens would be arbitrary, for the law-maker would be the judge. If it were joined to the executive power, the judge could be in fact an oppressor. All would be lost if one man or one body of officials or of nobles or of the people exercised these three pow-

ers, that of making laws, that of executing public resolutions, and that of adjudging crimes and differences between individuals.

Montesquieu's intimacy with Bolingbroke, a British statesman out of work, who viewed politics through a private philosophical telescope, seems to have helped to persuade him that these requirements were actually realized in Great Britain. His influence upon the Fathers was immense. Patriots eager, like John Adams, that their learning show to advantage before their kind had pondered his words in their original tongue. The others had the advantage, after 1765, of a free transcription in Blackstone's "*Commentaries upon the Laws of England*." The gallant and learned knight was as unable as Montesquieu to describe the British Constitution simply as it was. Whole sentences of theory were taken from the Frenchman without credit, and Blackstone added strokes of his own. Thus a judiciary independent in tenure and bound to observe the fundamental principles of law in its great duty of interpretation loomed up as the guardian of the people's liberties. And so our marvellous check-and-balance system arose from erroneous notions of how England was governed.

II

It is easier to trace an origin than to evoke a meaning. And it is hazardous to construe the catchwords of a generation that is dead. Everything merged for the Fathers in the glorious thought of Liberty. It was for the sake of Liberty that men sought to separate the powers of government. Liberty, then as now, meant many things to as many men. But Jefferson was no less distressed than Adams at fractures of the precious principle of the separated powers. John Marshall made it the dictum of the Supreme Court that "the legislature makes, the executive executes, the judiciary construes the laws" (*Wayman vs. Southard*, 10 Wheat. 46). But his critics felt that he was not strict enough in his application of the idea. Big state and small state men

in the Convention, merchants and landlords and their debtors, seaboard counties and backwoods—all, in the contentions which followed, vied in their championship of separation. That the Constitution had not carried the thing far enough was one of the sharpest charges Madison had to meet in his *Federalist* papers.

Fear gave emotion to belief, fear lest an assembly of merchants stifle the opportunities of the unsuccessful, fear lest a propertyless legislature disturb inalienable rights to rent-rolls, fear lest temporary majorities override the liberties of minorities. Fear was there—and faith in the effectiveness of constitutional mechanisms to safeguard the threatened. And with that faith there was a love of such devices for their own sake—for the sake of playing upon them dexterously. The fascination which that sport possesses for minds otherwise inadequately employed is often overlooked. The malingering processes of no modern court can compete for sheer virtuosity with the law's delays among our Nordic sires as chronicled in the *Saga of Burnt Njal*. So the delicate harmonies of the check-and-balance system, the complication with which it enfolded the simplest project, the unlimited possibilities for chicanery it promised, touched responsive aptitudes in pre-industrial America.

Only such notorious rascals as Tom Paine and Ben Franklin were inclined to view the matter as nonsense. Franklin's influence kept Pennsylvania from a tripartite division of government until after his death. Paine expunged it from the gospel he carried to revolutionary France. Anticipating, by more than a century, President Goodnow, of Johns Hopkins, he said:

We can perceive no more than two divisions of power, namely, that of legislating or enacting laws, and that of executing or administering them. . . . That which is called the judicial power is strictly and properly the executive power of every country. It is that power to which every individual has to appeal, and which causes the law to be executed; neither have we any other clear idea with respect to the official execution of the laws. . . . Some kind of official department, to which reports shall be made from the

different parts of a nation, or from abroad, to be laid before the national representatives is . . . necessary; but there is no consistency in calling this executive; neither can it be considered in any other light than as inferior to the legislative. The sovereign authority in any country is the power of making laws, and everything else is an official department.

But Paine must not be allowed to speak with authority upon the sublime theme of American government. With that unerring discrimination which we are assured democracies alone possess, posterity has balked at admitting to the canon of the Fathers the man who first publicly advocated independence from Great Britain.

III

Nevertheless, from the first it has been difficult to conform any view of the actualities of American government to the notion that all its powers are divided, like Gaul, into three parts. Neither in intention nor in fact have there ever existed, either in the United States or anywhere else, three departments of state, each exclusively devoted to the exercise of one abstract function of government. The Constitution had the President share by recommendation and by the veto power in the making of the laws. It gave to the Senate a voice in the conclusion of treaties and in making appointments. The same body was to sit as a high court to try impeachments of executive and judicial officers. The President, moreover, had the power of pardon—a matter of distributive justice, affecting the rights of individuals, and capable of working considerable havoc with the effectiveness of judicial sentences. And the Supreme Court soon found it to be an inherent part of its duties to review the validity of conduct of its supposedly co-equal departments, and in effect to make or break the laws in so doing.

The early apologists for the Constitution were constrained to show that these modifications of its principle were necessary to make it work. The true doctrine could be fulfilled only by abandoning it. For without the interpenetration of the three de-

partments deadlocks might ensue, to be broken only by the complete triumph of the strongest. Thus the powers could really be kept separate only by being mixed. We need not pursue the implications of this political metaphysics, for its authors scarcely planned the extreme confusion of rôles which a hundred and forty years of political change were to develop between our theoretically co-equal, philosophically separate departments.

The early politicians, in fact, made short work of the constitutional scheme. The very elaborateness of the system of checks and balances invited the rise of party organizations chiefly bent upon overriding them. There have been times when only the effectiveness of such organizations has enabled the government to carry on at all. If the party leaders were in Congress, Presidents drew such satisfaction as they could from the honor that was theirs, and left the governing to the Calhouns, the Clays, the Conklins and the Hannas. If the President was himself a personage, laws issued over rubber stamps from the White House. The interests of party recognized no fine distinctions of function. The activity of the boss was limited only by his energy. Even the judiciary did not escape his attention. The Dred Scott decision was known to party chiefs before it was announced to the contestants and the public. The change of a justice has upon more than one occasion enabled the Supreme Court to think as party leaders desired. The American party system is part of the price we pay for an incoherent Constitution.

But it is a clumsy substitute. Washington would indeed be a Donnybrook Fair if government action waited for the political hetmen to get together. We have found a shorter road. During the last thirty years we have entrusted most of the things that our government has to do to new bodies, wholly unrecognized by the Constitution, that do whatever needs to be done in the fields of their special activity, without inquiring as to the metaphysical categories

under which their conduct falls. The work of the federal government, both in bulk and in importance, has thus chiefly devolved upon administrative departments, bureaux and commissions, which make rules of law, apply them to individual cases, and determine individual rights without appeal. Such conduct is part of the daily routine of the tax administration. The admission, exclusion and deportation of aliens are decided without appeal by immigration officials. The public health agencies of the States and the nation prescribe their rules of sanitation, and in their application do things which in ordinary view would appear confiscatory. The findings of public utility commissions of the pattern of the Interstate Commerce Commission are final as to individual rights and duties. The commission is guided by self-instituted general rules and controlled by its own precedents. The decisions of the Postmaster-General through his assistants, excluding matter from the mails, are final as to fact and justifiable cause, and interfere most embarrassingly with all sorts of individual liberties. The proclamation of a President that a treaty is in force causes it to be in force; it is a finding of fact binding upon every court in the land. And the whimsies of a Secretary of State about the existence or nonexistence of *de facto* governments may make truth to be one thing in Europe and another in the United States. It is not possible, at this moment, to demonstrate to any American court of justice the existence of the Soviet government of Russia. Nor should any account which has an eye to political realities fail to point out the tremendous law-making potentialities of the Federal Reserve Board. We have gone so far, indeed, as to place congressmen upon a joint board with Cabinet members to arrange the collection of five billion dollars of our bills receivable.

The plain fact of the matter is that whatever reality the notion of the separation of powers may once have had has long since ceased to exist. As early as 1830, the courts of New York recognized that there were

powers of government which could not be clearly classified, and governmental bodies which fell outside the classical three departments. The federal Supreme Court has more slowly come to a recognition of the facts. It now ignores the dictum of John Marshall in its interpretation of the law. Perhaps it would not itself say so clearly, but, as Thomas Reed Powell concluded several years ago, "the doctrine of the separation of governmental powers, as a complete denial of the capacity of one department of government to exercise a kind of power assumed to belong peculiarly to one of the others, does not obtain in our public law beyond the confines of the printed page." The Supreme Court refers to most of the new bodies which are devising policies, issuing ordinances, interpreting and applying them, as administrative. This, if it means anything consistent with our original political theory, means a fourth category of power, a fourth supreme department of state. But it does not mean that. It simply means that the elders of our tribe are still able to perform their great duty of interpreting and modifying the law. It reveals government as in fact a continuous whole, divisible into innumerable parts for action and in the contemplation of the law, each part performing the duties that it has been found convenient to assign to it.

IV

But there is no dogma so tenacious in its grip as a dead one. The more the powers of government have ceased to be distinct, and the more learned men have abandoned the notion that government is a Trinity and that belief is necessary to political salvation, and the more gowned justices have admitted that these gods are harmless, the mightier has grown the cult of the separation of powers among the populace. That in this tenet there inheres a unique and saving efficacy is the firm belief of all who receive the sacraments from the Constitutional League. That to

its magic principle we owe a Constitution which has remained without fundamental alteration longer than any other in the world—with the sole exception of that of the kingdom of Siam—is a fact which unites Vermont peasant and the nobility of the robe in a common worship.

With the evidence of another national campaign freshly in mind it is impossible to deny the vitality of a faith which so obviously inspires millions of Americans. One candidate had a vulnerable war-record. He had been for many years a traitor to the cause of government of, for and by the nation's business men. He had visited the scarlet woman of Russia and would have his family bow to her upon the street. Nevertheless, these grave offendings were not what stirred strong, silent men to indignant loquacity. What roused them was the fact that he had suggested that a Congress whose business it was to make the country's laws should also decide as to its right to make them under the Constitution to which it owed its powers. This was the arch-heresy. Bell, book and candle were summoned forthwith. It was a clear case of sacrilege. And firm in the faith, our political priesthood had no doubt as to the power of their anathemas. The episode of the weeping and gnashing of teeth could be prepared in type for certain release.

Ideas of such vigor can not be quarantined. Their contagion spreads from one group of social relations to another. From the realm of politics the doctrine of the separation of powers has passed in our time to that of industry. It is scarcely ten years since an energetic mill superintendent with the soul of an evangelist—need I add, in Illinois?—discerned the applicability of his school civics to the problems of shop administration. His employés were discontented, their work was ineffective, their demands were increasingly insistent and unseasonable. The reason was that they did not share in the government of their shop. The great American principles of popular government had not yet been

extended to industry. And what were those principles? How were they to be applied? Clearly there was but one model to follow, the structure of the Constitution. American principles of democracy could mean but one thing, a system of checks and balances. So a bicameral legislature was set up in that Illinois factory—one body representing the men, another composed of foremen and department heads. There was an executive, composed of the people who ran the business. And there was, unspecified but inevitable corollary, a Supreme Court, the industrial revivalist himself, who after selling his idea to thirty or forty shops in the Middle West, was recalled again and again to interpret democracy to its victims and adjust the incoherencies of a mechanical scheme.

It is not possible to conceive that a belief so prevalent can fail to correspond to a permanently valuable reality. There must be abiding meaning in the doctrine of the separation of powers. Certain it is that the powers of government have not all been thrown into a common pot. Official bodies do not simply help themselves to the powers they want to exercise. There are still separations of power between judges and Congress and other government officers in the United States that are unknown to the practice of other civilized countries. It is not possible with us, for instance, for a Cabinet minister to intervene in a debate in Congress on our foreign relations and so illumine its customary ignorance with a plain statement of the facts. Members of Congress can not be swerved from their devotion to duty by a chance to do administrative work in their off hours. They may meddle with administration all they please in their committee-rooms, they may talk, they may criticise. But they are satisfactorily screened from knowing anything about it and from doing much. Secretaries of the Interior can not be restrained from giving away the property of the United States until the oil is out of the ground. No matter how stupid or ineffectual the conduct of a bureau chief, our courts can

not review his rulings unless fraudulent action is shown. Congress can not find out whether it has enacted a law or a piece of waste paper until the executive seeks to enforce it and an aggrieved citizen seeks protection from the courts. For while the Supreme Court has discovered its power to review the validity of the conduct of its co-equal departments, our constitutional wit has yet been unable to devise a means of reviewing the validity of its claims to do so. Thus congressmen move in a realm of political wraiths and bugaboos. They hear a rustle in the curtain and stab Polonius. Bystanders are not all innocent. And where the shooting is wild enough, someone who is guilty may be hurt.

So it must be plain that in the separation of powers there yet resides a great deal of liberty—for some of us. True, liberty may consist as much in the chance to get things done as in their prevention by the incoherence of the machine that is supposed to do them. But it is to be reflected that those whose liberty might be promoted by government effectiveness are doubtless underserving and much better off without it. Thanks to the separation of powers, we have national Prohibition, each of our public guardians having thoughtfully passed to the other the delicate task of choking off the unwelcome child. And to this same separation we owe its admirable enforcement, by means of which the deserving are refreshed and those who lack the price are encouraged to save their money. Under this benign scheme three hundred and fifty ambitious but unsuccessful lawyers and one hundred tired business men can discard a set of tax schedules painfully elaborated by Treasury experts and endorsed by Mr. Mellon, and they can adopt another set of tax schedules elaborated as painfully by other experts and repudiated by Mr. Mellon. To the same hocus pocus the late Henry Cabot Lodge owed his hour of brief delusion that he was shaping the destinies of the world; by it our foreign policy can be directed to the preservation of the Republican major-

ity in California. Thus the separation of powers obscures from the eyes of the vulgar the actualities of politics. It abets the wholesome illusion that our professional politicians have something to do with the government. It is not therefore to be marvelled that all of them are doctrinally orthodox. Unless the separation of powers were insisted upon, the government of the country might soon fall into the hands of those most competent to run it.

It must be allowed that it is difficult to look at the pile of light and shaded blocks and be sure of seeing the pyramid always in the same place. There are times when it seems that we have an executive to propose policies, a legislature to discover their evasion, and a judicial power which in its

higher reaches is kept busy explaining how laws need not mean what they were intended to mean. But it is not possible to classify public bodies that behave like that. And apart from classification we are lost. Old ways are the safest, as our current President, with his terse originality, has reminded us. If the business of the legislature is not to make the laws, it ought to be. If their execution is not the sole concern of the Executive, it should be so. And who that has anything to do with its making or administration may venture a guess at the meaning of a law? "Government is a plain thing," said Jonathan Swift. He had not considered the sublime operations of the American Constitution or the inspired reasoning of its interpreters.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Tabloids.—Among the many reasons assigned for the remarkable popular success of the tabloid newspapers, I fail to detect one that doubtless snuggles closer to the core than all the others. To say that the tabloids have succeeded because the public likes pictures, or prefers its news boiled down to a couple of sticks, or itches for sensationalism, or has found the large-size, standard journals too unwieldy, or prefers 12-point type to 8-point, is either to aim at the bull's-eye with generalities, mostly false, or to chase one's tail arguing that a thing is true because it apparently isn't untrue. If the public likes pictures above all things, why were *Burr McIntosh's Monthly*, the original *Collier's Weekly* and *Leslie's Weekly*, pioneers and leaders among latter-day picture publications, such dismal failures? If the public doesn't like large and unwieldy publications, why are the *New York Times* and the *Saturday Evening Post* such tremendous successes? If the public likes large and not small type, why does this same *Saturday Evening Post* enjoy such unparalleled prosperity? If it is merely sensationalism that the public relishes, why are not Hearst papers like the *New York Journal* more successful than they are and why was Enright's *New York Bulletin* driven to the ash-heap in such quick order?

The success of the tabloids may rest in part upon these principles, but only in part. The tabloids have succeeded for another and plainer reason. The public, or at least that great proportion of the public that has taken up these illustrated *demiblatts*, is the same public that had hitherto rested its pursuit of intelligence and culture entirely upon the old-time yellow

press. The latter, as is known, enjoyed an unprecedented reign of popularity for many years and then suddenly showed signs of a violent seizure of cholera morbus and began slipping rapidly down the coal-chute. What brought this decline about was its peculiar public's cumulative loss of faith in its honesty, for even a public like that which devoured the yellows is not entirely without goat-sense. This public, duped for years with fraud and fake, with murders, rapes, kidnappings, robberies, Black Hand bands, Jack-the-Rippers, mysterious wild men and ghosts that never took place or never existed, finally caught on to the leg-pulling that was going on and refused any longer to buy tickets for the show. And at that moment the small illustrated newspaper, which is an even bigger fake than the old yellow newspaper, was born.

And why? Because pictures don't lie. Or at least the boob doesn't think they lie. He no longer believes anything he reads in the newspapers, but he believes everything he sees. A photograph showing him an Indiana detective shooting "Dutch" Anderson (carefully posed up an alley by a couple of reporters) seems to him a much more accurate piece of intelligence about the day's news than an article which is similarly very largely the product of a reporter's imagination. An old photograph of Carrie Nation that is made to pass for one of Ma Ferguson, a photograph of the Battle of Manila Bay with the caption "The United States Navy Goes After the Rum Fleet," a picture of the last Armistice Day parade headed "The Funeral of Frank A. Munsey," or the reproduction of a movie still of "East Lynne" with the

inscription "Mrs. Stillman Denies She Will Re-Wed Husband" is entirely convincing to the boob who no longer trusts the news of the day set forth in mere printer's type. And thus it is that such papers as Hearst's *Journal* decline in circulation while such as Hearst's *Mirror* go shooting up.

Anglo-American.—As the first item for a new department to be called "Anglo-American" and to be devoted to the hinter-kissing of the Motherland by Americans, I offer the following dainty from an article by the M. Brander Matthews, entitled, "Compliments of the Season," published in a recent number of the *Century* magazine:

It ill becomes any American to say a word against this British king (George III), for as George Washington has been called "the father of our liberties" so might George III be termed "the step-father of our liberties." If he had not been the able and stubborn monarch that he was, we Americans might now be called the subjects of George V.

The Klan and the Press.—Outside of the South, it is probably a fair estimate to say that fully three-quarters of the more important newspapers of the Republic have been and are, either openly or in spirit, against the Grand and Exalted Order of Ku Kluxers. These papers have for two years now opposed the Klan in their news and editorial columns. They have often colored the news deliberately to the Klan's disadvantage and their editorials have denounced the organization as being anti-American, corrupt, a danger to the Union, an inciter of race prejudice, a violator of the Constitution and a hundred other such pestiferous cocci. And yet, today, the Klan still flourishes. The journalistic bird-shot has rolled off its back like water off a duck's. Why?

Whenever the matter has been discussed, the reasons commonly assigned have had to do with the decline of journalistic influence in America, yet it seems to me that only a very unobservant person can bring himself to believe that this influence is

not every bit as strong today as it ever has been. The reason must be looked for in another quarter, and that quarter, I believe, is not in the newspaper columns, but in the Klan itself. Above everything else, above each and all of its open pretensions, above even its political and sectarian cut, the Klan is a club formed by men of common likes and dislikes and of mutual tastes, and a newspaper can no more break up such a fellowship by calling it names and arousing those on the outside than it can bring the Union League Club to serve six oysters on a plate instead of five. Newspaper readers, even where they are most strongly opposed to the conduct and actions of the Klan, feel instinctively that, above its public manifestations, it is, in a manner of speaking, a private organization, like the Elks, the Knights of Pythias or the Beethoven Association, and as such entitled to its place in the community life. All the jokes of the last twenty years haven't disbanded the Elks; all the jazz of the next twenty will not disband the Beethoven Association; all the abuse of the newspapers cannot succeed in disrupting the Klan. The average American may have many faults, but one of them is not a nosey viciousness when it comes to his fellow American's social federations. And the Klan is, in strict analysis, such a social federation before it is anything else. Had it had the sagacity to choose a more fortunate name for itself, a name in the public eye less symbolic of masked banditry, some such name, let us say, as the Society for American Peace or the Sons of the Republic, no one would ever have 'eard so much as a peep against it.

Beauty and Intelligence.—It has remained for Mr. Albert E. Wiggam, M.A., B.S., author of "The New Decalogue of Science," a gentleman who has attained to the mature age of fifty-four years, to contribute as his mite toward cosmic philosophy the doctrine that beauty and intelligence in women go hand in hand. Despite the fact that this revolutionary collop of

news has been known to every reflective human being since small boys amused themselves sliding down the Esquiline Hill on their toga-seats, the legend that a beautiful woman is necessarily a bonehead has enjoyed a curious persistence. The reason for the vitality of the legend is easily arrived at. In the battle of the sexes, the beautiful-intelligent woman enjoys odds of 100 to 1 over the gent who would subjugate her to his bed, his board and his own biological loveliness. Thus, in order to make the scrap less one-sided, man has craftily spread the doctrine that beautiful women are utterly without sense, a doctrine that has been cultivated by him with such immense cleverness that the beautiful woman herself has actually been made to believe in it. As a result, there are very few women blessed with beauty who do not believe that their homelier sisters are privy to an intelligence that they themselves do not possess. Yet the homely woman generally knows much less than the pretty one. Her lack of good-looks has made a coward of her and knowledge and courage are handmaidens. The homely woman gives the world its supply of schoolmarms and chambermaids. The beautiful woman gives the world its supply of Récamiers, Maintenons, Genlises, Staëls, Swetchines, Du Barrys, Nell Gwynnes and Lady Hamiltons.

The Literature of the Negro.—The literature of the Negro pours from the presses as never before in publishing history. A week does not pass that Negro poems, songs, autobiographies, novels and what not do not jostle for favor on the book stalls with the masterpieces of Michael Arlen, the Rev. Thomas Dixon and other such representatives of the white, or superior, race. Many of these Negro *opera* are highly commendable; many throw an illuminating light upon the hopes, dreams, achievements, character and psyche of our black fellow citizens. But, of them all, there is one, published several months ago and designed for the Negro trade alone, that has thus

far been reviewed in not a single Caucasian publication and that is yet perhaps the most remarkable of the lot in showing the trend of the Negro mind as it operates today in certain eminent Colorado maduro circles. I allude to "The Black Man, the Father of Civilization," by James Morris Webb, A.M., issued by the Royal Messenger Press of Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Webb, it appears, has no misgivings as to the future of his race. He bases his claims on its past performances, some of which will come in the way of news to his white readers. For example, he states: "The black colonial troops and other black subjects of the British and French government, also the American black Yanks, made it possible for the Allied nations to drive a peace victory over Germany and her allies. The black man was the backbone of it all, just as much so as he was the backbone of the Union army which made it possible for General Grant to receive General Lee's sword as a token of surrender." But this is not all.

"When the Kaiser's army tried to capture Paris twice and failed," continues Dr. Webb, "no doubt General Hindenburg reported to the Kaiser that the Colonial and other black troops from Africa were the backbone of the French and British armies and that it was impossible to get into Paris. Again, no doubt, the Kaiser said, 'Well, Hindenburg, make a stand-pat Hindenburg line.' So this was done. But when the Kaiser had been told that a black American Yank had captured ten German soldiers by himself and other black Yanks were doing similar heroic acts, it became too much for the Kaiser to stand and hence the Hindenburg line began to weaken. Especially when Sergeant William Butler, the black Yank of New York, rescued his white lieutenant and a number of privates from the German side, the Kaiser ordered his army to gradually give the Hindenburg line up and finally the Kaiser gave up the sponge to the Allies."

From this, the eminent Doctor proceeds to the theory that the fifth universal king-

dom of earth, foretold by "the black prophet, Daniel," will be ruled by a black man with woolly hair. "Yes," says Dr. Webb, "his hair will be like pure wool, and the sheep and the Negro have the only pure wool, as see Daniel, vii, 9." But wait! "To prove that this King will be a black man (Negro or colored), Jacob on his dying bed prophesied that He would be an offspring of his son Judah (Genesis, xl ix, 10). This Judah married two Hamite (black, colored or Negro) women. . . . The blood still stands, for if the blood of the Negro becomes fused in a family by marriage or in any other way, the offsprings are Negroes. The Virgin Mary, the mother of Jesus, was born out of the tribe of Judah, a black tribe, so therefore Jesus, the Son of God, could not escape the blood of the Negro. After Jesus was born, a decree went forth from Herod to slay Him. God viewed all Europe and Asia to find a place of rescue, but sad to say none was found. But, fortunately, when God looked over Africa, the black belt, He located a spot on the River Nile, the River Nile where every spoke of the wheel of civilization was borne by black men and women, and He immediately sent an angel to warn Joseph in a dream to accompany Mary and the young child to Egypt. If Jesus had been an Anglo-Saxon child, it seems natural that God would have had him rescued by the Anglo-Saxon race, but as Jesus was related to the black race by blood, it was God's own business to have the Babe of Bethlehem rescued and rocked in the black man's cradle."

The author of this unusual tome, so much having been established by him, next takes up, in order, proofs (1) that it was the white man, not the Negro, who was the deviser of poisonous alcoholic tippling; (2) that the Negro "has ranked as high in society as it was possible for man to go"; (3) that "no law of man will ever keep the white and black races from amalgamating"; (4) that Abraham, the father of the Jews, married a Negress; (5) that Moses married several Negresses; (6) that there are at present 12,000,000 people in the United States who, though neither black nor white, are called Negroes—the responsible persons, the author observes ironically, being "our white brethren who took charge of us against our will and started out to teach us civilization and religion when we were heathens"; (7) that "two of the Twelve Apostles were Negroes, to wit, Barnabas and Simon (see Acts xiii, 1)"; (8) that Judah, of whom Christ was to come, married descendants of Canaan, son of Ham, who was the father of all Ethiopians; (9) that "Solomon, the great, wise son of David, was a Negro (see the Songs of Solomon, 1, 5 and 6)"; (10) that "Solomon's most royal guest after the dedication of the temple was a Negro woman, the Queen of Sheba (see I Kings, x, 1)"; (11) that "the royal Jew during Solomon's time was black and the common Jew white"; and (12) that "Bathsheba, before becoming David's wife, had been the wife of a Negro."

Now will the membership committee of Ku Klux hang its head in shame?

NOTES & Queries

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to

QUERY NO. 133

Have the poems, songs, and monologues of Bert Williams ever been put in book form? If so, where can I get a copy?

ROBERT H. ENNIS,
Daytona Beach, Florida

QUERY NO. 134

Can any erudite reader of this magazine tell me the source of the following quotation, referred to by Hardy in "The Interloper":

And I saw the figure and visage of Madness seeking for a home.

W. F. T., *Durham, N. C.*

QUERY NO. 135

There seems to be very little known or in print about the Hon. and Rev. Willie Upshaw, the Georgia dry congressman. Is he a person of cultured tastes? What does he read? What are his recreations? With whom does he spend his evenings? Does he wear silk underwear? Can he order from a French menu? Would he be socially awkward in a drawing-room? Does he dine at the Restaurant Griffon in the Rue d'Antin the first night he is in Paris? Could he tell you Mozart's first name? Does he grease his hair?

AXEL FINKLE, *Weehawken, N. J.*

QUERY NO. 136

I have exhausted available mythological dictionaries in a luckless search for a description of the attributes of the goddess Aselgeis. Will some reader kindly supply them? Also, where can I obtain a thoroughly good volume of classical mythology, that is, one that has been written for the student and not as a guide for the bedtime raconteur?

CLAYTON I. STAFFORD, *Portland, Ore.*

QUERY NO. 137

Can any of your readers tell me why there isn't a bridge across the Hudson from New York City to some place in Hudson county? I have important business in New Jersey two or three evenings a week and it's always a gamble whether or not I can get on a ferry-boat with my car. Sometimes I have to wait in line an hour; last Saturday night I waited two hours. There are plenty of bridges across the East river to Long Island. Why aren't there a few—ay, even one would do—across the Hudson to New Jersey? Or simpler still: why not cede Long Island to New Jersey and thus let it come under Jersey's laws and Jersey's civilized wink at the enforcement of certain of those laws? Something ought to be done—if you know what I mean.

HEIDELBERG ALUMNUS, *New York*

QUERY NO. 138

An American statesman—I believe—wrote some verse which starts thus:

The whangdoodle sat on the edge of the strand
... with his rail in his hand....

Has someone a copy of the whole poem? And does anyone know who the author was?

F. DANZIGER, *San Diego, Calif.*

QUERY NO. 139

There recently came into my hands a pamphlet, peddled by bookleggers, entitled, "Suppressed Poems by James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field," and containing three rather delicious pieces: "Little Willie" and "In Imitation of Robert Herrick's 'Upon Julia's Unlacing Herself'" said to be by Field, and "The Passing of the Backhouse" by Riley. I am curious to know if these poems were really written by Field and Riley.

L. A., San Pedro, Calif.

QUERY NO. 140

Recently I read in a history book that there used to be a society in our country which demanded that its members practise complete continence except when they desired offspring. The name, if I am not mistaken, was the Sisters of Chastity. Can anyone tell me whether that name is correct and whether the society still exists? It was very powerful, I understand, during the early forties in New England.

AMERICAN MOTHER, Westport, Conn.

Answers

ANSWER NO. 3

Another for R. L. O'F. Stewart Anderson in "Sparks of Laughter" credits the late New York *Sun* with it:

Limitation of Mr. Ford

His
Biz
Is
Liz.

A. R. WARD, Detroit

ANSWER NO. 25

For an account of the critical decisions of the Higher Commands in the World War Lt. Col. Philip Neame's "German Strategy in the Great War" is useful. "Forty Days

of 1914" and "The Last Four Months" are probably the best books describing the conflict in the West from the British point of view. Most of the war-books of the various generals are written to justify the actions of the authors. They are not to be depended upon, even though they are written with honest intentions. Arnold, London, publishes the first book mentioned above, and Constable, London, the other two.

E. B., Kingston, Canada

ANSWER NO. 29

If Mr. Brenner is still interested in Dreiseriana he will find a good article on Dreiser in the November, 1925, issue of the *Vagabond* (Vol. III, No. 1), published by the students of the University of Indiana, where Dreiser was once a student, at Bloomington, Ind. It is by William M. Toner, and is very intelligent. Much of the material for "The Color of a Great City," by the way, was first published in *Tom Watson's Magazine* during 1905 and 1906. Is there an adequate Dreiser bibliography? If not, why not?

HARLAN B. HOWE, Kansas City

ANSWER NO. 35

Wowser is made up of the first letters of a slogan adopted by a peculiar class of people that are found both in Australia and New Zealand: "We only want social evils removed."

PIG ISLANDER, New York

ANSWER NO. 59

A play called "Polygamy," dealing with the Mormon Church and especially with the conflict therein between the Fundamentalists and the Liberals, was performed in New York in 1914. Perhaps Mr. Grattan would be interested in it for his collection of religious literature in America. I do not remember the author's name. It was a highly edifying spectacle.

JOHN DEAN BICKFORD, Culver, Ind.

Mr. C. H. Grattan will find that certain of the novels of J. K. Huysmans deal with religious matters. I refer in particular to "Down There," New York, Boni & Liveright, 1924; "En Route," New York, Dutton, 1919; "The Cathedral," Dutton, 1922; "The Oblate," Dutton, 1924. All these are English translations. I am engaged in a study of the sort he suggests and should be glad to give him any information at my disposal.

P. BOSANKO, *Minneapolis*

Mr. C. H. Grattan might be interested to know that there is a book called "Lions of the Lord," which deals with the Mormons of Brigham's day. We youngsters of the sacred Young family used to be sent to Sunday school, regularly, and with greatest éclat, as beffited our station as kids of the prophet. Once out of sight of home, we would produce the forbidden novel from a pocket in our voluminous petticoats, or pantaloons, and hide ourselves in a handy clump of bushes to read and howl. One young Young stood guard, to waylay some returning youngster who had gone dutifully to Sunday school, for we had to have the Golden Text to take home to father. We got it, always, and read and re-read "Lions of the Lord," that we might ever be able to revel in inward snickers whilst we had to sit sedately and listen to the great progenitor of our line thunder about the "Urim and Thummim," called "Urim and Thingumajig" in our surreptitious reading.

So it is ever, that the offspring of the elect are the first to penetrate the flummery of their august sires, and laugh at it while the rank and file still listen with bated breath and reverent minds.

V. YOUNG, *Chicago*

ANSWER NO. 62

I would suggest to "Manufacturer" that he send his imbecile boy to the University of Alabama, located at Tuscaloosa. Having been forced by circumstances to attend

that institution, I feel qualified to say that the predominance of the Alabama backwoods yokel in the student body would probably place "Manufacturer's" son way above the average.

A GRADUATE OF THE U. OF A.,
New York

In case "Manufacturer" cannot find a big university which meets the needs of his dumb son, I would recommend my Alma Mater, Duke University, in Durham, North Carolina. This institution, as is generally admitted by all right-thinking Southern Methodists, is shortly to become the greatest in the world. At the same time, it is impossible for anyone to fail to get through it—without making an actual effort to fail. Its motto is: "Take the Fourteenth Century as your model." If the lad has a moderate amount of spending money, not too good manners, and no brains at all, I can guarantee that he will receive a bid from every national fraternity at the institution, including the one of which I have the honor to be a member.

LOYAL ALUMNUS, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 67

The poem Mr. Klinefelter mentions seems to be the old Yale song, "Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl," the second of whose verses begins with "The man who drinks his whisky straight," or, in some other versions, with "The man that drinks good whisky punch." "The Yale Song Book," published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1906, contains this song. The title Mr. Klinefelter gives is obviously adapted from the opening line of the second stanza.

P. BOSANKO, *Minneapolis*

ANSWER NO. 71

The word *broad* is usually applied by New Yorkers to women who, it is hoped or believed, are of uncertain morals. It is derived from *baud*, but persons unfamiliar with its origin sometimes use it in a gen-

eral sense. Compare the status of the word *bum* here and in the United Kingdom.

L. B. N. GNAEDINGER, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 74

In Ida M. Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln," Volume I, page 95, there is mentioned a license, granted to Wm. F. Berry, of the firm of Berry & Lincoln, owners of a grocery store at New Salem, Ill., to sell spirituous liquors. Undoubtedly this fact has given rise to the notion that Abraham Lincoln once kept a saloon.

GEO. WEBER, JR., *Rochester, N. Y.*

ANSWER NO. 76

I suggest that *boosegow* comes from the Mexican-Spanish *juzgado*, signifying a jail. As the word is pronounced on the border, deep down in the throat, it sounds very much like *boosegow*, especially when an American is the speaker.

CARL VINCENT, *Galveston, Texas*

ANSWER NO. 77

It is a fact that Sir Arthur Sullivan's family name was originally Solomon. His father was a regimental bandmaster in Dublin. His grandfather was an immigrant from London, where he had been in business. Ireland has never produced a first-rate musician. Even Michael William Balfe was a foreigner, as his surname shows. The other Irish composers are all ninth-rate. I have heard it stated, but do not know if it is a fact, that the family name of W. S. Gilbert, Sullivan's collaborator, was originally Ginsberg. His middle name, as everyone knows, was Schwenck, which is surely not English. The name of Ginsberg has been frequently changed in England to Gilbert, Gilroy and Gilman. One family of Ginsbergs, who had retained their original name until the opening of the late war, then followed the example of the Battenbergs, now Mount Battens, by changing it to Mount Gins. Herbert

George Mount Gins is now a lawyer in Leeds.

J. S. OWSLEY, *London*

ANSWER NO. 78

Here are two more Latin words ending in *caput* for "Artium Magister's" list:

Vacuocaput = emptyhead
Pinnacaput = pinhead

These two words probably describe over 95% of the free citizens of this great Democracy.

PHILOLOGIAN, *Ashkunshet, Mass.*

ANSWER NO. 80

Siringo, Garrett and Hough, three of Billy the Kid's biographers, and Coe, who also knew him personally, all say that his true name was William H. Bonney. This is given as his father's name also by Siringo.

HARVEY FERGUSSON, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 81

"M. M.," of Trenton, N. J., will spoil his sauerkraut if he dumps any Johannisberger into it, no matter of what year. There is but one wine for such purposes, and that is the lowly Niersteiner. Its very coarseness is a merit. It enters into the substance of the exquisite Bavarian grass, and produces a flavor that is truly *kolossal*. One year is as good as another. "M. M." can get all the Niersteiner he wants from the booticians in Philadelphia or New York. Since the Coast guard got into action the price has been going down.

AN OLD MÜNCHENER,
Long Island City, N. Y.

ANSWER NO. 82

The Friends of the Saloon is not yet incorporated. The preliminary announcement says that its purposes will be as follows:

1. To oppose by all lawful means the attempt to enforce Prohibition, with its inevitable accompaniment of blackmail, perjury, assault and murder.

2. To move for the impeachment of Federal judges who, in executing the Volstead Act, violate the guarantees of the Bill of Rights, and for the prosecution of other Federal officers who engage in bribery, extortion, robbery and homicide under the same act.

3. To meet and refute the libels circulated by Prohibition fanatics against the American saloon, and to exhibit the evil consequences that have flowed from the attempt to extirpate it from American life.

4. To propose and advocate its restoration, legal and physical, exactly as it was before 1919, and to free it, once it is restored, from excessive license fees, police espionage and other agencies of corruption.

5. To revive the historic and inalienable right of the free American to drink what, where and when he pleases, and in whatever quantity may be suitable to his thirst, his physiological endurance, and his station in life.

6. To bring a powerful persuasion to bear upon members of Congress and other public men, that these ends may be attained.

The same announcement says that persons now or hitherto engaged in rum-selling, persons convicted of infamous crimes, lawyers and Methodists will be ineligible for membership.

A LIFE-LONG FRIEND, *Scranton, Pa.*

ANSWER NO. 83

It was the late war, not Prohibition, as "An Elk Since 1889" seems to think, that chilled the Pullman smoking-compartment. In those days of universal snooping and talebearing sensible conversation became impossible. I saw a man taken off a train at Wheeling, W. Va., for denouncing Attorney-General Palmer as an ass. What became of him I don't know: probably he was sent to the Dry Tortugas, and is there yet. It was dangerous to life and limb to criticise Wilson, or even Josephus Daniels. Every smoking-compartment was full of travelling spies. Thus free speech was adjourned, and it has never revived. I have traveled all the way from Chicago to Pittsburgh without hearing a word uttered. When men talk at all, it is commonly in whispers. Now and then some drummer gets stewed and makes an old-time speech, but that is very seldom. It is now difficult, by the way, to take a civil-

ized drink on a Pullman car. The porter used to provide suitable glasses; now he has only paper cups, and the paraffine with which they are made waterproof seems to be soluble in 50% alcohol. Some porters still bootleg glasses, as they bootleg hair-combs, but they are mainly old fellows. Travelling in America is no fun any more. The war killed it.

A SHRINER SINCE 1888, *Kansas City*

Conversation in the Pullman smoking-room was killed during the late war. The place was extensively frequented, in those days, by professional patriots, and toward the end by spies and agents provocateurs. It thus became impossible to speak freely. I think Prohibition also helped. Your correspondent, "An Elk Since 1889," speaks of the free proffer of cigars in the old days. But it was really the flask of old Hannis that started tongues to wagging. Today everyone is afraid to drink out of a strange flask. In the smoking-rooms of trans-Atlantic steamers the old-time exchange of ideas and business cards still goes on.

ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS, *Binghamton, N. Y.*

ANSWER NO. 85

Alvis Finch can easily verify George Moore's statement that Paul was a Protestant by reading the Pauline Epistles. If they don't reveal a Methodist of the worst type, then I am a Prohibitionist, which I defy anyone to come outside and say. Paul spent his whole life travelling about the Near East, worrying people. Like a modern Methodist, he hated everybody. I believe that his ministry is chiefly responsible for the massacres of Armenians by the Turks today. The Turks know nothing about Peter, but they hear of Paul by oral tradition, and so they crack a Christian head whenever they see one.

UNITARIAN, *Scranton, Pa.*

ANSWER NO. 91

Edgar E. Saltus' "Uplands of Dream," an hitherto unpublished volume of essays and

prose fancies, contains a bibliography by Charles Paul McPharin. The book is published by Pascal Covici, Chicago.

BRENTANO'S, INC., NEW YORK

ANSWER NO. 96

The following information about Langdon Smith was compiled by Lewis Allen Browne:

Langdon Smith was born in Kentucky Jan. 4, 1858, and received a common school education at Louisville. In boyhood he served in the Comanche and Apache wars as a trooper, his letters descriptive of these campaigns winning him his first newspaper position. Later he acted as a war correspondent during the extended fighting with the Sioux tribes. In 1894 he married Marie Antoinette Wright and soon after went to Cuba as correspondent for the New York *Herald*, being a non-combatant on Gen. Maceo's staff during the Cubans' effort to overthrow Spanish rule. He again went to Cuba at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war as a representative of the New York *Journal*. One of the first at the front, he was present at all the principal engagements, taking high rank as a war correspondent.

The first few stanzas of "Evolution" were written in 1895 and published in the New York *Herald*, by which he was then employed. Four years later, when a member of the New York *Journal* staff, he wrote several more. These he laid aside for a while and then, from time to time, added a stanza until it was completed. Whether the editorial department failed to appreciate the poem, or the foreman of the composing room needed something with which to fill out a page is not known, but "Evolution" first appeared in its entirety in the center of a page of want advertisements in the New York *Journal*. . . . The whole poem was reprinted in April, 1906, in the *Scrap Book*. April 8, 1908, Smith died at his home in New York.

H. H. SCHAFF, BOSTON

ANSWER NO. 97

"The Old Hell of the Bible," I believe, was written by Ira D. Sankey. I heard it sung by the jury during the recesses of the Scopes heresy trial at Dayton, Tenn. The tune is very rollicking.

ALBERT G. CASTLE, NASHVILLE, TENN.

"The Old Hell of the Bible" was written by Edmund Clarence Stedman. He published it originally in the *Dial*, then a respectable Christian paper.

MARTIN J. BARKER, BOSTON

ANSWER NO. 98

A perusal of the *Nomenclature Officielle des Bureaux Telegraphiques* discloses a Gottville in California—of all places!—the only town named after the Deity in the États-Unis aside from the village in the Maryland wilds. To our eternal shame, this same list discloses the following towns abroad: God, Hungary; Gottland, Sweden; Gottesgab, Czechoslovakia; Gottfrieding, Bavaria. A Hell, Norway, is also listed, whereas the closest in the opposite direction that can be found in our own land is Heavener, Oklahoma. To round out the list no less than three up-and-coming communities named Moron are encountered, one each allocated to the following republics: Cuba, Argentina and Venezuela.

F. D., NEW YORK

ANSWER NO. 113

Permit me to suggest to the gentleman who desires a portrait of the late Leon Czolgosz that he apply to one of the numerous Roosevelt memorial associations.

ICONOGRAPHER, SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.

ANSWER NO. 122

The following are good books on precious stones:

- "Precious Stones," by Max Bauer and L. J. Spencer.
- "Gem Stones," by G. F. Herbert Smith.
- "The Cutting and Polishing of Precious Stones," by L. Claremont.
- "Gems and Gem Minerals," by O. C. Farrington.
- "Gems and Precious Stones of North America," by G. F. Kunz.

WM. H. WATSON, OSHKOSH, WIS.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

What's Wrong With The Theatre No. 1,867, Series M

ARTICLES on what's wrong with the theatre appear with the regularity of dramatic critics' need for an extra hundred dollars. Aside from the obvious fact that one of the chief things wrong with the theatre is three-quarters of its dramatic critics, I have been unable to dredge up from these treatises anything but stenciled, useless and utterly asinine generalities. We are told, for example, that the theatre is in a bad way because the moving pictures and the radio have robbed it of a very considerable share of its former audiences. Just how the merciful removal from the theatre of such fathomless mushheads as venerate celluloid mugging and dephlogisticated jazz above one of the finest of the seven arts may be regarded as a damage to the theatre is surely a problem for a professor of the higher logic. We are told, again, that the theatre has been commercialized to such a degree that it has lost caste, and is today fit only for susceptible fat women and men more or less immunized to its flapdoodle by ethyl alcohol. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The American theatre of today, taking it by and large, is less commercialized than it has been for thirty years. Of the fifty-eight legitimate theatres in New York at the present time, not more than a dozen, estimating them one year with another, may be said to be consecrated wholly and absolutely to commercial excreta. Of the ten legitimate theatres in New York thirty years ago, five were for the most part merely markets for such excreta. The deduced ratio is thus approximately forty-six to five.

We are told, further, that, commercialized stages or not commercialized stages,

so much rubbish has been produced in the last half-dozen years that intelligent audiences have been weaned from the theatre and no longer patronize it. Yet just as much rubbish, proportionately, was produced thirty years ago, as a glance at the records will clearly demonstrate, and just as many intelligent persons were alienated then as now. Again, we are told that three-quarters of our playwrights currently write with an eye to the moving picture possibilities of their plays and that, as a result, their wares are debased. Yet three-quarters of our playwrights of thirty years ago, before the moving pictures appeared on the scene, were similarly merely cheap salesmen out for the box-office money, and their plays were just as bad as those which the present-day playwright confects with the screen in the back of his mind. Still again, we are told that the over-supply of theatres and the under-supply of good plays have brought the theatre to a low artistic level. Yet no one would think of employing any such idiotic argument against American literature, although there are presently an over-supply of publishers as great as the over-supply of theatres and an equal under-supply of good books. One can no more fairly estimate the theatre by listing its every ten bad plays against its solitary good one than one can estimate the native literature by listing its every hundred bad novels against its solitary respectable one. Continuing, we are told that, aside from the so-called small theatre groups like the Guild, Greenwich Village Theatre, Stagers, et cetera, our producers are in the main concerned very little with dramatic merit and devote themselves largely to such plays as will appeal to the biggest audiences. Yet those who argue in this direction overlook the fact

that, a comparatively short time ago, we didn't have even the small theatre groups that we have today and hence were then not half so well off as we are at present.

I set down a few sample laments; they suggest the many others that are too familiar to call for rehearsal. And, as I have observed, almost all of them are quickly found to be true only superficially; at bottom, they are empty. The simple truth is that what is wrong with the theatre today is what has been wrong with the theatre always, and what, doubtless, will continue to be wrong with it until Gabriel plays his cornet solo. What is wrong with the theatre lies almost wholly in the heads of its critics. The theatre is all right; the difficulty is that its critics expect altogether too much of it. Here is a toy, the greatest toy the world has ever known, as a toy begun and as a toy continued, that they would have other than it actually is in its bottommost core. Theirs is a beautiful dream and a beautiful hope, but so were the dream and hope, the impossible dream and hope, of the Egyptians that Diocletian burned. The alchemy that might transmute into gold that half of the theatre which is tinsel is not within the gift of mortal man, and perhaps providentially. For a toy has need of its share of tinsel; a jumping-jack of gold would be an absurd paradox. The theatre, being a toy, is not for philosophers as philosophers, but only for men sufficiently wise to be periodically foolish. It is a something for grown men to play with when the mood of seriousness is not upon them, and when they would listen to music with their eyes and, blindfolded, look at life through their ears. Why seek to change that which cannot and which should not be changed? The theatre lives atop the monument of its very faults.

Something, as has been noted, is always wrong with the theatre. If it isn't said to be the Syndicate that, in its day, was supposed to be throttling the life out of it, it is said to be the star system that, in its day, was supposed similarly to be throt-

tling the life out of it. Each decade supplies its reason for what is wrong with the theatre, and still the theatre prospers as it has never prospered before. All the convincing reasons assigned for the failure of marriage haven't killed marriage. All the convincing reasons assigned for the ending of war have never stopped war. All the convincing reasons assigned for the wrongness of the theatre will never keep the theatre from going on its bland and engaging way. Duly appreciating which, let us take a look at a few things that are actually wrong with the American theatre at the present moment, and then promptly forget them. Some of these things are apparently trivial, and some of them are not new, but they are in combination doing more to disgust persons with the theatre than half of the more important reasons indignantly set forth by the composers of the treatises to which I have referred.

2

In the first place, there is the matter of the conduct of the box-office and the selling of tickets. A man goes to the box-office and asks for a seat not farther than six rows removed from the stage. Assuming that any good seats are left in the box-office, which is of course highly unlikely, he will be given one in row F, which a covert digital count will reassure him is, surely enough, in the sixth row. When he gets into the theatre subsequently, he will find time and again that the first four or five rows have double letters and that row F is not the sixth row, but the tenth or eleventh. Or he will go to a ticket agency, as I have gone on occasion, will buy a seat with the assurance that it is "just one off the aisle" and, taking the clerk's word for it and putting the ticket into his pocket, will subsequently find that it is a selling trick of the agency's to consider seats in pairs and group each two as a unit, and that his seat is accordingly not the second seat off the aisle, but the fifth. Again, he will buy a seat at the box-office,

will complain that it is too far back, and will be told that there are only twelve rows in the theatre and that his seat is thus in, say, what would be the seventh or eighth row at any other theatre. And he will subsequently find that the theatre has twenty rows and that he is lucky if he can catch even an occasional glimpse of the stage.

For all the loud talk of the district attorney's office relative to the prosecution of ticket agencies who charge more than a fifty-cent premium on tickets, it is still impossible to get the preferred positions in a theatre from these agencies unless one pays anywhere from one to five dollars more than the price stamped on the ticket. One can get tickets with the fifty-cent advance for some theatres, but not for a single theatre whose attraction is in demand. The agencies, many of them, have a list of charge patrons who they know will not betray them, and for these they hold out the good seats at a fancy swindle. Such agencies as do not have charge lists turn over their best seats for the big attractions to "blinds" and these dispose of them at exorbitantly advanced prices. If the "blinds" are apprehended, they have nothing to lose, as they are not licensed brokers and hence obviously cannot have their licenses taken away from them. They may be fined twenty-five or fifty dollars, which the agency, remaining under cover, pays for them and then, with a well-satisfied chuckle, promptly goes about hiring new "blinds" to take their places.

After one gets into a theatre, what happens? One goes with the peace of God in one's heart and perhaps even a good cocktail in one's middle, prepared to enjoy an evening in comfort. One takes one's program and turns to the cast of characters. But it isn't there. One looks again and still cannot find it. One wonders. One doesn't recall that many persons tear out this part of a playbill for souvenir or future reference and that, after the show is over, the ushers economically pick up the old programs, smooth them out and pass them out again

the next night. And then, just as one has contrived to regain one's composure by the exercise of five or six soul-satisfying cuss words, a draught, laden with influenza, pneumonia or, if one is lucky, a mere terrible cold in the head, hits one directly in the back of the neck. The theatre has been improved one thousand per cent in the last twenty years; the architects have developed their art wonderfully; the genius of producers the world over has brought into being a stage rapidly nearing perfection; acoustics are better than they have ever been before; chair designers have managed the ultimate in the physical comfort of the human sitspot; interior decorators have beautified the scene. But, though millions upon millions of dollars have been spent and though the theatre of today is to the theatre of yesterday what Buckingham Palace is to a Mills Hotel, no genius apparently has yet been found who can put weather-strips on the doors in such wise that stiff necks and chilblains are not the price of the modern Shakespeare or Michael Arlen. Again, with the growing custom of women's smoking in the lobby between the acts, the doors of a theatre are thrown wide open at such times on the coldest nights of Winter, with the result that any man who doesn't wish to go out and listen to the conversation of idiots or any woman sufficiently well-mannered to stay in her seat is half-frozen by the time the curtain goes up again.

We come thus to the audience or, more particularly, the first-night audience. The respectable New York first-night audience went down on the *Lusitania* with Charles Frohman. When Frohman passed from the theatrical scene, the decent first-night audience passed with him. Here and there, a trace of it still remains, but for the most part it has gone, where, no one seems to know. There is a trace of its old brilliance at a Morris Gest opening, a Dillingham opening, a Ziegfeld opening and, sometimes, at a Winthrop Ames or Arthur Hopkins opening, but, in major measure, the seats that once were filled by well-dressed,

clean-looking, cultured men and women are now occupied by moving-picture magnates and their agents, snooping for possible material for their abattoirs, by sandwich-restaurant operators luxuriating in unaccustomed dinner jackets and by modistes who run houses of call as a side-line and are on the look-out for new material behind the footlights.

I have, in another place, pointed out the recent heavy encroachment upon the theatre by the motion picture morons. I shall not go further into the situation at this moment. But one thing is certain. Although these pimps of drama may not succeed in doing the evil to the theatre that they have their hearts set upon, the widespread knowledge that they have got their hands on the American stage will operate to keep thousands of persons out of the theatre for some time to come. Already, indeed, we have plenty of signs to show which way the wind is blowing. Among my friends, for example, I number eight who, for the last twelve years, have had regular orders with their ticket agents for seats at fourteen specific New York playhouses. Since the news of the movie-backed theatrical enterprises has been published, all have cancelled their orders for all but four of the theatres, preferring not to trust the producers in question as heretofore but to wait and learn precisely what kind of stuff they were going to offer. Surely, this can be no isolated case. On every hand one hears the doubters. The worst thing that has happened to the American theatre in our time happened to it the day the newspapers printed the intelligence that the Famous Players Company had taken over the Charles Frohman enterprises, whether the Famous Players Company betters or ruins those enterprises or not, and the day, following that, when the newspapers printed the information that the Fox company was about to back a number of producers hitherto independent. As I say, it may not all matter much in the long run,—that, we shall learn in due time,—but for the next few years the theatre as an

institution will suffer sorely. A few of the movie-backed producers may get rich, but for every two dollars they put into their pockets the theatre will eventually be one theatregoer poorer.

3

As for the road, as it is called, the present deplorable state in which the provincial theatre finds itself is too well known to warrant extended comment. The road, practically speaking, has almost ceased to exist and the American theatre has come to signify merely the New York theatre. What has brought this state of affairs about? The reasons customarily assigned do not especially convince me. We are told that the quality of plays sent out by the managers is so low that road audiences have gradually become sickened and have, in despair, given up going to the theatre save when something first-class is vouchsafed them. Yet in the last three years, out of the twenty-four respectable plays produced in New York, seventeen have been sent on the road, production and cast intact, and fourteen of these have been rank commercial failures. We are told, again, that the road is tired of being fooled with inferior companies and declines longer to be swindled. But the records show that even when the New York companies are shown and provincial theatregoers are duly convinced of the fact, the patronage is not sufficient to keep the presentation alive. Still further, we are told that, in the instance of the smaller and better musical comedies, the orchestras engaged at the various road theatres are not up to standard and so aggravate the sensitive provincial musical ear. Yet if musical comedy audiences, whether in New York or anywhere else, know enough about music to tell a really good orchestra from one that is only so-so, I should like to have one such audience identified to me.

I doubt, as I say, that any of these reasons or any of the others like them which find their way into the controversial prints

are at the bottom of the collapse of the provincial theatre. That theatre, I believe, is where it is today for reasons much more obvious and very much simpler. The trouble with the road theatres lies not so much in what goes on on their stages as in the theatres themselves. With just five lonely and estimable exceptions that I can think of, there isn't a so-called first-class theatre on the road that isn't so physically dirty that to sit in it for two hours is to come out feeling and looking like the bottom of a Neapolitan spittoon. Proscenium curtains that haven't been dusted since McKinley's time, chairs with the plush so worn that one's nether-anatomy rests upon the substratum of prickly excelsior and the backs of which are thick with mementoes of hair salve and perspiration, carpets so filthy that they eat through shoe-leather, a general empyreuma akin to that of a constable—such is the average house of illusion that one encounters up and down the country-side. It is no secret, indeed, that the biggest purchasers of rat-traps and rat-poison have come to be these provincial theatres. Ten years, fifteen years, twenty and thirty years, they go along without improvements of any kind, rotting out of neglect. With washrooms that no white man would dare to venture into, with drinking water weeks old in dirt-covered bottles, with lobbies dimly lighted to cut down electrical bills, with slovenly female ushers hesitating on their way to seat locations to shift their wads of chewing-gum and to hitch up their garters, with a cheap and wheezy mechanical music-machine in the pit once occupied by an orchestra, with programmes printed on a single strip of cheap paper and the cheap ink of which comes off on one's fingers, with the heating apparatus turned on only a few minutes before eight o'clock and that thus drowns out the play with its banging until after nine, and with the illumination in front of the house economically turned off before the audience is entirely in, these theatres yet speculate why it is that people prefer to go across the way to the new, brightly

lighted, clean and perfectly conducted moving picture theatres. A theatre must be a theatre even before its curtain goes up on drama. It must have glamor and illusion and wonder. These road theatres are less theatres than pig-wallows. On that day when the managers of the provincial theatres hire competent scrubwomen, put an extra dozen incandescent bulbs in their lobbies and supply their women ushers with a reliable deodorant, on that day and not until that day will the road again show signs of prosperity. Meanwhile, the plays of Eugene O'Neill and men like him will fail on the road quite as promptly as the plays of the meanest hacks. It is every bit as unpleasant and souring to come away from "Hamlet" with a large grease-spot on the seat of your pants as it is to come away from "Mutt and Jeff."

II

More Russians

It is agreed without noticeable dissent that Chaliapin is the best singing actor on the modern operatic stage. It is further agreed that the operatic stage has known no such combination of dramatic talent and voice in its history. And it is also agreed that, aside from this rare combination of histrionic skill and vocal excellence, Chaliapin is as deficient a pantomimist as the same stage has known and a dancer approximately as graceful as an adult goat. It is the aim and purpose of the Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, under the direction of the estimable Dantchenko, to turn out a troupe composed entirely of Chaliapins who are also expert in pantomime and virtuosi of Terpsichore. It is similarly the aim and purpose of doctors of eugenics to turn out a troupe of men and women who shall be not only Chaliapins, but Hegels, Wellingtons, Sandows and Valentinos as well.

Dantchenko is to be commended for his intention and to be pitied for his faith. To convince one's self that his dream is im-

possible of achievement, all that one has to do is to view (1), the presentations he has been making in America in the last few months and (2), the somewhat more general handiwork of the Lord God Almighty in the last nineteen hundred and twenty-six years. Dantchenko is a very talented theatrical director, but God is against him. He can no more succeed in getting together a company of sixty men and women who are absolutely and equally perfect in acting, singing, dancing and pantomime, in all the dramatic, lyric and plastic possibilities of the stage, than Swedenborgians can complete the spirituality of *Homo Sapiens* by training him in the "Arcana Cœlestia," showing him picture postcards of Emanuel's magnificent whiskers and making him fix his mind on the Four Gospels instead of the Four Marx Brothers. The Russian *regisseur's* theory is at odds with nature. It is enough to expect of any human being, even, indeed, of any actor, that he be able to do one thing well. To hope for a Coquelin who can sing like a Caruso or for a De Részke who can act like a Forbes-Robertson, for a Dusé who can dance like a Génée or an Irene Castle who can act like a Bernhardt, and that the transcendent combination be, to boot, as proficient in pantomime as a Courtès or a Jane May, is to be a very major-general of optimists.

What Dantchenko has managed to get together is a troupe which can act considerably better than the average opera troupe and sing considerably worse. But the fellow is not without his sagacious wiles. At such junctures of his performances as the poor quality of a specific actor's singing must become obvious to his audience, he shrewdly distracts the latter's attention from the deficiency by a rapid and surprising reapportionment of those various parts of the song which are beyond the actor's capacity to such minor

members of his company as have been engaged for their ability to sing them and who, having done their bit, are then carefully allowed to fade politely from the scene. This is a trick that he works in his production of "Carmen," and it is a good trick. But it synchronously is one that betrays clearly the weakness of his whole scheme. Again, that scheme shows its clay foot in his production of Offenbach's "La Périchole." When this was disclosed initially in New York, Dantchenko entrusted the leading rôle to the best actress in his aggregation, Olga Baklanova. But it wasn't long before the director appreciated that an actress suited to the fiery dramatic interpretation of Carmen might not be so well suited to the milder dramatic interpretation of the rôle of the Spanish street-singer (even though she were converted by Dantchenko into a Peruvian), and before a change was accordingly made in mid-stream, and, with the change, another smear of clay revealed in the whole Dantchenko so-called "synthetic theatre" plan. In the case of "Lysistrata," an exhibit in which hardly any singing and no dancing are called for, the Russians manage better, but "Lysistrata" is no more a test for a true synthetic theatre than "The Old Homestead."

Dantchenko's organization, in short, is excellent in the way of stage groupings, fairly good in the way of acting, pretty bad in the way of singing, and downright incompetent in the way of dancing. The Moscow Art Theatre, under Stanislavsky, achieved something approaching to perfection by confining its efforts to a single thing, to wit, dramatic acting. The Moscow Art Theatre Musical Studio, under Dantchenko, misses fire because it has spread its efforts over too wide a field. To obtain results in the theatre, a greater concentration is necessary. And perhaps, also, a greater modesty.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Dreiser in 840 Pages

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY, by Theodore Dreiser. Two volumes. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Whatever else this vasty double-header may reveal about its author, it at least shows brilliantly that he is wholly devoid of what may be called literary tact. A more artful and ingratiating fellow, facing the situation that confronted him, would have met it with a far less difficult book. It was ten years since he had published his last novel, and so all his old customers, it is reasonable to assume, were hungry for another—all his old customers and all his new customers. His publisher, after a long and gallant battle, had at last chased off the comstocks. Rivals, springing up at intervals, had all succumbed—or, what is the same thing, withdrawn from the Dreiser reservation. The Dreiser cult, once grown somewhat wobbly, was full of new strength and enthusiasm. The time was thus plainly at hand to make a ten strike. What was needed was a book full of all the sound and solid Dreiser merits, and agreeably free from the familiar Dreiser defects—a book carefully designed and smoothly written, with no puerile clichés in it and no maudlin moralizing—in brief, a book aimed deliberately at readers of a certain taste, and competent to estimate good workmanship. Well, how did Dreiser meet the challenge? He met it, characteristically, by throwing out the present shapeless and forbidding monster—a heaping cartload of raw materials for a novel, with rubbish of all sorts intermixed—a vast, sloppy, chaotic thing of 385,000 words—at least 250,000 of them unnecessary! Such is scientific salesmanship as Dreiser understands it! Such is his reply to a pleasant invitation to a party!

By this time, I suppose, you have heard what it is all about. The plot, in fact, is extremely simple. Clyde Griffiths, the son of a street preacher in Kansas City, revolts against the piety of his squalid home, and gets himself a job as bellboy in a gaudy hotel. There he acquires a taste for the luxuries affected by travelling Elks, and is presently a leader in shop-girl society. An automobile accident, for which he is not to blame, forces him to withdraw discreetly, and he proceeds to Chicago, where he goes to work in a club. One day his father's rich brother, a collar magnate from Lycurgus, N. Y., is put up there by a member, and Clyde resolves to cultivate him. The old boy, taking a shine to the youngster, invites him to Lycurgus, and gives him a job in the factory. There ensues the conflict that makes the story. Clyde has hopes, but very little ready cash; he is thus forced to seek most of his recreation in low life. But as a nephew to old Samuel Griffiths he is also taken up by the Lycurgus *haut ton*. The conflict naturally assumes the form of girls. Roberta Alden, a beautiful female operative in the factory, falls in love with him and yields herself to him. Almost simultaneously Sondra Finchley, an even more beautiful society girl, falls in love with him and promises to marry him. Clyde is ambitious and decides for Sondra. But at that precise moment Roberta tells him that their sin has found her out. His reply is to take her to a lonely lake and drown her. The crime being detected, he is arrested, put on trial, convicted, and electrocuted.

A simple tale. Hardly more, in fact, than the plot of a three page story in *True Confessions*. But Dreiser rolls it out to such lengths that it becomes, in the end, a sort of sequence of serials. The whole first vol-

ume, of 431 pages of small type, brings us only to the lamentable event of Roberta's pregnancy. The home life of the Griffithses in Kansas City is described in detail. We make intimate acquaintance with the street preacher himself, a poor fanatic, always trusting in the God who has fooled him incessantly, and with his pathetic, drab wife, and with his daughter Esta, who runs away with a vaudeville actor and comes home with a baby. There ensues a leisurely and meticulous treatise upon the life of the bellboys in the rococo Green-Davidson Hotel—how they do their work, what they collect in tips, how they spend their evenings, what sort of girls they fancy. The automobile accident is done in the same spacious manner. Finally, we get to Lycurgus, and page after page is devoted to the operations of the Griffiths factory, and to the gay doings in Lycurgus society, and to the first faint stirrings, the passionate high tide, and the disagreeable ebb of Clyde's affair with Roberta. So much for Volume I: 200,000 words. In Volume II we have the murder, the arrest, the trial and the execution: 185,000 more.

Obviously, there is something wrong here. Somewhere or other, there must be whole chapters that could be spared. I find, in fact, many such chapters—literally dozens of them. They incommod the action, they swamp and conceal the principal personages, and they lead the author steadily into his weakness for banal moralizing and trite, meaningless words. In "The 'Genius'" it was *trig* that rode him; in "An American Tragedy" it is *chic*. Did *chic* go out in 1896? Then so much the better! It is the mark of an unterrified craftsman to use it now—more, to rub it in mercilessly. Is Freudism stale, even in Greenwich Village? Ahoy, then, let us heave in a couple of bargeloads of complexes—let us explain even judges and district attorneys in terms of suppressions! Is the "chemic" theory of sex somewhat fly-blown? Then let us trot it out, and give it a polishing with the dish-rag! Is there such a thing as sound English, graceful

English, charming and beautiful English? Then let us defy a world of scoundrels, half Methodist and half aesthete, with such sentences as this one:

The "death house" in this particular prison was one of those crass erections and maintenances of human insensibility and stupidity principally for which no one primarily was really responsible.

And such as this:

Quite everything of all this was being published in the papers each day.

What is one to say of such dreadful bilge? What is one to say of a novelist who, after a quarter of a century at his trade, still writes it? What one is to say, I feel and fear, had better be engraved on the head of a pin and thrown into the ocean: there is such a thing as critical *politesse*. Here I can only remark that sentences of the kind I have quoted please me very little. One of them to a page is enough to make me very unhappy. In "An American Tragedy"—or, at all events, in parts of it—they run to much more than that. Is Dreiser actually deaf to their dreadful cacophony? I can't believe it. He can write, on occasion, with great clarity, and even with a certain grace. I point, for example, to Chapter XIII of Book III, and to the chapter following. There is here no idiotic "quite everything of all," and no piling up of infirm adverbs. There is, instead, straightforward and lucid writing, which is caressing in itself and gets the story along. But elsewhere! . . .

Thus the defects of this gargantuan book. They are the old defects of Dreiser, and he seems to be quite unable to get rid of them. They grow more marked, indeed, as he passes into middle life. His writing in "Jennie Gerhardt" was better than his writing in "The 'Genius,'" and so was his sense of form, his feeling for structure. But what of the more profound elements? What of his feeling for character, his capacity to imagine situations, his skill at reaching the emotions of the reader? I can only say that I see no falling off in this direction. "An American

Tragedy," as a work of art, is a colossal botch, but as a human document it is searching and full of a solemn dignity, and at times it rises to the level of genuine tragedy. Especially the second volume. Once Roberta is killed and Clyde faces his fate, the thing begins to move, and thereafter it roars on, with ever increasing impetus, to the final terrific smash. What other American novelist could have done the trial as well as Dreiser has done it? His method, true enough, is the simple, bald one of the reporter—but of *what* a reporter! And who could have handled so magnificently the last scenes in the death-house? Here his very defects come to his aid. What we behold is the gradual, terrible, irresistible approach of doom—the slow slipping away of hopes. The thing somehow has the effect of a tolling of bells. It is clumsy. It lacks all grace. But it is tremendously moving.

In brief, the book improves as it nears its shocking climax—a humane fact, indeed, for the reader. The first volume heaves and pitches, and the second, until the actual murder, is full of psychologizing that usually fails to come off. But once the poor girl is in the water, there is a change, and thereafter "An American Tragedy" is Dreiser at his plodding, booming best. The means are often bad, but the effects are superb. One gets the same feeling of complete reality that came from "Sister Carrie," and especially from the last days of Hurstwood. The thing ceases to be a story, and becomes a harrowing reality. Dreiser, I suppose, regards himself as an adept at the Freudian psychology. He frequently uses its terms, and seems to take its fundamental doctrines very seriously. But he is actually a behaviorist of the most advanced wing. What interests him primarily is not what people think, but what they do. He is full of a sense of their helplessness. They are, to him, automata thrown hither and thither by fate—but suffering tragically under every buffet. Their thoughts are muddled and trivial—but they can feel. And Dreiser feels with

them, and can make the reader feel with them. It takes skill of a kind that is surely not common. Good writing is far easier.

The Dreiserian ideology does not change. Such notions as he carried out of the experiences of his youth still abide with him at fifty-four. They take somewhat curious forms. The revolt of youth, as he sees it, is primarily a revolt against religious dogmas and forms. He is still engaged in delivering Young America from the imbecilities of a frozen Christianity. And the economic struggle, in his eye, has a bizarre symbol: the modern American hotel. Do you remember Carrie Meeber's first encounter with a hotel beefsteak in "Sister Carrie"? And Jennie Gerhardt's dumb wonder before the splendors of that hotel in which her mother scrubbed the grand staircase? There are hotels, too, and plenty, in "The Titan" and "The 'Genius'"; toward the end of the latter there is a famous description, pages long, of the lobby of a New York apartment house, by the Waldorf-Astoria out of the Third avenue car-barn. It was a hotel that lured Jennie (like Carrie before her) to ruin, and it is a hotel that starts Clyde Griffiths on his swift journey to the chair. I suggest a more extensive examination of the matter, in the best Dreiser-Freud style. Let some ambitious young *Privat Dozent* tackle it.

So much for "An American Tragedy." Hire your pastor to read the first volume for you. But don't miss the second!

The Heroic Age

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON: THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA, by Claude G. Bowers. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

JEFFERSON AND MONTICELLO, by Paul Wilstach. Garden City, L. I.: *Doubleday, Page & Company*.

CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1812-1826, selected with comment by Paul Wilstach. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company*.

Jefferson, in one of his last letters to Adams, dated March 25, 1826, spoke of the time when both had come into fame as "the heroic age." The phrase was cer-

tainly not mere rhetoric. The two men differed enormously, both in their personalities and in their ideas—perhaps quite as much as Jefferson differed from Hamilton or Adams from his cousin Sam—but in one thing at least they were exactly alike: they were men of complete integrity. As Frederick the Great said of the Prussian *Junker*, one could not buy them, and they would not lie. The fact, at times, made them bitter enemies, and the virtues of the one were cancelled by the virtues of the other, to the damage of their common country. But when they stood together, they were irresistible, for complete integrity, when it does not spend itself against itself, is always irresistible—one of the few facts, to me known, that is creditable to the human race. The inferior masses of men, like children, are easily deceived, but in the long run, like children again, they yield to the magic of the mysterious thing called character. Bit by bit it conquers them. They see in it all the high values that they are incapable of reaching themselves. They see the courage that they lack, and the honesty that they lack, and the resolution that they lack. All these qualities were in both Adams and Jefferson. They fell, in their day, into egregious follies, but I don't think that anyone believes they were ever *pushed* into them. Adams, no doubt, could be bamboozled, but neither he nor Jefferson could be scared.

I fear that the gallant young professors who revise our history-books sometimes forget all this. Engaged upon the destruction of legends, all of them maudlin and many of them downright insane, they also, at times, do damage to facts. One of these facts, it seems to me, ought not to be forgotten, to wit, that it took a great deal of courage, in the Summer of 1776, to sign Jefferson's celebrated exercise in colonial Johnsonese. There were ropes dangling in the air, and they were uncomfortably near. There were wives and children to be considered, and very agreeable estates. The men who signed took a long chance, quietly, simply, and with their faces to the

front. How many of their successors in our own time have ever followed their example? I find it hard to think of one. The typical politician of today lacks their courage altogether; he lacks their incorruptible integrity. He is a complete coward. The whip of the Anti-Saloon League is enough to make him leap and tremble; the shadow of the rope would paralyze him with terror. He is for sale to anyone who has anything valuable to offer him, and the day after he has sold out to A he is ready to sell out to A's enemy, B. His honor is that of a streetwalker.

So far have we progressed along the highroad of democracy. The gentleman survives in our politics only as an anachronism; his day is done. Mr. Bowers, in "Hamilton and Jefferson," traces the beginnings of the decline; Mr. Wilstach, in the volume of Adams-Jefferson letters, shows it in full tide. Both authors are partial to Jefferson, and present charming portraits of him, especially Mr. Wilstach, in his other book, "Jefferson at Monticello." It seems to me that they often confuse the man and his ideas, especially Mr. Bowers. Jefferson was unquestionably one of our giants. There was more in his head than there has been in the heads of all the Presidents in office since he went out. He was a man of immense intellectual curiosity, profound originality, and great daring. His integrity was of Doric massiveness. But was he always right? I don't think many reflective Americans of today would argue that he was. Confronting enemies of great resourcefulness and resolute determination, he was lured, bit by bit, into giving his democratic doctrine a sweep and scope that took it far beyond the solid facts. It became a religious dogma rather than a political theory. Once he was gone, it fell into the hands of vastly inferior men, and soon it had reached its *reductio ad absurdum*. Jefferson died in 1826. By 1828, when Jackson came in, it was a nuisance; by 1832, when he went out, it was a joke.

Jefferson's enthusiasm blinded him to

the fact that the liberty to which he had consecrated the high days of his early manhood was a two-headed boon. There was, first, the liberty of the people as a whole to determine the forms of their own government, to levy their own taxes, and to make their own laws—freedom from the despotism of the King. There was, second, the liberty of the individual man to live his own life, within the limits of decency and decorum, as he pleased—freedom from the despotism of the majority. Hamilton was as much in favor of the first kind of liberty as Jefferson: he made, in fact, even greater sacrifices for it. But he saw that it was worth nothing without the second kind—that it might easily become worth less than nothing, for the King, whatever his oppressions *en gros*, at least gave some protection to the isolated subject. Monarchy, in brief, might be the protector of liberty as well as the foe of liberty. It had been so, in fact, in the Prussia of Frederick. And democracy might be far more the foe than the protector. It was obviously so in the France of the Reign of Terror. Hamilton, a hard-headed man, given to figures rather than to theories, saw all this; Jefferson, a doctrinaire, even in his best moments, saw only half of it. That failure to see together was at the bottom of their difference—and their difference came very near wrecking the United States. Burr's bullet probably prevented a colossal disaster. But it also opened the way for troubles in the years to come. We are in the midst of them now, and we are by no means near the end of them.

The shadow of Jeffersonism, indeed, is

still over us. We are yet bound by the battle-cries of a struggle that was over more than a century ago. We have got the half of liberty, but the other half is yet to be wrested from the implacable fates, and there seems little likelihood that it will be wrested soon. All the fears of Hamilton have come to realization—and some of the fears of Jefferson to fill the measure. Minorities among us have no rights that the majority is bound to respect; they are dragooned and oppressed in a way that would make an oriental despot blush. Yet behind the majority, often defectively concealed, there is always a sinister minority, eager only for its own advantage and willing to adopt any device, however outrageous, to get what it wants. We have a puppet in the White House, pulled by wires, but with arms in its hands. Law Enforcement becomes the new state religion. A law is something that A wants and can hornswoggle B, C, D, E and F into giving him—by bribery, by lying, by bluff and bluster, by making faces. G and H are thereupon bound to yield it respect—nay, to worship it. It is something sacred. To question it is to sin against the Holy Ghost.

I wonder what Jefferson would think if he could come out of his tomb and examine the Republic that he helped to fashion. He was a man of towering enthusiasms, but he was also sharply intelligent: he knew an accomplished fact when he saw one. My guess is that, at the first Jefferson Day dinner following his emergence, he would shock the assembled political hacks with a startling and scandalous speech.

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